May 7, 1932

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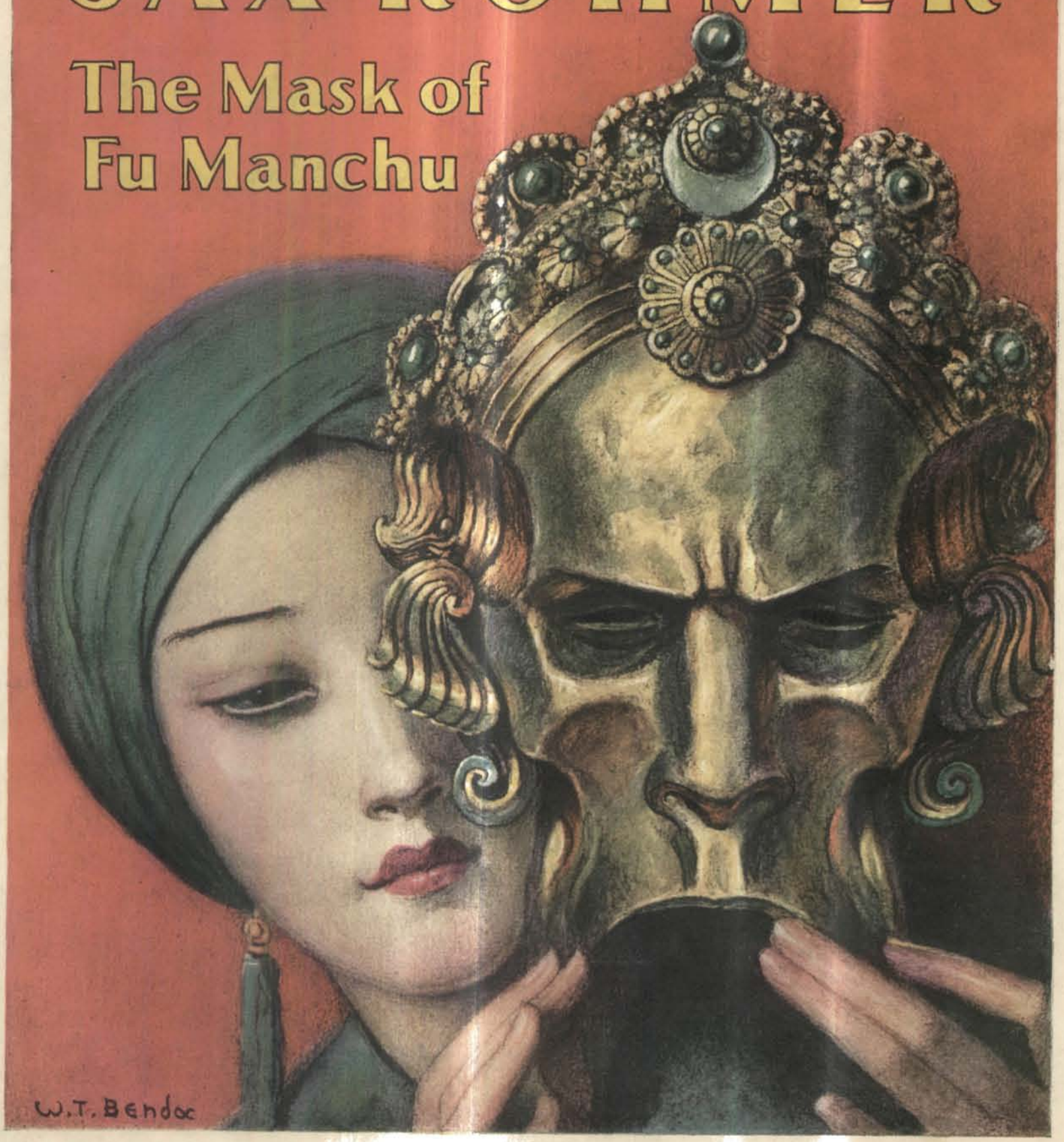
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

SAX ROHMER

The Mask of Fu Manchu



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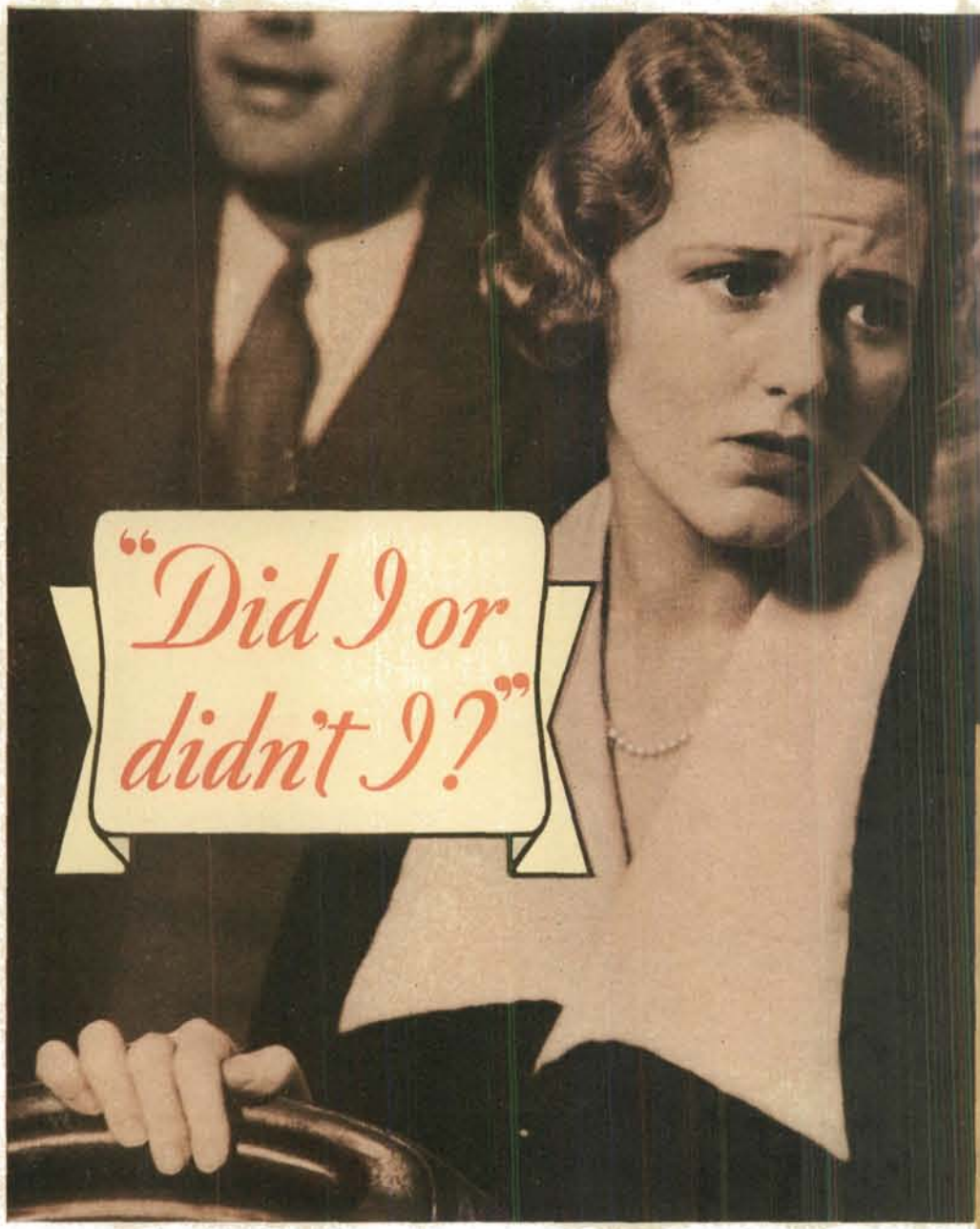

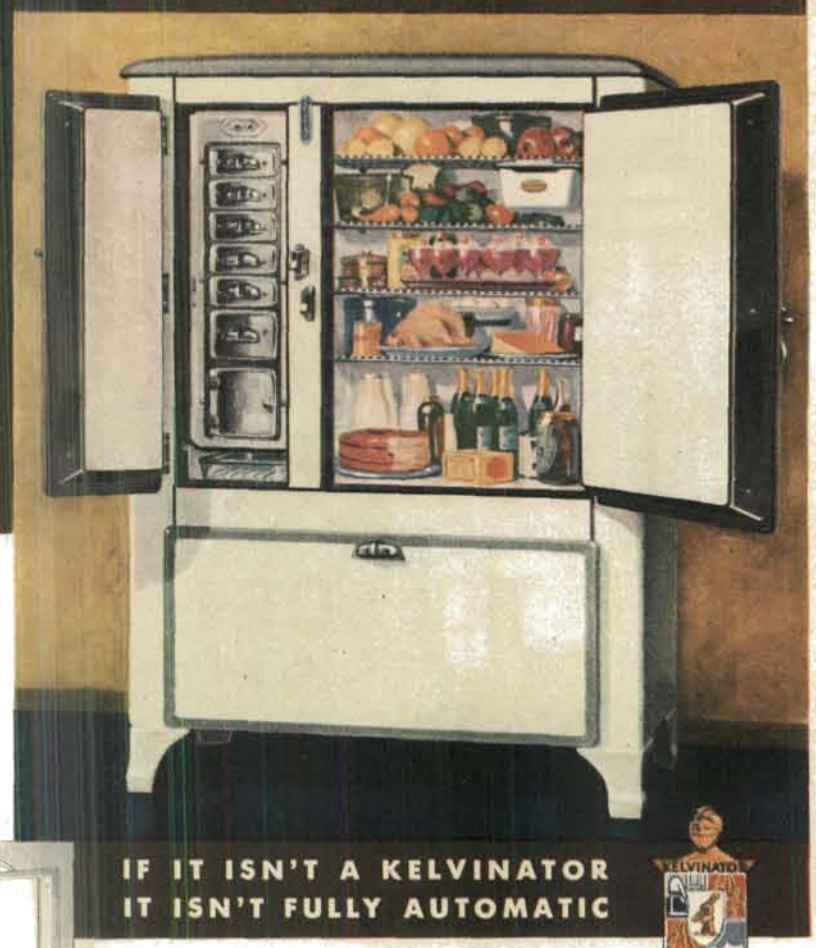

With Kelvinator *alone*

there is nothing to remember or forget

WITH THE fully automatic Kelvinator you don't have to remember. There are no dials to set. You simply cannot forget and *freeze the contents of the food compartment.* You are relieved of the bother of always having to remember whether or not you turned the dial back after making a frozen dessert or salad.

The De Luxe and Standard Models are fully automatic. They have *four* separate and distinct *zones of cold,* each serving a different purpose, and each automatically controlled without supervision or attention on your part.

The chart illustrates these four zones of cold. The food compartment is always lower than 50 degrees, *but never below freezing.* In the Frost Chest, the below freezing temperature will keep fish, meats, game or extra ice cubes indefinitely. The ice cube trays, indicated by the green, have an automatic fast freezing temperature. And in the fourth zone of cold, is the World's Record Fast Freezing Speed for making frozen desserts and ice cubes in a hurry.

CHECK THESE COLORS IN THE DIAGRAM ABOVE

1. FOOD PRESERVATION TEMPERATURE
2. BELOW FREEZING TEMPERATURE
3. FAST FREEZING TEMPERATURE
4. WORLD'S RECORD FAST FREEZING

INVEST IN AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Kelvinator *alone* has this fully automatic feature. And in the Standard Rating Scale for Electric Refrigeration, a free copy of which will be supplied by any Kelvinator dealer, you will find other features which make Kelvinator such a satisfactory, economical electric refrigerator to own. See the Kelvinator dealer or write us direct for a copy of the Rating Scale, your guide to a safe and sound investment in electric refrigeration. KELVINATOR CORPORATION, *14253 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., London, Ontario. Kelvinator Limited, London, England.*

Kelvinator

Look for the nearest Kelvinator Dealer in the Classified Section of your Telephone Directory under "Refrigeration — Electric".

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"I TELL YOU *it's a tragedy* TO LOSE THESE TWO TEETH *... in front..."*

THE SPAN of good looks is lengthening along with the span of life. Both men and women are learning to *care more* about preserving the outward signs of youth—the complexion, the hair, the teeth. Treatments have improved so rapidly—science has done so much to help—that there is little or no excuse for failure.

When teeth begin to "go," for instance, it cannot be blamed wholly on Nature. It is largely a personal failure—a lack of care or a lowering of personal standards. That is how our acquaintances are likely to regard it, and *that* is the real tragedy.

More than fifty teeth in a hundred . . .

More than half the adult teeth that are lost (more than fifty in every hundred) are chargeable to that all-too-common condition of the gums known as pyorrhea. Many people are careless about pyorrhea. To them it is always "someone else" who is going to get it. And then comes the discovery that the silent disease has been sapping the structure of their gums and teeth, perhaps for years. With this stealthy approach, is it any wonder that four out of five people over forty are afflicted with pyorrhea?

Devoted 26 years to pyorrhea study

Dental science has made great progress in the treatment of this undermining disease of the gums, but professional opinion is still overwhelmingly in favor of *prevention*. Probably the best-known name in the pyorrhea field in America is that of Dr. R. J. Forhan, originator of Forhan's Toothpaste for the teeth *and* gums. Another preparation he perfected is used by thousands of dentists from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This is Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent for dentists' use only. Dr. Forhan devoted 26 years to pyorrhea research and practice. Both products contain the same active ingredient. So let your dentist give you a close examination twice a *year* and use Forhan's at home twice a *day!*

Fight against the loss of your natural teeth

Avoid the tragedy of lost teeth. Don't wait for bleeding gums to tell you. Use Forhan's night and morning, on teeth *and* on gums. See the directions. Take this matter seriously and instruct your children too. Forhan's is the finest toothpaste you can buy, but it is more than that. It's the double-duty toothpaste. There's a big *protection-plus* in every tube. And the big brown tube lasts a long time. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N. Y. Forhan's Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

SERIOUS THOUGHT ABOUT TEETH LEADS TO THE USE OF FORHAN'S

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THEY used to say in Las Cruces that if anyone wanted to put up a statue to the spirit of bronc fighting he'd have to take Lee Macklin for his model. You couldn't think of Lee apart from broncs. Leather and dust, and broncs and cows; those things had set the pace of his life—they almost were Lee Macklin himself.

And Lee had turned yellow.

Everyone believed it—even Polly Collins, who should have known better. It was a mistake that very nearly cost Lee his life. You'll find out about it amid the thunder of hoofs and the smell of rodeo dust in Alan LeMay's short story, "Bronc Fighter's Girl."

—

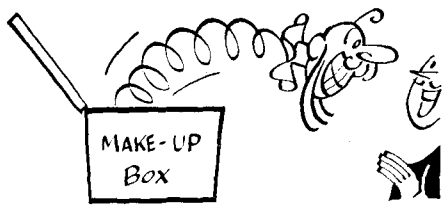
SOME years ago European employers came to the conclusion that one of the basic functions of industry is to turn out good workmen. They decided that the way to do that is to give the workmen a sense of security and so, in seventeen countries, they instituted systems of unemployment insurance. It was a new field, and they made mistakes; but their mistakes are instructive. Recently a group of experts made a survey of the results. Their findings, reported by Owen P. White in "Job Lottery," throw a flood of light upon a question of very pressing importance in this country.

—

IN TIME of war it takes five men in the Service of Supply to provide for one man in the trenches. Joe Doyle didn't need that much support, but when he—the deadest pan in vaudeville—went out on the stage he needed one man in the service of supply and needed him urgently. That man was Mrs. Joe Doyle. Joe overlooked that fact when he teamed up with Babe Martin and got involved with a racketeer. Octavus Roy Cohen tells you how the act was saved by "The Wife of the Party."

—

IF YOU ever feel like asking questions when you see an American movie actress transformed into a Chinese, with slanting eyes and oriental cheek bones, or a Chinese actress whose eyes no longer slant, Rob Wagner's your man. In "You'd Never Know Me Now" he shows you the exact relation between grease paint and glamour. It's the inside story of the make-up room, which contains more mysteries than a vanity case.



THE hand of Fu Manchu becomes increasingly evident in the strange happenings in Ispahân. Aileen Riggin gives you the female line-up in the coming Olympics. Elmer Davis writes the short short. Talbert Josselyn contributes a story in which love, golf and business are adroitly blended. Arthur Train brings "The Unguarded Queen" to a triumphant close. And Freling Foster, Clinton W. Gilbert, Milton C. Work and others continue to shed about them the brilliant light of their talents.

THIS WEEK

May 7, 1932

Cover—W. T. Benda

Page 7—Sax Rohmer

THE MASK OF FU MANCHU, Part I: A thrilling new serial by the creator of the insidious Dr. Fu Manchu.

Page 10—The Short Short Story

NIGHTGOWN: By Dana Burnet.

Page 11—Arthur McGovern

GOLFERS NEED EXERCISE: A workout where you need it most.

Page 12—William G. Shepherd

O SAY, CAN YOU HEAR? The tribulations of the newly elected congressmen.

Page 14—Gerald Mygatt

A TIP ON THE MARKET: A short story of finance and adventure.

Page 16—Philip Drouer

SCHOOL'S OUT: And romance begins.

Page 18—Grantland Rice

SON OF THE WIND: Gene Venzke, speedster.

Page 19—Clinton W. Gilbert

PRIVATE PARTY: Fiorello LaGuardia, one-man coalition.

Page 20—Ernest Haycox

ONE MORE RIVER: Adventure on the Texas border.

Page 22—Arthur Train

THE UNGUARDED QUEEN, Part XI: John Brent fights for his Queen.

Page 29—Ruth M. Carson

THE RATE OF TRAVEL: Gangplank profits.

Page 34—Edward Tomlinson

PERU POLLS OUT: Pizarro's children "make the vote."

Page 44—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: Current curiosities.

Page 56—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Uncommon sense.

Page 62—Editorial

WHERE YOUR MONEY GOES.

Any Week

AMONG our acquaintances are all sorts of people, engaged in all sorts of enterprises. One, who used to be a policeman and whose brother happens to be a clergyman, is the proprietor of a speakeasy. He came in to see us the other day, his face long and dour. We inquired after his business and he shrugged his shoulders.

"And the prohibition enforcement officers?" we inquired. "Have they raided you?"

"Alas," he lamented, "I would be glad if even the *prohibition men would enter my* place."

"INCREASING the cost of mailing a letter from two to three cents," writes Mr. Herman F. Dunnigan of Jacksonville, Florida, "meets with general approval. It will supply a much-needed new alibi for failing to answer letters."

—

THOUGHTLESSLY we assumed that we had been accused of every probable or possible shortcoming. We have been charged with being anti-this and pro-that until we thought the possibilities exhausted. But no. We discover to our chagrin that we've been living in a fool's paradise. Because here is a letter from Mr. Henry Silvez of Mobile, Alabama, charging us with "a deep-rooted and probably well-paid-for prejudice against the Portuguese people." We deny it. Come to think of it, we know of no subject on which we have fewer convictions or facts to go on. We've searched our soul and our pages and are compelled to the opinion that Mr. Silvez had the wrong magazine.

—

"IN THE old days," sighs Mr. Leo Knee of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, "the brewers and the distillers certainly did corrupt the public officials like the drys say, but did you ever think what a lot of pikers they all were alongside the bootleggers?"

—

HAVING learned our lesson and remembered it, we want it understood that these are the sentiments of Mr. M. Arno Beir of Rochester, New York, not ours. He points the derisive finger at our recent editorial deduction that, judged by traffic accident statistics, women are better drivers than men. "Ladies," says Mr. Beir, "do not appear in reports of accidents as frequently as men because they have absolutely no regard for traffic laws or the rights of others and get away with it because every experienced male driver knows this and attempts to get out of their way."

—

FINALLY several readers, citing the growing habit of the police appealing to the underworld for the solution of crimes, wonder why we don't turn the government over to the mobsters and have done with it. Then, they claim, we might get somewhere, law enforcement and defiance being in the hands of experts.

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A MILE A MINUTE..

AND NO VIBRATION!

Sir Malcolm Campbell Sets Record for Vibrationless Ride

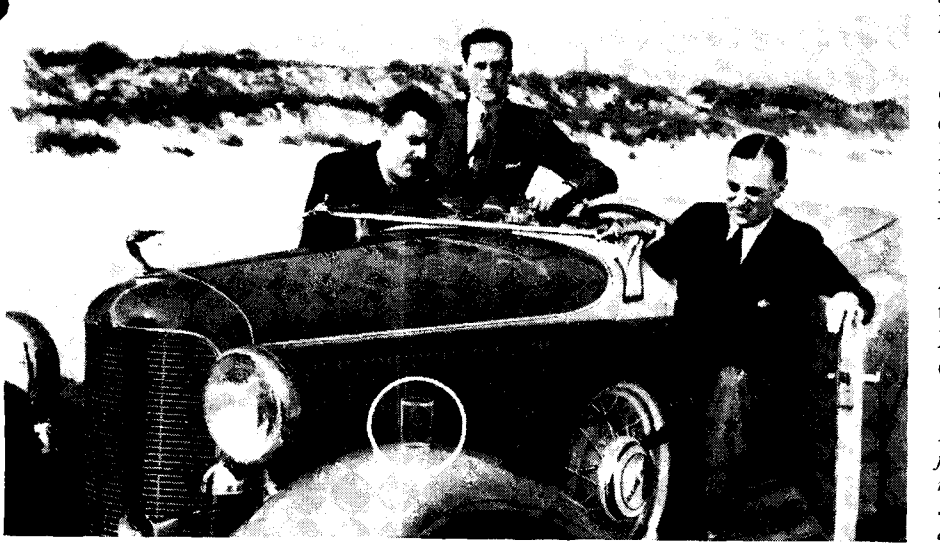
HUDDLED over the huge wheel of his bullet-shaped racer . . . Sir Malcolm Campbell flashed down the white sands of Daytona Beach to a new world's speed record. 254 miles an hour!

A newspaperman asked him . . . "Is the average speed for everyday driving likely to increase?"

"It is increasing," he replied. "But there are several limiting factors. Vibration for instance."

Floating Power? Yes, he had heard a lot about it, both here and abroad. He was anxious to try it.

"Try a DeSoto . . . Sure! I'll take it down the beach." He jumped in.



Flashed over the course at—50—60—70 miles an hour.

"It's amazing," he said afterwards. "I'm a bit of a crank about vibration . . . but there wasn't a trace. Not a tremor. Accept my congratulations. America has solved one of motoring's basic problems."

Prove it yourself. Drive a DeSoto all day long. None of the old fatigue and nervous tension. Floating Power has wiped them out.

And that's only *one* of DeSoto's extra values. No other car in its class can offer you the combination of Free-Wheeling, Automatic Clutch, Hydraulic Brakes, All-Steel Body, Double-Drop X-Girder Truss Frame.

The price-tag says $675 and up! All Standard models sell for less than $780 F. O. B. Factory. DeSoto Motor Corporation, Division of Chrysler Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

• • •

A full glass of water was placed on DeSoto's fender. Sir Malcolm Campbell started the motor . . . stepped on the gas. Not a ripple . . . not a drop spilled. Ask any DeSoto dealer to make this same test for you.

America's Smartest low-priced Car **DE SOTO SIX** **$675** AND UP F.O.B FACTORY

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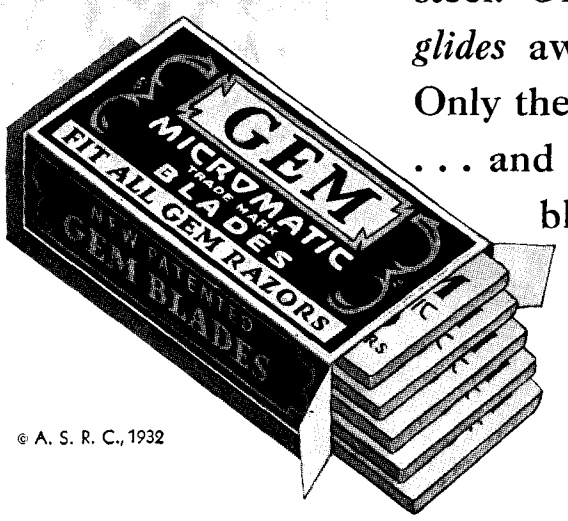
Don't Risk Your Skin

Your eye can't tell the difference between a sharp blade and a dull one—but your skin can! Take no chances with blades that *look* like Gem Blades . . . Only the genuine Gem Micromatic Blade is made of thick, tough surgical steel. Only the genuine has an edge so keen that it *glides* away with that barbed-wire beard of yours. Only the genuine *stays* keen for shaves . . . and shaves . . . and shaves. Gem Micromatic is the *only* genuine blade for your old or new Gem Razor.



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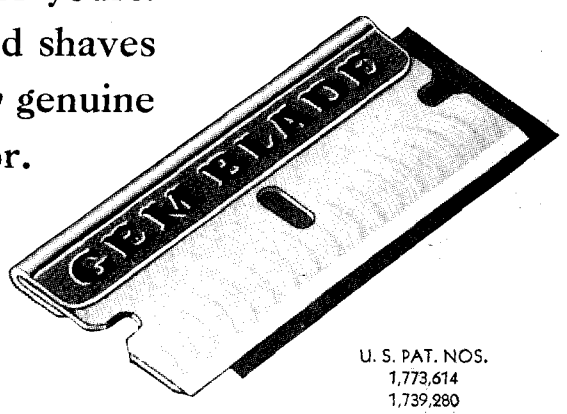
P. S. Throw off the shackles of an antique razor! Investigate the New Gem Micromatic Razor—the first real shaving invention in 20 years.
American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn, N. Y.



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GEM MICROMATIC BLADES

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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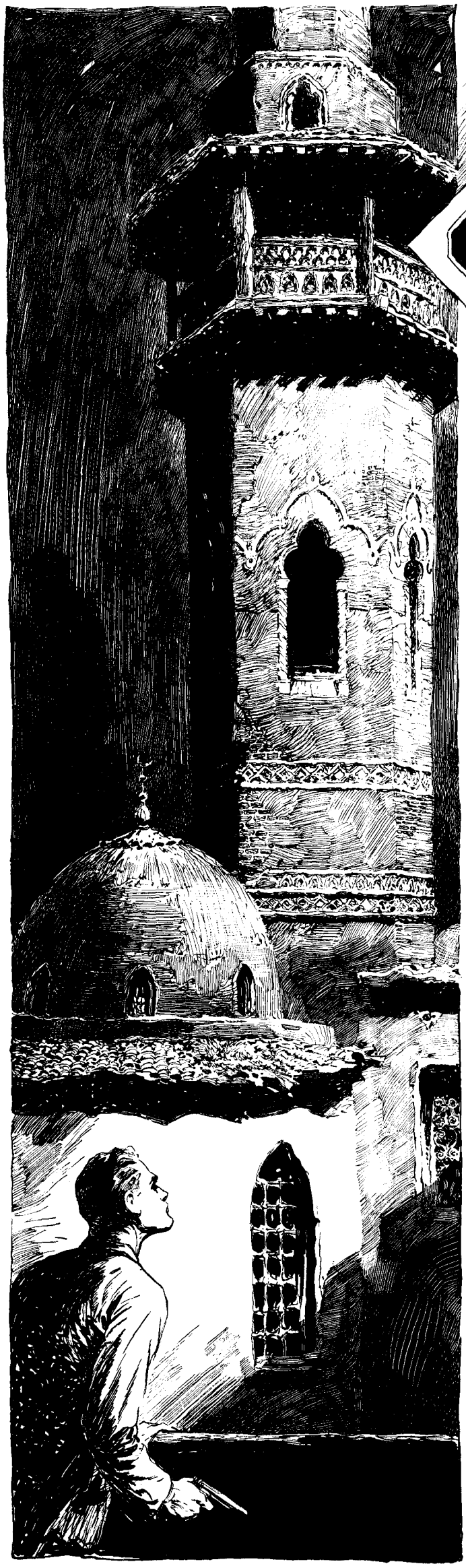

The Mask of Fu Manchu

The world's most sinister figure again emerges to play a startling rôle, in a weird new serial

By Sax Rohmer

SHAN! *Shan!"*

Someone calling my name, persistently. The voice was faint. I had been asleep, but dreaming hard, an evil from which ordinarily I don't suffer. The voice fitted into my dream uncannily. . . .

I dreamed I was asleep in my tent in that desolate spot on the Khorassân border, not a hundred yards from the valley called the Place of the Great Magician. No expedition of Sir Lionel's in which I had been employed had so completely got upon my nerves as this one.

Persia was new territory for me. And the chief's sense of the dramatic, his innate showmanship (a trait which had done him endless damage in the eyes of the learned societies) had resulted in my being more or less in the dark as to the real object of our journey.

Perhaps when names now famous are forgotten, that of Sir Lionel Barton will be remembered; he will be measured at his true stature—as the greatest Orientalist of his century. But big, lovable, generous, I must nevertheless state quite definitely that he was next to impossible to work with.

When he made that historic discovery, when I realized what we had come for and what we had found, I experienced an attack of cold feet from which up to the moment of this queer awakening I had never wholly recovered.

It's a poor joke to dig up a Moslem saint; even if he happens to have been really a heretic. I never remembered to have welcomed anything more than Sir Lionel's decision to trek swiftly southwest to Ispahân. . . .

"Shan! Shan!"

That voice again—and yet I could not escape from my dream. I thought that only two stretches of canvas separated me from the long, green box, the iron casket containing those strange fruits of our discovery.

Sir Lionel's party was not a large one, but I felt that the Moslems were not to be relied upon. It is one thing to excavate the tombs of the Pharaohs; it is a totally different thing in the eyes of an Arab to desecrate the resting place of a true believer or even of a near-true believer.

To Ali Mahmoud, the headman, I would have trusted my life in Mecca; but the six Egyptians who, together with Rima, Dr. van Berg, Sir Lionel and myself, made up the party, although stanch enough ordinarily, had occasioned me grave doubts almost from the moment we had entered Persian territory.

As for the Afghan, Amîr Khân . . .

"Shan!"

From somewhere, outside the house, and high up, came a singular sound. It was a sort of whistle in a minor key

I THREW off the coil of dreams. I opened my eyes to utter darkness. My right hand automatically reached out for the flashlight—and in the physical movement came recognition of my true surroundings.

Khorassân? I was not in Khorassân. Nor was I under canvas—had not been under canvas for more than a week. I was in a house in Ispahân, and someone was calling me!

I grasped the flashlight, pressed the button and looked about.

A scantily furnished room I saw. Its door was of unpainted teak, as were the beams supporting its ceiling. I saw a rug of very good quality upon an otherwise uncarpeted floor, a large table littered with papers, photographs, books and other odds and ends, and, from where I lay in bed, very little else.

My dream slipped into the background. The doubtful loyalty of our Moslem Egyptian workers counted for nothing, since by now they were probably back in Egypt, having been paid off a week before.

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But—the green box! The green box was in van Berg's room, on the floor above . . . and the door directly facing my bed was opening!

I reached down with my left hand. An automatic pistol hung from a nail there. Sir Lionel had taught me this trick. To place a pistol openly beside one's bed is to arm the enemy; to put it under the pillow is simply stupid. In doubtful environment the chief invariably used a nail or a hook, whichever was practicable, between his bed and the wall.

Directing the ray of my flashlight upon the moving door, I waited.

As I did so, the door was flung open fully. Light shone upon tousled, mahogany-colored curls and wide-open, startled gray eyes; upon a slim, silk-clad figure!

"Turn the light out, Shan—quick!"

It was Rima who stood in the open doorway.

I switched off the light; but in the instant of pressing the switch I glanced at my watch. The hour was 2 A. M.

IT WAS one of those situations to which at times I thought the dear old chief took a delight in exposing me. His humor inclined to the sardonic and in electing, when we left Nineveh, to start off without a break or any leave cast into Persia and right up to the Afghan border, he had seriously upset my plans.

Rima, his niece, and I were to have been married on our return to England after the Syrian job. Sir Lionel's change of plan had scotched that scheme. There was laughter in his twinkling eyes when he had notified me of the fact that information just received demanded our immediate presence in Khorassân.

"But what about the wedding, chief?" I remember saying.

"Well, what about it, Greville?"

"There are plenty of padres in these parts, and the engagement has been overlong. Besides, after all, Rima and I are wandering about in camp together, from spot to spot. . . ."

"Greville," he interrupted me, "when you marry Rima, you're going to be married from my town house. The ceremony will take place at St. Margaret's, and I shall give the bride away. I don't care a hoot about the proprieties, Greville. You ought to know that by now. We're setting out for Khorassân tomorrow morning. Rima is a brilliant photographer and I want her to come with us. But if she prefers to go back to England—she can go."

This was the situation in which my brilliant but erratic chief had involved me. And now, at 2 A. M., Rima, with whom I was hungrily in love, had burst into my room in that queer house in Ispahân, and already in the darkness was beside me.

I WONDER, indeed I have often wondered, if my make-up is different from that of other men: definitely I am no squire of dames. But, further, I have sometimes thought that, although ardor has by no means been left out of me, I have inherited from somewhere an overweight of the practical; so that at any time, and however deeply my affections might be engaged, the job would come before the woman.

So it was now; for, my arm about Rima's slim, silky waist, her first whispered words in the darkness made me forget how desirable she was and how I longed for the end of this strange interlude, for the breaking down of that barrier unnaturally raised by my erratic chief.

"Shan!" She bent close to my ear. "There was a most awful cry from Dr. van Berg's room a few minutes ago!"

I jumped up, still holding her. She was trembling slightly.

"I opened my window and listened. His room is almost right over mine, and I felt certain that was where the cry had come from. But I couldn't hear anything."

"Was the voice van Berg's?"

"I couldn't tell, dear. It was a kind of—scream. Then, as I hurried along to wake you, I heard something else—"

She clung to me tightly.

"What, darling?"

"I don't know!" she shuddered violently. "A sort of dreadful *wailing*. . . . Shan! I believe it came from the mosque!"

"Then you called out?"

"I didn't call out till I got right to your door and had it open."

I understood then that I had confused dreaming with reality. The distant voice, as it had seemed to me, had been that of Rima urgently calling at the opened door.

"It's the green box!" she whispered, in an even lower tone. "Shan, I'm terrified! You know what happened on Thursday night! It must have been the same sound. . . ."

That thought was in my own mind. Van Berg had been disturbed on Thursday night by an inexplicable happening, an outstanding feature of which had been a strange moaning sound. The chief had declined to take it seriously; but I knew our American colleague for a man of sound common sense, not addicted to nervous imaginings.

And the green box was in his room. . . .

Barefooted, I stepped towards the door, releasing Rima, whom I had been holding tightly.

"Stay here, darling," I said, "unless I call you."

I crept out into the corridor. It was dimly lighted a few paces along by a high, barred window.

ALMOST opposite in the narrow street stood a deserted mosque, its minaret, from the balcony of which no muezzin had called for many years, overlooking the roof of our temporary residence. Moonlight, reflected from the dingy yellow wall of this mosque, vaguely illuminated the passage ahead of me.

The once holy building had a horrible history; and I knew that Rima associated the sound she had heard with the legend of the mosque.

Stock-still I stood for a moment, listening.

The house was silent as a vault. It possessed three floors. The rooms beneath, on the ground floor, contained the stored furniture—or part of it—of the owner from whom Sir Lionel had leased the place. The ground-floor windows were heavily barred and Ali Mahmoud slept in the lobby; so that no one could enter without arousing him.

There were four rooms above, two of them unoccupied. Locked in one were a pair of Caspian kittens, beautiful little creatures with fur like finest silk, destined for the chief's private menagerie, practical zoölogy being one of his hobbies. In the end, or south-east, room Dr. van Berg was quartered. Our records, the bulk of our photographs, and other valuables were in his charge, as well as the green box.

No sound disturbed the silence.

I advanced cautiously in the direction of the staircase. The widely open door of Rima's room was on my left. Moonlight poured in upon the polished, uncarpeted floor. Her shutters were open.

Pausing for a moment, puzzled, I suddenly remembered that she had opened them when that cry in the night had disturbed her.

Personally, I kept mine religiously closed against the incursions of nocturnal insects, since we were near to the bank of the river, and no great distance from a fruit market. I had switched off my flash, the reflected light through the high window being sufficient for my purpose. I passed Rima's door—then pulled up short, my nerves jangling.

From somewhere, outside the house, and high up, came a singular sound.

It was a sort of whistle in a minor key, resembling nothing so much as a human imitation of a police whistle. It changed, passing from a moan to an indescribable wail . . . and dying away.

"Shan, did you hear it? That's *the sound!*"

Rima's voice reached me in a quavering whisper, and:

"I heard it," I answered in a low voice. "For God's sake, stay where you are."

The chief's door was ahead of me, in comparative shadow, there at the end of the passage. I could see that it was closed: a teak door, ornamented with iron scrollwork. Sir Lionel, I knew, was a heavy sleeper. A narrow stair opened on the right and led down to the lobby. No sound reached me from beneath. Evidently Ali Mahmoud had not been aroused.

On my left was a stairs to the floor above. I crept up.

My nerves were badly jangled and the creaking of the ancient woodwork sounded in my ears like pistol shots. I gained the top corridor. Two windows faced west, commanding a view of low flat roofs stretching away to a distant prospect of the river. The moonlight was dazzling. In contrast to the passage below, it was like stepping from midnight into high noon.

I paused again for a moment, listening intently.

A sound of scurrying movement reached my ears from beyond van Berg's closed door. I took a step forward and paused again. Then, my hand on the clumsy native latch:

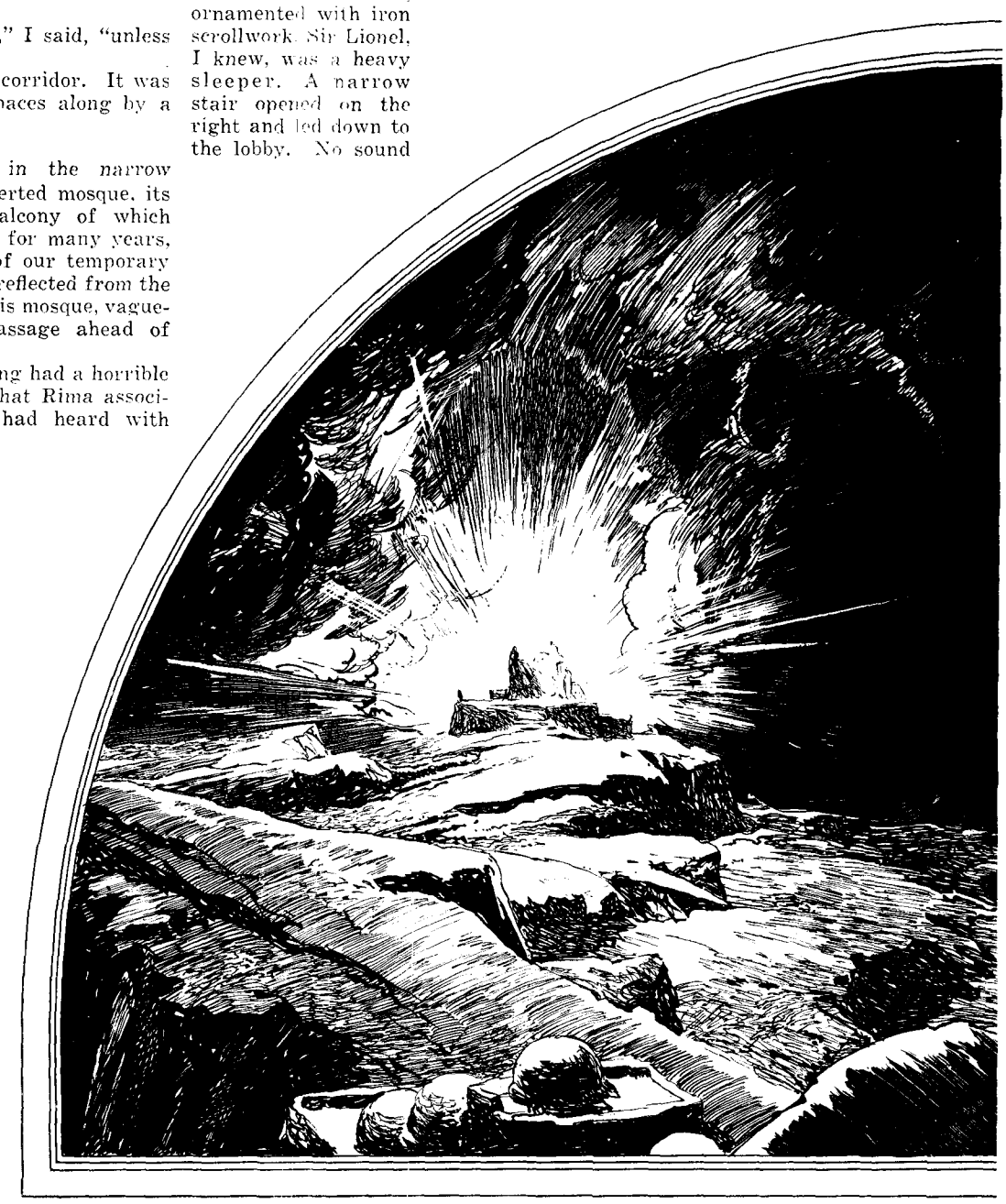
"Van Berg!" I said softly.

The only reply was a queer, soft, plaintive howl.

Let me confess that this nearly unnerved me. A vague but unmistakable menace had been overhanging us from the hour of our momentous discovery in Khorassân. Now, awakened as I had been, my memory repeating over and over again that weird, wailing sound, I recognized that I was by no means at my best.

Clenching my teeth, I raised the latch. . . .

I PEERED along the narrow room. It extended from the corridor to the opposite side of the house. I saw that the shutters were open in the deep, recessed window. Moonlight reflected from the



"There was a great explosion and a bright glare in the sky. . . .

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wall of the mosque afforded scanty illumination.

A sickly sweet perfume hung in the air, strongly resembling that of mimosa but having a pungency which gripped me by the throat. I pressed the button of my flashlight.

Some vague thing, indeterminate, streaky, leaped toward me. I shrank back, pistol leveled. . . . And for the second time, I heard *the sound.*

Perhaps I have never been nearer to true panic in my life. That moaning wail seemed to come from outside the house—and from high above. It seemed to vibrate throughout my entire nervous system. It was the most utterly damnable sound to which I had ever listened.

Only my sudden recognition of one of the facts saved me. The Caspian kittens were in the room! I remembered, and gasped in my relief, that the doctor was extremely fond of them. The little creatures, who were very tame, crouched at my feet, looking up at me with their big eyes, appealingly as it seemed.

A VAGUE stirring came from the depths of the house. The smell of mimosa was overpowering. . . . Probably Rima had run down and aroused Ali Mahmoud.

These ideas, chaotically, with others too numerous to record, flashed through my mind at the same moment that, stricken motionless with horror, I stood staring down upon Dr. van Berg, where he lay under the light of my flashlight.

His heavy body was huddled in so strange a position that, what with anger, regret, fear and other unnamable emotions, I could not at first realize what had happened. He was clothed in silk pajamas of an extravagant pattern which he affected, and his fair hair, which he wore long, hung down over his forehead so that it touched the floor.

He was lying across the green box.

He lay in such a way that his big body almost obscured the box from my view. But now I saw that his powerful arms were outstretched, and that his fingers were locked in a death grip upon the handles at either end.

That long moment of horrified inertia passed.

I sprang forward and dropped upon one knee. I tried to speak, but only a husky murmur came. There was blood on the lid of the box and a pool was gathering upon the floor beside it. I put my hand under van Berg's chin and lifted his face. Then I stood upright, feeling very ill.

What I had seen had wiped the slate of consciousness clear of all but one thing. My fingers quivered on my automatic. I wanted the life of the cowardly assassin who had done van Berg to death—big, gentle, fearless van Berg. For here was murder—cold-blooded murder!

A sort of buzzing in my ears died away and left me perfectly cool, with just that one desire for retribution burning in my brain. I heard footsteps —muffled voices. I didn't heed them.

I was staring about the room. Staring at the open window; trying to recall details of van Berg's story of what had happened on the Thursday night.

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

In the room there was no hiding place, and the window was thirty feet above street level. The mystery of the thing was beginning to take hold of me.

An outcry—'Mokanna has arisen'—swept through Afghanistan"

"Greville Effendîm," I heard.

I glanced back over my shoulder. Ali Mahmoud stood in the open doorway—and I saw Rima's pale face behind him.

"Don't come in, Rima!" I said hastily. "For God's sake, don't come in. Go down and wake the chief."

UPON the horror of that murder in the night I prefer not to dwell. The mystery of van Berg's death defied solution. As I recall the tragic event, I can recapture a sharp picture of Sir Lionel Barton arrayed in neutral-colored pajamas and an old dressing gown, his mane of gray hair disordered, his usually neat military mustache bristling, and his deep-set eyes two danger signals, standing massive, stricken, over the dead man.

The bed had been slept in—so much was evident; and about it the strange odor of mimosa clung more persistently than elsewhere.

There was no stranger on the premises. Of this we had assured ourselves. And for a thirty-foot ladder to have been reared against the window of the room and removed without our knowledge was a sheer impossibility.

Yet van Berg had been stabbed to the heart from behind—palpably in an attempt to defend the green box; an attempt which had been successful. But except that his shutters were open, there was no clue to the identity of his assassin, or to the means of the latter's entrance and exit.

"I didn't hear a sound!" I remember the chief murmuring, looking at me haggard-eyed. "I didn't hear that damnable wailing—it might have told me something. Anyhow, Greville, he died doing his job, and so he's gone wherever good men go. His death is on my conscience."

"Why, chief?"

But he had turned away. . . .

We conformed to the requirements of the fussy local authorities, but got no help from them; and shortly after noon, Mr. Stratton Jean, of the American Legation at Teheran, arrived by air, accompanied by Captain Woodville, a British Intelligence officer.

I reflected when they came in from the landing field just outside the ancient city that the caravan route is nearly two hundred and forty miles long, and that in former days a week was allowed for the journey.

It was a strange interview, being in part an inquest upon the dead man. It took place in poor van Berg's room, which had always served as a sort of office during the time that we had occupied this house in Ispahân.

There was a big table in the corner near the window laden with indescribable fragments, ranging from Davidian armor to portfolios of photographs and fossilized skulls. There was a rather fine scent bottle, too, of blue glass dating from the reign of Haroûn-al-Raschid, and a number of very good glazed tiles. A fine illuminated manuscript, very early, of part of the Diwân of Hafiz, one of Sir Lionel's more recently acquired treasures, lay still open upon the table, for van Berg had been busy making notes upon the text up to within a few hours of his death.

The doctor's kit, his riding boots and other intimate reminders of his genial presence, lay littered about the floor; for apart from the removal of the body nothing had been disturbed.

That fatal green box, upon which the bloodstains had dried, stood upon the spot where I had found it. The floor was still stained. . . .

Mr. Stratton Jean was a lean Bostonian, gray-haired, sallow complexioned and as expressionless as a Sioux Indian. Captain Woodville was a pretty typical British army officer of thirty-five or so, except for a disconcerting side glance which I detected once or twice, and which alone revealed—to me at least, for he had the traditional bored manner—that he was a man of very keen mind.

Mr. Stratton Jean quite definitely adopted the attitude of a coroner, and under his treatment the chief grew notably restive, striding up and down the long, narrow room in a manner reminiscent of a caged polar bear.

RIMA, who sat beside me, squeezed my hand nervously, glancing alternately at the two Persian officials who were present and at her famous uncle. She knew that a storm was brewing, and so did Captain Woodville, for twice I detected him hiding a smile. At last, in reply to some question:

"One moment, Mr. Jean," said Sir Lionel, turning and facing his interrogator. "If van Berg was a fellow citizen of yours, he was a friend and colleague of mine. You are doing your duty and I honor you for it. But I don't like the way you do it."

"I just want the facts," said Stratton Jean dryly.

I saw the color welling up into Sir Lionel's face and feared an outburst. It was avoided by the intervention of Captain Woodville.

"Thing is, Jean," he drawled lazily, "Sir Lionel isn't used to being court-martialed. He's rather outside your province. But apart from a distinguished military career, he happens to be the greatest Orientalist in Europe."

I waited with some anxiety for the American official's reaction to this rebuke, for it was nothing less than a rebuke. It took the form of a smile, but a very sad smile, breaking through the mask-like immobility of those sallow features.

"You mean, Woodville," he said, "I'm being too darned official for words?"

"Perhaps a trifle stiff, Jean, for a man of Sir Lionel's temperament."

Mr. Stratton Jean nodded, and I saw a new expression in his eyes, yellowed from long residence in the East. He looked at the chief.

"IF I'VE ruffled you, Sir Lionel," he said, "please excuse me. This inquiry is one of the hardest things I've ever had to undertake. You see, van Berg and I were at Harvard together. It's been a bad shock."

That was straight talking, and in two seconds the chief had Jean's hand in his bear-like grip, and had hauled him out of his chair.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he demanded. "We worked together for only two months, but I'd sell my last chance of salvation to get the swine who murdered him."

The air was cleared and Rima's nervous grip upon my hand relaxed. And that which had begun so formally was now carried on in a spirit of friendship. But when every possible witness had been called and examined, we remained at a deadlock.

It was Captain Woodville who broached the subject which I knew, sooner or later, must be brought up.

(Continued on page 48)

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Nightgown

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Dana Burnet

ROSALIE smiled as she lifted the pink chiffon nightgown from her bureau drawer. "At last!" her heart was singing. "After all these years—at last!"

She carried the nightgown from her bedroom, holding it in both hands as though it were something breakable. She went down the hall of the apartment and into the living-room, where her trunk was standing. Next to it, on the floor, Jim's steamer trunk yawned wide open. Dear battered old trunk. It had been new on their honeymoon.

Dear Jim.

How frightfully sentimental she was this morning! Well, why not? If a woman who has been married for seventeen years can't be sentimental over the prospect of a second honeymoon, then when can she be sentimental? Why, never! And what of it?

She placed the nightgown carefully, with deliberate tenderness, in the top drawer of her trunk. Jim had given it to her on the occasion of their second anniversary, while she was in the hospital waiting for Jamie to be born. Generous, extravagant Jim! He had paid a hundred dollars for that nightgown. But Rosalie had never had it on. She had put it away, saying to herself: "I'll save this for my second honeymoon."

She and Jim had been talking about that honeymoon for the past ten years. Several times during those years they had thought they could get away; they had planned to repeat their wedding trip, to Paris, and then to the Riviera. But each time something had prevented.

This time, though, they'd make it. Sure. They had their steamer tickets; their reservations in Paris. Jim had said last night: "Honey! We're really going!"

Dear, funny, sweet old Jim. How she loved him!

THE telephone rang. For some reason her heart began to throb as she picked up the receiver. It was Marian Smith calling. Marian was supposed to be one of her closest friends. But Rosalie never had trusted her.

"Hello, Rosalie. Marian."

"Oh, hello, Marian."

"I hear you and Jim are actually sailing!"

"Yes, Saturday," said Rosalie.

"That's simply great. Listen, darling—"

"Yes?" said Rosalie.

"I'm simply dying to know who Jim's girl friend is. I saw him dancing with her at Chez Russe yesterday afternoon. She's simply a knockout. I asked the maître d'hôtel who she was, but he said he didn't know. He said Jim had been there with her several times lately. . . ."

Rosalie's clenched hand fell heavily on the telephone. She had broken the connection. A moment later she was frantically dialing Marian Smith's number.

"Hello! Hello! Marian? Oh, I'm sorry, dear. We were cut off. You were asking about Jim's girl friend? Well, she's a daughter of a friend of mother's out in California. Mother wrote and asked us to be nice to her. . . . What? Why, naturally I know all about her. . . . Yes. . . . So sweet of you to call, Marian. Good-by."

She put up the phone. Then she got up, slowly, from the telephone table and stood looking at the trunks; hers and Jim's. Jim's trunk with the lid up, seemed to be silently, grotesquely laughing at her. Oh, God! Was she out of her head? What an absurd idea! Oh, dear God, don't let it be true that Jim is different from what I'd thought him! Not one least little bit different. . . . Because, if he is, all our lovely reality, our companionship, is gone. It's gone, and something else will be there in its place. Something a little shameful, a little ugly . . . or completely hideous!

She heard Jim's key in the lock of the outer door. The minute she looked at him she knew that something was wrong.

"Jim! Oh, what is it, Jim?"

"Honey," said the big, sandy-haired man who was her husband, "I'm sorry, but we can't go."

"Go?"

"On our trip. Our—our second honeymoon."

"Oh . . . no?" breathed Rosalie.

"No. The bank can't spare me just now. The general situation doesn't warrant it. I'm an experienced officer. I've got to stick."

Slowly she walked toward him; put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him. "It's all right with me, Jim. So long as—we have each other."

"You're the best sport in the world!" Jim blurted out. He caught her in his arms and hugged her. "But I'm mighty disappointed, just the same. I was all set to go. Why, darn it, I've even been taking dancing lessons so I could do you proud in Paris!"

"Dancing lessons?" cried Rosalie. "Dancing lessons?"

"Sure. You know what a dub I am. Well, I got hold of a girl—hired her from a professional dancing academy—a sweet kid!—and we've been stepping every afternoon, all this week."

"ALL this week," repeated Rosalie mechanically. "How funny, Jim! Oh, how funny and how beautiful and—"

"Say! I told her I was planning my second honeymoon, and what d'you think? She's just starting on her first. A sweet kid. I'd sort of like to send her a wedding present, but I wanted you to pick it out. What do you think?"

"I think you're my Jim, and I think it would be swell, and—! What's her name?"

"Violet Dugan."

"Do you know her address?"

"Yep. I got it from her. I'll write it down."

He went to the telephone table and wrote it down. Rosalie looked at the back of his head. Tears filled her eyes. Then, almost guiltily, her blurred glance shifted to her trunk. She went over to it and opened the top drawer.

"Here's the address," said Jim. "What are you looking at, sweetheart?"

"My dearest possession," said Rosalie. She turned and flung herself into his arms. "Oh, no!" she sobbed. "I don't care about anything, as long as I know I've got you. Kiss me, Jim, darling!"

TWENTY-FOUR hours later, in a hotel room in Atlantic City, a good-looking boy in brand-new, very bright purple pajamas stood gazing with love and admiration at a beautiful young woman in a pink chiffon nightdress.

"Violet, darling!" he exclaimed. "I never hope to see anything as lovely as you are in that nightgown!"

"It's a wedding present," said Violet, "from that nice man I taught to dance last week. His wife sent it to me."

"His wife must be nice, too."

Violet nodded.

"Yes," she said, "I can feel her niceness in this nightgown. And somehow that makes me feel safe."

"Safe?" echoed the young husband. "You'll be safe enough now that you've got me to take care of you."

She smiled. Her eyes were very bright as she looked at him.

"Yes, sweetheart," she said. "Still, it's encouraging to know there's at least one happily married couple in the world."

"We'll make it two," said the bridegroom.

"I'm simply dying to know who Jim's girl friend is. I saw him dancing with her"

Walter C. Klett

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Golfers Need Exercise

By Arthur McGovern

Who should know better than Artie McGovern? He's proved it in his gymnasium with golfers like Johnny Farrell and Eugene Homans. And other sports spotlighters have gotten back the old punch under the same treatment. Here's what Artie does to them—you might try it in your stronger moments

A FEW years ago Johnny Farrell, undoubtedly one of the greatest shot-makers in golf, came to me to find out what was wrong with his golf game. He was almost perfect with every club in his bag and yet he could never come through in a major tournament. In minor tournaments which required no more than thirty-six holes of play he was always the favorite. He won more medal rounds than any of his brother professionals. On the first day's scoring he could always be rated with the leaders, but as the tournament progressed he would slip and lose the coveted crown.

Farrell realized that lack of stamina was retarding his progress and preventing him from capitalizing his inherent skill. Obviously something was wrong, but when he came to me Farrell had no idea that he needed exercise. What? A golfer taking exercise? And I'll admit it does sound paradoxical. Eighteen holes of golf provides a pretty long walk, to say nothing of the exercise gained from swinging vigorously with the clubs. Therein lies the answer, for golfers do get plenty of arm and leg movements, but with this sort of exercise they neglect entirely the most important organs and muscles in the body, and this neglect is the reason for many golfers' ailments.

With Johnny Farrell we have an outstanding example, for his legs, wrists, forearms, biceps, deltoid and trapezius muscles were perfectly developed but the intercostal and abdominal muscles were soft, flabby and entirely lacking in tone. He was decidedly underweight, tipping the scales at only 138 pounds in spite of the fact that he is nearly six feet tall. I suggested to Farrell that he have a thorough medical examination so we could be certain there were no organic defects before proceeding with a course of training. This revealed that his stomach and intestines were prolapsed, his blood pressure was a little low and he was in a toxic condition.

Farrell's entire living habits had to be changed. The first step in his training was to keep him off the golf links entirely for one month. As a matter of fact, I had him stay off his feet as much as possible and do very little walking, for walking was only exaggerating the prolapsed condition of his internal organs and thereby deferring the cure.

Food for Golfers

Drastic changes were also necessary in his diet. Farrell's midday meals are typical of those eaten by most golfers. After the morning round in the fresh air and sunshine, combined with the more or less vigorous exercise, a golfer reaches the clubhouse feeling famished. The average business man is forced to confine his golf to week-ends and he usually wants to play thirty-six holes on Saturday and another thirty-six on Sunday. To accomplish this he rushes into the dining-room, bolts a heavy meal and dashes to the golf course so he can be ahead of the crowd. And then the trouble begins. He starts walking over the golf links while carrying a load which overburdens his circulation.

My chief instruction on diet for Farrell, Sarazen, Homans and the other golfers whom I have trained, and the admonition I give to any golfer, is simply this: On the days devoted to golf, have breakfast at least an hour before beginning the morning round. Then a light—very light—luncheon. This may be a fresh fruit salad or a salad of fresh green vegetables, or a bowl of crackers and milk, nothing more. At dinner a fairly substantial meal is permissible, for there is an opportunity to relax after eating. Broiled lean meat, chicken or fish, with two vegetables, a salad and fresh fruit may be taken.

By following this regimen we can prevent overloading the stomach and overburdening the circulation. In addition to this dietary plan we must take measures to strengthen the protective muscles of the abdomen, because very few of us possess the "washboard" abdominal muscles of the trained athlete.

Correcting a prolapsed condition of intestines and stomach was the problem presented by Farrell. How to correct it? At the end of this article there is a series of abdominal exercises. These exercises are to be performed while the subject is lying flat on his back. In a reclining position the internal organs are better placed. While on your back you are not pushing them down and, if any of them are out of place, the reclining posture tends to assist the exercise in putting them again into their proper position. Already, just by lying down, you have moved them back an inch for the time being. These exercises are largely designed to stimulate the internal organs as well as to stimulate the circulation. They are the fundamental needs of the inactive person. They reach the stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys with the kind of stimulation they need. Most persons think that the best way to exercise the abdominal wall is to stand up and bend over to touch the floor with the hands, but this method only tends to push the internal organs farther down.

Exercises such as these so benefited Johnny Farrell that he gained seventeen pounds within two months. His gain in increased energy and stamina can be best measured by his spectacular victory over the great Bobby Jones in the National Open in 1928. The Farrell who first came to see me would have cracked under the strain long before the final round was reached, but the Farrell who had gained physical resistance had also learned to relax and to face a nerve-racking crisis without nerves. Forced to play an additional round after finishing in a tie with Jones, Farrell played incomparable golf with steady, calm assurance. His physical condition was so greatly improved that he had gained unlimited confidence in his own ability to win.

The Dangers of too Much Golf

There are hundreds of similar cases which could be cited to show that too much golf is harmful. Gene Sarazen, Eugene Homans, Leo Diegel, Si Newton, Larry Lloyd and many, many others who are prominent in the golf world have come to my gymnasium to counteract the effects of their golf by resorting to more scientific, systematic and complete exercise.

Eugene Homans, like Johnny Farrell, is thin and frail-looking, but his work at my gymnasium has stood him in good stead and nowadays he exercises the greatest care during tournament play. This was particularly marked at Merion in 1930 during the National Open. In the semi-final match between Homans and Charles Seaver, the latter came in from his morning round five up on Homans. At luncheon, according to the reporters who were covering the tournament, Seaver ate a large bowl of clam chowder, half a broiled chicken, a lettuce-and-tomato salad, rolls and a generous portion of ice cream. Immediately after he went to the practice

(Cont'd on page 52)

Wide World

Arthur McGovern giving Johnny Farrell a workout

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O say, can you Hear?

Congressional old-timers cling to their favorite ideas

A great deal of the noise coming from Washington is unofficial—not "for the record." It's made by the threescore or more members, brand-new to Congress, who promised to do certain things for the folks back home and now find themselves merely small parts of a large, ponderous machine—the House. You can feel sorry for them as you listen, but don't waste too much sympathy. They will soon like it. They've got to

By William G. Shepherd

NINETEEN and a half millions of us are represented in Congress today by brand-new congressmen who are just learning the ropes in Washington. If it happens that you are one of those who, back in 1930, kicked out your old congressman because he seemed to be no good, and put in a new one, the news contained in this article is that you'll have to wait for a considerable while for your new man to get under way.

He is finding it incredibly difficult to carry out all those promises he made to the home folks back in the campaign of 1930, when he was elected. He's in an institution where one man working as a lone wolf is invariably hamstrung, hog-tied, trussed and scuttled. Your new man is trying to do something about his plight. You may be sure he hates it. But what can he do? Just to show how greatly troubled he is about his inability to make a dent in Congress let us, picking at random, consider the experience of a young man named Harold McGugin.

Harold McGugin, ex-doughboy, held forth to all and sundry in the cloakroom of the House of Representatives not very long ago to the effect that Congress was all sour and that, so far as he could see, congressmen themselves as individuals were even more sour, if that were possible.

He raised his voice for all to hear out there in that long, narrow, club-like room with its thick carpets, big leather chairs, paintings on the walls and comfortable couches:

"I promised the folks back home that I'd try to do certain things and I'm going to try to do them, traditions or no traditions." Back home, with Mr. McGugin, is Coffeyville, Kansas.

Mr. McGugin had full right to speak, having been elected a member of the House of Representatives.

"Look here!" he said, transferring his attention from this writer to several bystanding congressmen. "Look here!" He waved his arms toward the seats and couches where several scores of congressmen were smoking, lounging, reading or chatting. He was pointing to the backstage of Congress; members at ease, behind the scenes.

"What are you doing, loafing in here?" he demanded. "Look out there on the floor," he insisted, pointing to the swinging doors that lead out into the great pit where the House of Representatives sits: "Here we are passing the two-billion-dollar Reconstruction Bill, to save the country. That's the second largest sum that has ever been voted in one batch.

"Out there on the floor members are presenting amendments to the bill. There are more than one hundred members out there. You're all sitting in here waiting for your party whips to come scooting in here to tell you when to go out to your seats and vote on each amendment. And how'll you vote?

"That question goes for Democrats as well as Republicans. How'll you vote? You haven't heard the amendment you'll be voting on. You won't even know what it's about. But you'll know how to vote, just the same, because your party leader'll tell you what to do. You'll say 'aye' or 'no' out there and not know what it's all about."

The poise and complacency with which fellow members heard the young Mr. McGugin set forth his glowing criticism were amazing to an outside beholder. But this poise was not assumed.

"McGugin's all right," said one old-timer to this visitor. "The only trouble with him is that he's new. Lots of them are like that, at first."

Why Congressmen Lose Hope

Finally one real old-timer, suave and soft-spoken, took young Mr. McGugin in hand. He likewise was from Kansas; James G. Strong, of Blue Rapids, another little town, 150 miles or so from Coffeyville. Listening to Mr. Strong talking to Mr. McGugin gave me a picture of why single-handed congressmen make little progress in turning their plans, hopes or promises into cast-iron law.

"Now! Now!" he said soothingly, as an orderly might address a perturbed inmate of an asylum. "You just feel like making a speech."

He pointed to one of the swinging doors that led out to the pit. Out there was the seat to which McGugin was entitled. The public galleries were filled with visitors and, over the clock, the press gallery was filled with reporters, ready to send out to the world any sensational statement McGugin might make. It was all extremely simple. All Mr. McGugin had to do was to step out there, claim the floor for five minutes, which was his right, and talk. He could say out there just what he had been telling us in the cloakroom.

But he didn't go out. He had tried that system before, during the six weeks he had been a member of Congress. He obviously preferred to hold forth to the cloakroom inmates.

"All right," said the old-timer, when he saw that McGugin would remain with us. "All right. I can see how it's a mystery to you that these members stay out here and go in on the floor only to vote. It's lucky that a lot of them are not out playing golf today instead of being on hand here in the cloakroom. I had to urge lots of them to stay here on the spot.

"They know how committees work here in Congress. And you'll understand that yourself, by and by. I was a member of the committee that prepared this two-thousand-million-dollar bill. We sat four days and two nights. There were both Republicans and Democrats on that committee. We worked like dogs. We got the highest advice we could secure. We got all the conflicting interests together. This bill is a mixture of what the President wants, what the Senate wants, what the House wants, what the Republicans want and what the Democrats want. It may not be the best bill that could be made, but it was the best bill that all of us could agree upon. It's a bill that all of us know can pass.

"All right! Now out there on the floor congressmen are presenting amendments to that bill. No one stops 'em. Why, you offered some amendments yourself and made speeches about 'em. But those amendments won't go through and all the old-timers know it. That's why they don't go out there and listen to 'em. And that's why, every five minutes or so, they get up out of these big chairs and go in there and vote 'no.'

"You'll understand how things go, in time."

And with that, Congressman Strong of Kansas, one of the old congressional war horses, arose and summoned his colleagues to go out through the swinging doors again to vote against some other change that had been suggested.

Before sunset that same afternoon the huge money bill had been passed, practically unchanged, by a vote of 335 to 55.

And Mr. McGugin hadn't got for the people of Kansas what he wanted.

Babes in the Washington Wood

I have not selected young Mr. McGugin, from a small Kansas town, as a conspicuous and glittering example of a congressional loser. In that respect he is not unique. There are some sixty-four other brand-new members without previous congressional experience.

Going into Congress for the first time is a tough experience. All these newcomers would like the folks back home to understand that clearly. It's like this: You go out among your home folks

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

The sad fate of the congressman who played a lone hand

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and tell them that the man who's been in Congress for them has turned out to be a flivver. You tell them that if they'll send you to Washington instead, you'll do much better than he did. You even promise, sometimes, to do certain definite things.

And so they send you. Now Congress is a strange, unfamiliar country; as weird as the North Pole. Not many American citizens ever get into that strange land, with its strange atmosphere, its strange customs and traditions, the House of Representatives. And you can't learn much about it in advance. Wherefore, your promises of what you will do when you get there—if you have been unwise enough to make promises—turn frequently into a pair of diver's shoes with a good, strong half-sole of three-inch lead. Instead, from all this writer could gather during several days spent exclusively among new members of Congress, it doesn't feel very good to be a new member bursting with plans and hopes for saving the country; and lots of the new members would like to have the voters back home know it, too.

Just a Part of the Party

Let's see how they really do feel. It happens that among the new congressmen there is one extremely successful business man from Tennessee. His name is E. H. Crump. Four times he has been mayor of Memphis. He had helped to send congressmen and even senators to Washington. But this time he got himself sent. He's a conservative, slow-speaking, careful gentleman.

"Sure, I'll tell you how it feels to be a new congressman," he said. "Just write it down with a pencil as we go along." And here's what he dictated:

"In analyzing my observations as a newcomer to Congress I readily see that there is a tremendous field here for constructive work. But"—and all the new congressmen insert a "but" at about this point—"it has become perfectly obvious that matters of consequence, to become a reality, must have party endorsement. Or," he added, somewhat as an afterthought, "a long-drawn-out fight must be put forth individually.

"It has become very clear to me that a newcomer must observe, remember, compare, read, confer, listen and ask questions. As a business man I have always sought to plan my work and then work out my plans. I see that will be a little difficult here. A business man tries to make money first and then make it last. It seems to me that here in Congress they first spend money and then spend it last, too. But what can one man do about it?"

Trying to be the bold, brave lone wolf that you promised the folks you'd be, if necessary, is very difficult work.

Humoring the Crusaders

"What gets my goat," one new young member told me, "is the sympathy the old members have for you when you come here and try to do something. They take you right in and help you all they can. But they know you'll ease down after a while. Reminds me of a story about a newcomer to an insane asylum.

"'I'm Napoleon,' he said to another inmate.

"'No, you're not, my friend,' said the other. 'I'm Napoleon.'

"The argument wound up in a fist-fight. The next day the newcomer had fights with three other men who thought they too were Napoleons. But the time was to come when he would find wisdom.

"On the third day the newcomer put up a notice calling a meeting of all the Napoleons in the place.

Going into Congress for the first time is a tough experience

"'Friends,' he said, addressing them, 'let us have peace. From now on let each of us promise to keep it a secret that I'm Napoleon.'

"Peace reigned after that, just as it does for you in Congress as soon as you stop trying to get through what you want."

Some of the new members, in this new session, cracked tradition and took it out in talk, right from the floor of the House. It might have helped some of them to know about that old, long, cutaway coat that used to hang on a nail in the office of the late James H. McKenney, clerk of the United States Supreme Court.

That coat is a symbol of the uselessness of trying to change things in Washington. Relentless though unwritten rules required, in the old days, that any lawyer appearing before the Supreme Court must wear either a long frock or cutaway coat. This was at a time when most of the lawyers appearing before that court lived in Washington. With easier travel, lawyers came from a distance to appear before the court. Unfamiliar with the rigid formality of the highest court in the land, they frequently came without formal clothes.

"I can lend you the use of this frock coat," Clerk McKenney would say. And unprepared lawyers would gladly accept the offer. More than one case has been argued before that august court by a lawyer wearing Clerk McKenney's coat.

That was years ago. Moths got into the Supreme Court cutaway coat and one of the tails fell off; so, about ten years ago, it was thrown away. But it had not been needed for several years, for the simple reason that lawyers, throughout the nation, learned that it was good form to bring formal coats with them to Washington for their Supreme Court appearance.

Mr. Sweeney Speaks His Mind

Many of our millions of citizens have been annoyed by Congress for a long time. Some of these people—ordinary, everyday people like you and me—succeeded last year in getting themselves elected to the House. When they finally found themselves in their seats, their old citizen-sense of annoyance remained with them. More than one of them had come decided to tell Congress what was what. Mr. Martin L. Sweeney, of Cleveland, Ohio, was one of these. He came loaded, with trigger set. He's the new Congressman, you may remember, who astonished the country very early in the session by calling congressmen "a lot of old women." As soon as he began to talk that day, reporters in the press gallery threw themselves into a fit of journalistic activity; wires hummed, nationwide.

It isn't always possible for a newcomer to rise to his feet and talk; he must follow rules. But Mr. Sweeney having been a judge in Cleveland, and a lawyer of parts, had conversed with old-timers, studied up the rules, and got himself all set to cut loose at the first flicker of a chance. All he was doing was waiting for it.

Strange things happen to help the man who's looking for a chance. The story Mr. Sweeney told me, the other day, of how he got the floor in Congress, with the galleries full and all the nation listening, illustrates this fact.

The strange and unexpected thing that happened for Mr. Sweeney was that the football squad of the University of Alabama created a diversion by entering the distinguished visitor's gallery in a body. The team had come to Washington to play an "unemployment game."

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A Tip on the Market

Consider the curious adventure of the genial Mr. Beeble—but don't take it seriously

By Gerald Mygatt

AT THE end of that astounding day Matilda asked Horace whether he had had any premonition of what was going to befall. "Not that I know of," said Horace with honesty. "I simply walked into the club and went to the 'B' box."

Nowadays Horace Beeble felt self-conscious whenever he stepped through the stately marble portal of the Registry. Though he had been a member for fourteen years, it was as if he no longer belonged. The Registry, firm and foursquare and serene upon its famed Fifth Avenue corner, represented everything that he was not.

The doorman in plum-colored livery seemed to have grown even more austere, and in his eyes there lurked reproach. Reproach for the fact that Mr. Beeble had—let us say—neglected to contribute to last year's Christmas fund for the club's employees. Reproach lately for the fact that Mr. Beeble was posted, both for non-payment of house charges and non-payment of dues. Reproach for the veteran blue suit, shiny at the elbows—and at one other conspicuous place—which the removal of Mr. Beeble's overcoat unfortunately revealed.

Horace was always glad to get past the doorman. Today he nodded to that flunky with a briskness which he did not feel, said, "Good morning, Sandley," with a cheer which was not in him, and marched straight to the club office. The mail boxes were in the office; an entire wall banked with private boxes, each one lettered in gilt with a member's name, and a row of "public" boxes, twenty-six of them, beginning on the left with the "A" box and extending in procession to the "Z" box at the end.

Horace Beeble stopped in front of the "B" box. In violation of Paragraph 17-C of the by-laws he had given the Registry Club as his address in a letter he had written three days before. This letter had been composed in answer to an advertisement in the Morning Press; and in the past year it was by no means the first of its sort which Mr. Beeble had written. In it he had stated his age, adult; his color, white; his social status, married. In it he had stated—and with some measure of truth—that he was refined, well educated, sober and industrious. In it he had stated also that he possessed twelve years of experience in selling and that he was an excellent salesman.

This last statement was not a fact, though Mr. Beeble was unaware of this. He had had some success in selling bonds, real estate, washing machines and round-the-world tours. That he had done so because he was ingenuous rather than clever had not occurred to him. Men, it seemed, believed Horace Beeble because he never quite believed himself. He would say: "Here's all the information I have on these new bonds. They look all right to me but of course I really don't know. I mean I've looked into them—"

"And you believe they're a good buy, Horace?"

"Why—why, yes. Otherwise—"

"Forget the otherwise and et ceteras. Put me down for a block."

Horace Beeble, in short, possessed what is known as an honest face; and an honest face, psychoanalysts to the contrary, generally seems to indicate an honest person.

He stood in front of the "B" box now—technically dishonest in that he had violated Paragraph 17-C of the by-laws—and hoped very hard that a reply to his letter would be lying in wait for him in the stack of "B" mail behind that tiny glass door. Horace had been out of a job for eleven months; eleven months and six days. Horace Beeble—once sales manager of the Littauer-Boyer-Beeble Company and now down at the heels and answering the want ads—was as nearly desperate as a refined, well-educated, sober and industrious gentleman might be.

HE STILL looked externally neat. He was not yet ready to commit suicide or poke anybody in the eye or throw bricks through windows, but he was ready, and plenty ready, to damn the depression, loudly and vociferously; and he was ready to work at any sort of work that would enable him to earn a dollar and keep his self-respect.

Gingerly he opened the "B" box. Hmm! Burgess, Brandt, Burr, Barr, Billingswater—no Bentley today, it seemed—Beamish, which was a new one, Briggs. . . .

Mr. Beeble blinked, stared. There was a letter for him. But, ah!—it was not the letter he had been praying for. Standing there, Mr. Beeble drooped. The printing in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope was a combination of letters which was poison to his eyes. The printing announced that the missive was from none other than the Messrs. Cooper, McNerney and Harris, attorneys at law.

"On, pshaw!" said Horace. He had received two dozen letters, at least, from Cooper, McNerney and Harris. They all had told him, in essence, that as attorneys for the estate of the late Horace K. Twitchwither they could inform Mr. Beeble, definitely and finally, that the Twitchwither millions, if any, were all sewed up and permanently bagged and safely glued down where they belonged and, in addition, nailed to the floor. These had not been the precise words of the Messrs. Cooper, McNerney and Harris, but the gist was the same. Actually, in legal language, they had mentioned the residuary estate. It seemed that there just wasn't going to be any residue; not if the Messrs. Cooper, McNerney and Harris knew their business, there wasn't.

Wearily Mr. Beeble opened this new letter from his late maternal uncle's capable attorneys. He read it. Then, hastily wiping his glasses, he read it again. The letter said:

"Dear Sir:

"The will of the late Horace K. Twitchwither having been duly probated, it is our pleasure to inform you that in the distribution of the residuary estate you are entitled to receive the sum of eight hundred and ninety-three dollars and forty-six cents ($893.46).

"Upon presentation of the enclosed waiver and receipt, duly signed, witnessed, and attested by notary public, a check for this amount will be paid you at our office or same will be mailed under registry to address of last record, as above, provided stipulation is made and duly executed on waiver herewith.

"Yours very truly,

"COOPER, MCNERNEY & HARRIS"

"(2 enclosures)"

Horace Beeble put the letter down and leaned for support against the high, old-fashioned counter that faced the mail boxes. He found himself breathing heavily. Eight hundred and ninety-three dollars! Why, that was almost nine hundred. Of course, it was not what he and Matilda had once expected. But now it was a godsend, a miracle.

Once more Horace Beeble read the letter. Then, wheeling with decision, he stalked to the telephone booths, where he thumbed hurriedly in the Manhattan directory. He found his number, called it, demanded to speak to Mr. Cooper himself. At length:

"Mr. Cooper? . . . This is Mr. Beeble, Horace K. Beeble. I received a letter from your firm this morning about the Twitchwither estate. Are you—er—familiar with it? . . . Oh, of course . . . No, I didn't intend to convey that, Mr. Cooper. I'm entirely satisfied with the amount, I assure you. I merely wanted to make sure. . . . Oh, of course, Mr. Cooper, of course. . . . I was just wondering as to when—I mean how soon—I mean if I came down today . . ."

MR. BEEBLE danced out of the telephone booth. He beamed at the telephone attendant.

"Looks like you got good news," the boy remarked, returning his smile.

"Good news? I'll tell the world."

The telephone attendant continued to smile, but differently. The ghost of a thoughtful look was hovering behind his eyes.

"It must be nice," said the telephone boy experimentally, "to be in on something."

"It certainly is," said Mr. Beeble with enthusiasm, and walked out into the main hall of the club.

Horace Beeble did not know that the telephone boy stared after him. Nor did he know that a moment later the boy put in a feverish and whispered call to Room 1406. It would have seemed incredible to Mr. Beeble that Major Haas, retired, who dwelt in 1406, paid the telephone attendant five dollars a week for passing on to him any tips he might overhear. Wasn't there a house rule against giving gratuities to employees?

The major, who looked like a composite picture of all the members of the Registry Club—age, fifty-two; complexion, brick; hair, receding; height, five feet nine; carriage, self-conscious; clothing, neat, but stomach visible—was down in the main hall within two minutes.

MR. BEEBLE, who was still wandering around in a fog of glory, was easily pointed out to him by the telephone attendant.

The telephone attendant went back to his telephone-attending. The major drifted close to Mr. Beeble.

"Fine morning," said the major.

"Yes—isn't it?" said Horace. He blinked at the major. He had seen him around the club, of course.

"Things look better," said the major.

"They certainly do," said Horace Beeble. And they certainly did. He was wishing just then that he could telephone Matilda but Matilda, he knew, would be out until noon. Matilda, too, was looking for a job. Well, he could spend his day buying something for her and planning how he would surprise her in the evening. He might buy her a pair of silk stockings—no, three pairs!

"My name," said Major Haas, "my name is Haas—Major Haas, retired."

"Mine's Beeble," said Horace Beeble.

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

"Buy," he whispered back, his finger to

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The major eyed his quarry while shaking hands with him. Then: "How about joining me in a little celebration?" he suggested.

"Celebration?"

"Certainly." And the major laughed jovially. "I guess it's about up to us old-timers to celebrate a little, now that things are looking better. How about a drink?"

Horace beamed again. "Come to think of it," he said, "a little drink is just what I need."

They had the drink. The major elevated his eyebrows at Riley, the bartender, and Riley did his best, which was to make Mr. Beeble's drink twice as strong as that of his host.

"Here's mud in your eye," said the major, lifting his glass.

"Here's looking at you," said Horace. The expression, he thought, would do.

They drank. Again the major elevated his eyebrows at Riley. And again they drank.

"Things," said the major, "are certainly improving."

"Things? What things?" asked Horace.

The major jabbed Horace with a burly thumb. "Don't pretend you don't know what things, either. I'll bet you know."

"Well," said Horace, "I know some things. Anyway one thing, but of course that leads to lots of things."

"You think the whole list will be affected?" the major inquired.

"I WAS going to make a list," said Horace. "A list for my wife and a list for myself. Different things. Today's my big buying day."

"Ah, you're going to diversify?"

"All over the place," said Horace with a snap of his head.

"And you're going to buy?"

"Right and left," said Horace. "Right and left and also left and right."

"But what looks particularly good? I mean what would you suggest—?"

Horace considered this, and as he considered it the thought began to trickle into his consciousness that this man at his side, this major person who had bought him two rapid drinks, was trying to glean something from him. Yes, it seemed even possible that the major was endeavoring to pump him. But about what?

"Ask me some more questions," said Horace politely.

"Ah!" murmured the major, nodding sagely. "I understand, of course. You have something in confidence—"

"I don't mind answering questions if you'll only ask them," said Horace, with a shade of irritation in his voice. "How do you expect me to know what you want to know if I don't know what you want to know?"

"Of course," said the major soothingly, and then: "I'm going to be frank. You spoke of buying. Now what do you recommend?"

"Another drink," said Horace, much pleased with himself and the world at large. He signaled to Riley, the bartender. "Two more of the same," said Horace.

"I'm sorry, Mr.—er—Mr.—"

"Beeble," said Horace. "Spelled the same as feeble but different. Begins with a B. Pronounced Beeble. You know, you can't fool all the Beeble all the time."

The bartender laughed at this quip. So did the major. Loudly. So, as a matter of fact, did Horace.

The bartender said: "If you haven't a bottle, sir, I can't serve—"

"Produce a bottle. Make two bottles grow where one grew before. I'll have to give you my I O U for it, but produce it. I'll have cash later in the day. Plenty of cash."

The bartender produced the bottle, opened it, did magic.

"Here's mud in your hair," said Horace to the major.

"Cheerio!" the major responded.

"And in your ear, too," said Horace to the major. "Either ear you prefer. Both, for all of me."

"Prosit!" said the major.

"It strikes me," said Horace, "that you're entirely too serious. I'll bet you're worrying about the stock market."

"Worry isn't the word," the major confided. "I can't eat. I stay awake nights. Everybody I know is worried sick."

"Not me," stated Horace proudly. There was at least that single satisfaction in being poor. You didn't have to worry about what to do with your money. You couldn't lose money if you had no money to lose.

The major stared at Horace. The major's face looked haggard. "I do wish," he said, "I do wish you would tell me what you know."

"BUT I don't know a thing about the market. Cross my heart, I don't know a thing."

"I'm sorry you feel that way," the major said stiffly. "You really won't tell me what you know?"

It was time for Horace to eye the major, and he did, as through a faint haze. He saw a rather stupid-looking, florid-faced gentleman of more or less commonplace appearance who gave every evidence of pining almost petulantly for information that Horace did not possess. He saw a man who had lured him into a barroom and plied him with liquor, as the old saying had it, for the express purpose of getting a private tip on the stock market. And Horace had no such tip. Furthermore, he had stated quite clearly that he knew nothing about the market; not a thing. But this man was looking for trouble. The thing to do was to give him a tip on the market.

Horace drew in a deep breath. "I'll tell you what to buy," he said firmly to the major. And he mentioned a stock; the first stock, as a matter of fact, that came into his head. It was a stock in which Horace himself had sunk all his money—sunk it and kissed it farewell—in 1929.

The major seemed staggered. And that, thought Horace with satisfaction, was as it should be. So Horace bowed to the major with formality, and turned and walked out of the barroom, his back very straight.

The major caught him in the main hall, clapped a protesting hand upon his shoulder. Horace, who felt extremely dizzy, yanked himself away.

"I'm sorry," the major said stiffly.

"That's quite all right," said Horace, steadying himself by his hand against a chaste white marble pillar which had been set where it was, apparently, by divine foresight.

"THERE'S a friend of mine," said the major hurriedly. "He's in the lounge now. Morton—you must know him—splendid chap—if you'd only be willing to tell him what you've told me—"

"But I haven't told you anything."

"You said," said the major, "you said to buy." And the major whispered the name of Horace's one-time stock.

Horace sniffed. "Naturally I told you that," he said. "There's no secret about that this late in the day. I'm going to buy, you're going to buy, all God's children—"

The major was piloting him into the lounge, that large, lofty room hung with red plush, in which an assortment of elderly gentlemen habitually dozed the long days through. The major approached one of these gentlemen, who brightened.

"Morton," said the major, "this is Mr. Peebles, who is going to repeat to you something he has just confided to me."

"Da do," said the elderly gentleman. This, Horace knew, was elderly-gentleman for "How do you do?" and to be respected and responded to as such.

So Horace said cheerily, "I'm doing very well, thanks."

"Glad to see somebody is," the elderly gentleman mumbled without any sign of gladness.

"Mr. Peebles," the major began explaining.

"Beeble," said Horace.

"I'm sorry, Peeble. My mistake."

"Entirely," said Horace.

"Well, I said I was sorry, didn't I?"

"So you did, but it's still your mistake."

"You're a funny chap," laughed the major.

"So would you be if you were in on my luck."

The elderly gentleman brightened. "You say you've had luck?"

"I'll tell the world he has," said the major.

"It wasn't exactly luck," Horace put in.

The elderly gentleman leaned eagerly forward. He poked his face close to

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his lips, and then he mentioned the name that seemed to intrigue him

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School's Out

If you're looking for excitement, adventure and romance— Hey, taxi!

By Philip Drouer

Illustrated by Clark Agnew

NEW YORK a college town? Certainly, and the biggest of the college towns. It has three great universities, any number of colleges, and is the common force acting centripetally upon the youth of Harvard, Yale and Princeton, for it is within convenient distance of any of these. In New York you will find college men at work, at play, and even at their studies. They come to New York to loaf and frolic, to spend and to gain.

Sanford Burton—call him Sandy—was languid in the June heat, and found that packing his wardrobe was nothing to cause exultation. Going home was even less inspiring. Burton, *père et mère*, had been in Europe for the last two months, and were not due to return until October. Sister Elsie was doing a fashionable tour of Mexican and Mayan ruins. Sandy sank down upon his bed and tried to blow beads of perspiration from his upper lip.

The invitations he had received sounded boring; he knew all the people he would be seeing, and there would be nothing novel or fresh in playing tennis with men he had seen all year at school. He should have taken the job as camp counselor, he felt. There would have been fun in playing around with kids. But he had turned it down, and now the summer stretched before him like one long season of thumb-twiddling.

He sighed and went back to his packing, thinking that he might as well get down to New York. It would be the first step, anyway; but in which direction?

He arrived in New York that afternoon and the redcap deposited his bags at the door of a taxi. Sandy crossed a colored palm with silver and turned to the hack driver. "Hello," he said cheerfully.

"How're ya?" asked the cab driver. "Where to?"

"Where what?" returned Sandy.

"Where to?" repeated the hackman. "Where ya goin'? Where's ya hotel? What's ya—ya," he licked his lips, "ya destination?"

"Oh," said Sandy. There was a pause.

"Well?" the hackman insisted. "Ya got me holdin' the line here."

Sandy stuck his head out of the window. "The taxi drivers behind you are blowing their horns," he announced.

"Well, wotta ya expect?" The hackman was shrilly exasperated. "D'ya wanna hold 'em up all day? Where ya bound?"

Sandy sank into the seat. "The Imperial," he breathed.

"Okay!" the driver snapped and vehemently slammed the car into gear. When they hit the first traffic snare at Madison Avenue, he turned around to Sandy, appearing mollified. "I guess ya was havin' a little fun with me," he admitted, "so it's all right. But those hackies in back must of been sore! Did ya hear 'em?"

"Rah-theh," said Sandy. "Your pals are in an awful hurry to make a living, aren't they? They should relax. Dividends in it, my boy, big dividends in relaxation." The driver looked blank. "Proceed. The green light gleams."

George Brewster grinned. "You comin' down from college?"

"Sure; in a hurry. How'd you guess?"

"A guy gets to know. They're all dopey, but they don't mean any harm. Like a sailor on shore leave. Only sailors tip better because they got more money to spend. Be in a business long as I have and ya pick up information." He winked at Sandy.

"I'll bet you know about the flowers," Sandy judged shrewdly.

"How can I?" Hackman Brewster shrugged. "In this city there's no place for a guy to have a garden."

SANDY leaned forward, in patient explanation. "Give up flowers, if you must, but don't give up hope." He waved a reprimanding finger. "Never give up hope. It's the stuff dreams are made of. You dream, don't you?" he rattled on.

"I should hope to kiss a pig," Mr. Brewster assured him feverishly. "Have I got nightmares! Hot damn! No matter what I eat I always have nightmares when I go to sleep. The only way I don't have nightmares is when I don't eat. If I eat I wake up yelling. By golly, it drives me nuts because I got a healthy constitution and when I don't eat I get a stomach ache an' if I do eat I get nightmares."

"It's your cross," Sandy sighed. "We must all bear a cross. My cross is not knowing what to do this summer. I have no nightmares but I have idle hands. Idle hands," he groaned sepulchrally, "for which the devil finds work to do. Save me!" he suddenly yelled into Hackman Brewster's ear, and Madison Avenue traffic faltered. The driver looked at him quizzically.

"No use worryin' about a little thing like that," he assured him. "There's plenty of guys who'd know what to do if they had a summer off like you have. Unless you're broke and ain't got a dime." The taxi pulled over to the curb in front of Sandy's choice in hotels, and the doorman opened the door.

"Perpend," Sandy ordered the doorman, and bent toward George. "Drive ahead a bit and I'll touch you for advice."

"Okay," said George. He traveled along the curb for a short distance, stopped the car, and turned to Sandy. "Wot's on your mind?" he grinned.

Sandy folded his hands in his lap and looked inquiring. "What ought I do this summer, in your opinion?"

"Ya could get a job, for one thing. If ya got some dough to spend I could show ya some nice places. I know where ya can meet girls."

Sandy shuddered. "Not interested. I haven't that much money." He knew he lied. There was a draft for seven hundred dollars awaiting him in a Wall

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"No guff, young lady. Us taxi-drivers don't allow anybody to call us names." "Really?" she sneered

Mrs. Hopkins prodded George delicately. "Is he Sanford Burton?" George nodded. "He's nuts, too. Lemme alone"

Street bank. "I just have enough for another week or two. What would you advise?"

"Get a job," George said succinctly, "if you can find one. Ya know how to drive a car?"

"Of course."

"Get a job drivin' a hack. Ya can make around twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a week without workin' too hard."

"How do you go about it?"

George gave him the particulars. "Would it be interesting?" Sandy asked feebly.

The hackman seemed a little angry. "Are ya lookin' for dough or are ya lookin' for a good time? I don't know how hard up ya are but ya got some nerve askin' me how ya make money and then wantin' it to be interestin' too!" He spat, desecrating the rear fender of a passing limousine.

"Correct," said Sandy. "Just rebuke, justly administered. I'll do as you say."

"Look me up," George said cordially, "an' let me know if I can help ya out. I'll show ya the places to hack an' where ya make the money."

Five days later Sandy received his chauffeur's license and within a month he received his hack license. He telephoned his new friend and made an appointment to meet him at four o'clock the following morning. George met him a few blocks from the hotel, in a bright and shiny conveyance.

"My word!" Sandy wondered. "If that isn't the neatest taxi I ever did see! Where did you find it?"

"She's mine," George said proudly. "I bought it. Ya wanna work for me? You're a hackman now. I'll show ya the places where there's dough an' ya can start work right now."

"Shoot," Sandy said with alacrity. "Let's lose our way into a city's recesses. You're my boss."

For an hour George pointed out corners, back lines and buildings. Then he swung from the hack with a sigh.

"Take care of her, kiddo," he said. "I got a stomach ache an' I want something to eat."

"It's late," Sandy counseled. "Why don't you let me take you home, and go to sleep?"

George whistled dolefully. "I gotta choose between a stomach ache and a nightmare. I'll get rid of one, first, and then I'll pray that I don't get the other. So long. Pick me up late in the afternoon."

SANDY saw the dawn come out of Long Island Sound and then cruised the length and breadth of Manhattan. It was a great deal of fun, but after eight o'clock he felt the sun sending uncomfortable hints of heat for the rest of the day. Somehow there was change jingling in his pocket and bills rested in his wallet. Without any great difficulty, he managed to have the taxi at places where passengers were.

At ten o'clock he wiped his brow and pulled the cab over to one of Park Avenue's junctions in the Sixties. It was too hot to work; too bad for George, but it was too hot. He felt like sprawling while he went through a cigarette.

He finished the cigarette and flirted the butt to the sidewalk: there was a sudden yelp. Sandy turned inquiringly to be met by two blue eyes flashing furiously.

"How dare you!"—the eyes snapped—"why don't you look where you're throwing things? Throwing a cigarette in a dog's ear! I've a good mind to report you to a policeman!" Sandy looked at an inconsequential Pomeranian and was tickled immensely.

"I'm awfully sorry. I had no idea of using your dog as an ash tray. I'll kiss it if it makes any difference. I thought I was singeing a cockroach."

She didn't deserve it. She was too pretty to deserve it, even though she had a sort of dog. . . . She flared again.

"I'll report you! You beastly taxi-driver!"

Now hackmen are a homogeneous group, and though Sandy could not really be called a taxi-driver, he was one for the summer. He got out of the cab and walked around it, trying to look threatening but not succeeding. If he waggled his finger under her nose he could not take the job seriously.

"No guff, young lady. Us taxi-drivers don't allow anybody to call us names!"

"REALLY?" she sneered. "I'll take your name and report you." She attempted to look at his license number but Sandy clapped his hand over it. Her toe tapped petulantly. "What are you afraid of, you coward?"

Sandy looked into her eyes and sighed.

"Don't you think it's a bit hard to take away a man's livelihood because you feel hurt?" he cooed. "Think of my family. My mother gets hiccoughs when I get in trouble. My father is a little unbalanced and whenever I'm put in jail he cheers softly. You get that way when you're poor. Have pity on a poor man," he pleaded.

Without a word, she turned stiffly and walked around the corner. Sandy strode over to the corner and watched her enter a residence a few doors from the avenue. He waited discreetly, entered the cab again, drove by the house, and noted the number. Then he drove to Lexington Avenue and found a telephone booth. He managed to get his father's lawyer on the telephone, told him the information he required, and was told to call back at two o'clock. He was assured it would take no longer than that.

Sandy did not feel like driving any more that day. He telephoned at two and learned that Cecily Hopkins was nineteen years of age and lived with her grandmother, Mrs. Paul Hopkins. Mrs. Hopkins rarely went out and when she did employed a carriage and pair. She loathed automobiles and would not allow her granddaughter to enter one.

"Horrible old lady," thought Sandy, as he replaced the receiver.

He drove back to the corner. Almost at once, Miss Cecily Hopkins came rushing around the corner, ran to the taxi without looking at him, and opened the door. "The Hotel Royal," she ordered. "Hurry, please!"

SANDY drove two blocks and was stopped by the lights. He turned around to her. "What has prevented your grandmother and you," he asked, "from being at Newport *this* summer, Miss Hopkins? Has her rheumatism been troubling her much?"

She did not look as convincingly surprised as she might have been. "You!" she gasped, but unconvincingly. "If I had known you were the driver—!"

"Or has it been her sciatica?" he continued suavely.

"I shall get out in a moment," she threatened. "I want the Royal and not your conversation!"

"Dear me," he mourned, "I could have gone into Madison Avenue and saved time."

Her heels were beating an angry tattoo. "Don't trouble about that. Just stop talking. Oh! I see. Your name is Burton and your number is—" She took an address book and a fountain pen from her purse and started to write.

"You had better not," Sandy warned her.

"And why not?" she asked sweetly, still writing.

"I'll run this cab into a street car or a truck or something and your grandmother will find out that you've been in an automobile."

"Oh, yes, you will," she scoffed. "How do you know my grandmother won't allow me in an automobile?"

"Never mind." He pulled to the curb. "You are not worth as much to me as your venerable grandmother's faith in you. The fare is fifteen cents, please."

"But this is not the Royal," she remonstrated, "and I have to be there in five minutes."

"Whom are you meeting?" he asked, darkening his brow.

"You say *whom!*" she said incredulously. "Are you incognito?"

"I am," he agreed. "But that's my right name. What about a date?"

"I don't know you," she objected. Her smile, finally, was what all smiles should be.

(Continued on page 38)

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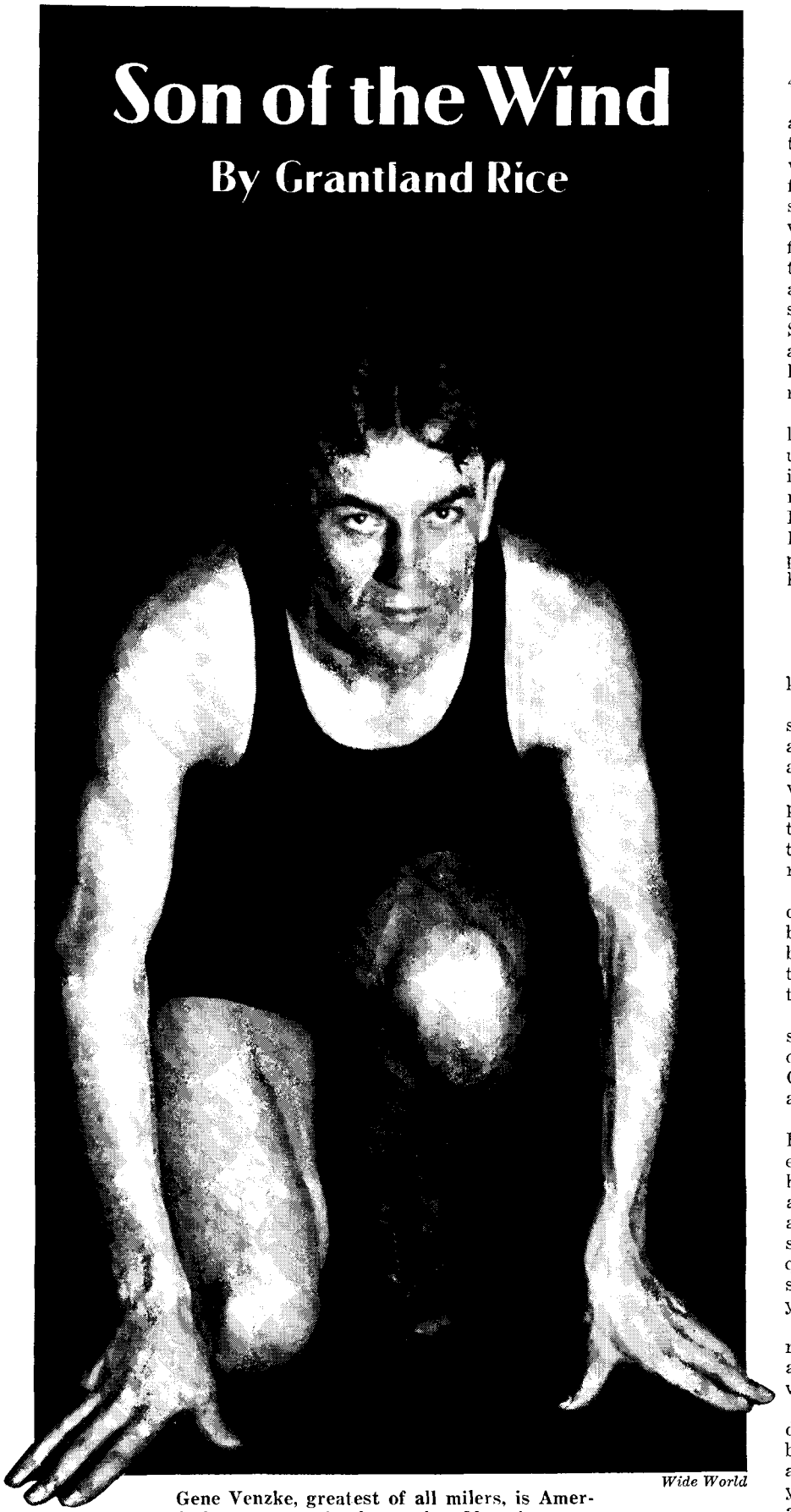
Son of the Wind

By Grantland Rice

Gene Venzke leads a fast life. He actually relaxes his body and refreshes his mind by running—a hard race leaves him as fit as a fiddle. And when Gene isn't running, he walks. Just for exercise



Wide World

Gene Venzke, greatest of all milers, is America's star entry in the coming Olympic games

A SLENDER young fellow, nearly six feet and two inches in height and weighing around 165 pounds, got up from his chair and moved swiftly across the room with the grace and ease of a panther. "My name is Gene Venzke," he said, quietly and modestly, apparently unconscious of the fact that everyone in the lobby of the New York Athletic Club was looking his way.

In addition to his record-breaking and his thirteen consecutive victories, it was easy enough to understand why a new and popular personality had come along to brighten up the pages of sport. Here was no hardened, veteran campaigner, no dull, prosaic, overfresh or partly surly competitor who had been plugging his way up. Here was an extremely attractive mixture of keenness and shyness, modesty and ambition, serenity and daring and seriousness mixed with the fun of living.

Unknown a year ago, young Venzke recently stepped into a world's indoor mile record at 4:10, a faster mile than even the great Nurmi ever ran. Venzke was born in Minnesota twenty-three years ago, his father being a farmer of German extraction. He was one of a family of eight who finally, through a circuitous trail, landed at the village of Little Oley, Pennsylvania, near Pottstown, eight years ago. Extremely keen for an education, he had to stop school and go to work when he was fifteen years old. He came back to high school at Pottstown and quickly made up for lost time, standing as an honor student through this year. He will get his diploma in June. This tells part of the story of Gene Venzke, probably the greatest mile runner that ever lived.

Born to the Footpaths

When Venzke says, "Oh, I was lucky," you feel that he means it.

"There's no luck in running a mile in 4:10," I suggested.

"I believe there was, in my case," he replied. "In the first place, I have always liked to run. I used to run to work and then run back home. I just liked to travel that way, on foot. I got a big kick out of furnishing my own transportation. In the second place, I always had room to run, not through crowded streets or parks, but in the open country where there are hills and valleys, and a fellow could think as he ran or walked. But the biggest break of luck I got was in meeting Mike Sweeney, the famous trainer and coach at Hill School. Most of the credit belongs to Mr. Sweeney, who is not only one of the greatest coaches and trainers of all time, but the sort of man who is willing to go out of his way to help any boy who may need it."

"When did you take up running in a serious way?" I asked.

"It was ten years ago," Gene said, "when I was thirteen years old. I had been doing some running and walking before then, but I decided one day to see whether I could run five miles without quitting. Five miles is a pretty good jaunt for a thirteen-year-old kid. But I did it and finished fresh and I got a big thrill from it."

"I agree with you about Mike Sweeney," I said. "Mike is not only a great teacher and trainer, but also a great fellow. But don't you think that, after all, you must have had natural ability to start breaking records within a year or two?"

"I liked running and I was built for running," Venzke said. "I might have done pretty well, anyway. But it's the little things, the final touches in form and style, that make champions and that break records. I still remember the first time Mr. Sweeney called me over, asked me about my running and began to take an interest in me. I guess he saw that I was pretty serious about it and was anxious to make good. So he began to work on the things that count. He showed me, for example, how to bend my knees and to extend my stride from around six feet to more than seven feet. You can see what a difference that would make. He also gave me tips on relaxation, correct breathing and things of that sort."

"Boyd Comstock," I remarked, "who is one of the best of the far-western coaches, says you are the only perfect runner he ever saw and that you will do a mile in 4:05."

Venzke smiled. "I appreciate that, but I'm afraid I'm not that good. I still have several faults to correct and I still have a lot to learn. That's what makes it more interesting."

"You spoke about getting a lot of fun out of running," I suggested. "In just what way?"

"In almost every way," the young miler said. "Often, when I am running, I like to do a lot of quiet thinking, planning my career, reviewing my work and studies. Then, the racing part of it is exciting. I'll never forget that 4:10 mile in Madison Square Garden.

"I don't have any set form of running a race. In one start I may map out my time and stick to it. In another I may work with the field and depend on a final sprint. But I planned that Madison Square Garden race a week in advance. I decided to stay behind for the first six laps and make my race through the last five. I wasn't thinking about any record. When the time came, I started moving out until I was in front. Suddenly I heard the roar of the crowd and I thought someone was right on my heels. I looked around and could see no one, but increased my pace.

"The roar seemed to grow louder and louder and I saw thousands standing up. I was sure someone must be crowding me so I kept on moving. I think I ran the last half around 2:02 or 2:03. But I felt all right at the finish; at least I wasn't all in. I was as much surprised as anyone when they told me I had made it in 4:10."

Food Doesn't Mix With Speed

"What diet do you follow in order to keep in condition?" I asked him.

"Naturally," he replied, "I don't smoke or drink. But I don't believe in a strict eating diet. I tried that out and it didn't work. I just eat plain, wholesome food. The most important point is not to overeat. This is a mistake so many make. I won't eat anything within four or five hours of running a race."

"Do you like running indoors or outdoors better?" I asked. "Oh, I like it better outdoors," he said. "I can breathe better and feel fresher. I don't mind the heat a bit. It is easier to loosen up the muscles on a warm day."

I asked Mike Sweeney what he had to say about his star pupil, who will be one of the big features of the coming Olympic games, and this was Mike's answer:

"As a starter, Gene has fine form. His length of stride and economy of effort are remarkable, and he has the heart and lungs of an ox. His recuperative powers are amazing. His heart and lungs come back to normal after a stiff practice or a hard race more quickly than those of the average person would after a run of twenty-five yards.

"But that isn't all. He loves to run a race for the sake of the game and has always taken his losses and his wins with the spirit of a thoroughbred.

"If he were the sort that becomes discouraged in defeat he would never be where he is today, because just about a year ago he rarely won a race. Now you would be delighted to see how he accepts his honors. He is very philosophical about it all. He says he is going through a great experience and enjoying every minute of it, but it does not lower the fires of his ambition one iota.

"Whenever he wants relaxation, he doesn't look for a chair or a motor car. He puts on a suit and jogs three or four miles. At times he may seem to be doubtful and hesitant, but when action is necessary he is as free, confident and daring as the wind."

You will hear more about Gene Venzke when he enters the next Metropolitan championship. And if this tall, slender, high-school boy from Pottstown isn't one of the greatest stars the Olympic games have ever known, here is one prophet who has made one of the worst guesses of sporting history. It is possible he can be beaten, but at his peak I don't believe the present record for the mile or the 1,500 meters will be fast enough to turn the trick.

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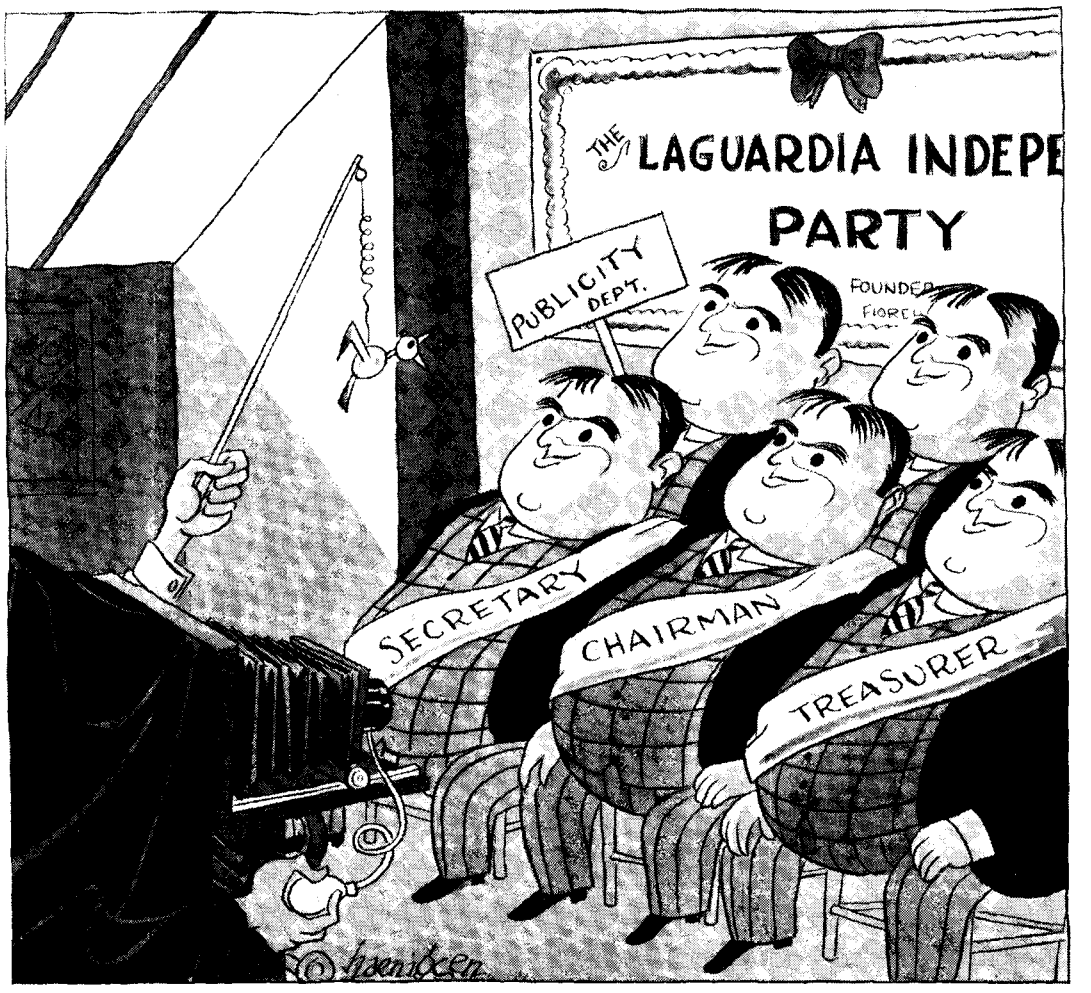
Private Party

And the low-down on the tax bill and Mr. Hoover's campaign manager

By Clinton W. Gilbert



Harry Haenigsen

Congressman LaGuardia's party is a one-man affair

WHEN the tax bill ruction broke out in the House, Representative Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York enjoyed the experience—unprecedented for him—of being a leader in Congress. His leadership was recognized when the proponents of the tax sought a compromise by which the House might accept the tax with the necessities of life exempted from taxation.

When a conference was proposed LaGuardia and Robert L. Doughton of North Carolina were invited to confer with Mr. Snell, the floor leader of the Republicans, and Mr. Crisp, acting chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, the leaders of the element favoring the tax. Doughton represented the Southern Democrats who opposed the tax but could not be brought to follow a congressman from New York. But it was really LaGuardia who furnished the energy and the ideas that made the fight a success.

It was characteristic of LaGuardia that he was willing to make a compromise. Having got the taxes on the rich raised and having got the sales tax removed from food, clothing, medicine and other common necessities, he was ready to make terms. But he found that he could not carry his followers with him in making a bargain with the enemy, so he had to refuse the compromise offered.

LaGuardia chuckles a little when he finds himself called a Republican, though in the Congressional Directory he puts himself down as "F. H. LaGuardia, Republican, of Brooklyn, New York."

He always runs for office as a Republican, except once when he ran as an Independent with Socialist support. He has been a Republican president of the Board of Aldermen in New York City; and he once ran as a Republican candidate for mayor of that city only to find that the members of the Union League Club and other well-to-do Republicans who keep their party in New York an ineffectual minority wouldn't vote for him. He might just as easily run as a Democrat, a Socialist, or anything else. But he can be sent to Congress as a Republican and, being a practical man, he is a Republican for the purposes of the ballot and the Congressional Record. His party ties rest lightly upon him. He belongs, as someone said, to a one-man party, and that party is LaGuardia.

Many men when they get into a fight like that on the sales tax become fanatical. They do not realize when they have won. They go on fighting for nonessentials. But not LaGuardia. He knew that he had accomplished all that was worth accomplishing. He was statesman enough to see that the Federal budget should be balanced and that the best way to balance it was to take the unobjectionable part of the sales tax.

So he was, as he always is, for doing the expedient thing. And the leadership of the mob in the House passed into the hands of men like Rankin of Mississippi, who were animated by a sadistic desire to grind the House organization to powder.

LaGuardia cherishes no ill will because his independent course deprives him of the prizes that other men obey orders to win. He would rather be LaGuardia than be chairman of the most important committee in the House.

Most members who talk a good deal, who won't go along with the rest, who persist in saying the things that by common consent should not be said, become pests. But LaGuardia is really too good-natured ever to be a pest.

He is no lean and hungry Cassius. Little, round and well-fed, he enjoys every moment of his life on the floor of Congress. He leaps to his feet, flailing his arms about to attract attention when he has something to say, bursting with Latin excitement. No one is quicker at a rejoinder in debate than he is. His prodigious energy makes him a storehouse of information. There is nothing he loves to do better than put on an apron and cook a dish of spaghetti for his friends. A good cook will never lead a revolution.

A Tax-Fight Sidelight

Augustine Lonergan, representative from the Hartford district in Connecticut, was sitting in the House, while Representative Ramseyer of Iowa was making his speech in favor of the high estate taxes, which he proposed and which were adopted. Beside him were three rural congressmen who were discussing taxing estates. "Do you know anybody in your district," asked one of them, "who has as much as $50,000?" All three of Mr. Lonergan's neighbors agreed that they didn't.

Campaign-Manager Brown has an aversion to publicity

A little later, in the lobby, he met a Western Republican congressman. They talked about the inevitable subject of taxes. "How big is the town you come from?" Mr. Lonergan asked this representative, who in private life is a lawyer.

"Two thousand people," replied the Western congressman.

"Are there any big towns in your district?" pursued Mr. Lonergan.

"The biggest has five or six thousand people," was the answer.

"Now, the big shot in your whole district, how much does he make?"

"Four or five thousand a year," replied the Westerner.

That explains the tax bill pretty well. The Southerners and Westerners voted, as men always vote, to put the taxes on the other fellow, who generally lives in the Northern and Eastern sections of the country.

Mr. Brown Begins Well

Postmaster-General Walter F. Brown is managing President Hoover's campaign for renomination and it now seems certain that he will be elected chairman of the national committee and manage the President's campaign for reëlection. At Chicago he will be made a member of the national committee from Ohio as a preliminary step to becoming chairman.

He has apparently succeeded in his campaign to make the Republican party wet, with Mr. Hoover's consent. This is good generalship, because with a wet platform and perhaps a wet candidate—for there is no reason why Mr. Hoover should not decide that the noble experiment has been a failure—the Republicans should have a good chance to win the northern and eastern states, overtaxed and convinced, probably, that the Democratic party is a sad mess.

So Mr. Brown begins well. He is, however, a closet politician; no more sensitive man lives than he. He would be a master at getting delegates, if there were this time any need for skill in lining them up. He has been a city boss, with the ways of a city boss. If anyone is in his confidence, I have been unable to find out who it is.

He will be the master of a national committee because he will be the best politician in the national committee. And he will work several times as hard as anyone else. He has been a working Postmaster-General, reorganizing the department.

He won't be popular with the newspaper correspondents in the campaign. Like most city bosses, he distrusts publicity. He never gives out any information unless it is distinctly to his advantage to make it public.

When I say "city boss" I probably make a wrong picture. He is one, in fact, but he comes of a different class. He is a Harvard graduate, good-looking and well-mannered, but cold and distant. He probably never does anything for anybody from the kindly motives common among politicians, and he is probably too discreet to do anything against anybody. I should say he was a master of the art of ruining a man by his silence.

Good though he is at the tactics of politics, I should question whether he has the imagination to be good at the strategy. Most campaigns are won by publicity, and Mr. Brown, as I have indicated, has an aversion to publicity. If the Republicans win this time, it will have to be by scaring the country over the irresponsibility and radicalism of the Democrats.

The seeds of another 1896 campaign have already been sown. But it will take some more-dashing generalship than that of Mr. Brown's to evoke the state of mind that produced the Republican victory in 1896. Still he is far and away the best in sight.

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One More River

The romance of a rolling stone that was hard to stop

By Ernest Haycox

JIM IRONS finished the long day's journey underneath a crystal-flecked sky, through silvered shadows. He passed the ruby disk of a camp fire on either side, where two trail herds lay bedded for the night, and came against the black outline of Lang's Crossing store. The rumble of the river was in his ears when he turned to the porch of that famous sod structure, the rumble of a risen current and an impassable ford. One mellow shaft of lamplight filled an open doorway and, after dismounting, Irons paused and listened to the idle murmur inside with that calm calculation of a man always figuring what the next bend of the trail might hold for him. Then he bowed his head beneath a door frame never built for his height and announced himself with a gentle, Southern drawl:

"One more river to cross, gentlemen."

Four men moved away from a common center, swinging and facing him out of a dim background of laden shelves. The talk ceased with that suddenness which means something more than courteous attention, and as he stood there—taller than any, loose-flanked and bronzed by the lower hot-lands—his indigo glance was witness to the swift sharpening and narrowing of interest. But though he recognized this change for what it was worth, the gravity of his cheeks remained unbroken and presently his turning eyes rested on the most picturesque of the four—a middle-aged man standing beside the store's small counter, a bald-headed man with an orange-red beard trimmed in the uncompromisingly square cut of a Civil War veteran.

"My name is Irons," said he, slurred drawl clinging oddly to the quiet. "You'd be Zeb Lang?"

"I am," said the storekeeper, "but how'd you know?"

"On the trail," observed Irons, "you're a described character. My pony's been pointed toward this speck on the map for seven days."

"Bound north?" asked Lang casually.

"North as far as north goes," assented Jim Irons. He saw a brief meeting of glances and he added a gentle proviso: "But no hurry; I see the river's up."

The inflection of the words roused Lang to politeness. He nodded at the nearest man. "This is Henry Holt, owner of the trail outfit up-river. Beside you is"—and for a moment the storekeeper seemed to sort out his words—"is Mr. Studers, on private affairs." After that, Lang turned to the figure in the deepest shadows, "Killeen — trail boss of the Walling herd below."

Holt, a sound-chested and mannerly individual, alone spoke. "Glad to know you." Studers only inclined his deeply weathered face. He was old, one of those thin, tireless types; he had a self-absorbed manner and his brilliantly black eyes clung to Irons until the latter turned toward Killeen. All he saw of Killeen was a curl of cigarette smoke underneath the flare of a battered hat. He could make out no more, but when he faced the others again Irons' cheeks were smooth and masked. It was Holt who suavely broke the lull.

"IF YOU want a riding job, there's a place in my outfit. Through to Fort Benton, Montana."

"Obliged," said Irons. "But I've been on the loose for a month and the leisure's about spoiled me. Never takes much to send an old work horse back to the wild bunch."

They accepted this statement as they had the others, with a weighing reserve. Silence kept returning, falling between them like a leaden barrier. Irons reached for his tobacco, built a smoke, ignited it. He had thought these four to be the only occupants but the flare of his match reached into another corner and surprised him. A girl stood there, half hidden by the rising pipe of a stove; the flickering glow revealed her briefly, insubstantially, and when it died Irons had but the image of a warmly vital face underneath a mass of copper hair. He removed his hat and replaced it in one lazy motion. Lang said, gruff and reluctant: "My daughter, Pat."

Studers came into the conversation with a curious crispness. "You got my name, sir? The whole of it is Jess Studers, United States deputy marshal."

"I was wonderin'," said Irons softly.

Lang stared at Studers with a show of resentment. "I didn't figure you was anxious to spill your business."

Studers' answer was laconic. "Concealment is for the weak. Mr. Irons, how far south are you from?"

"All the way from the Gulf."

"Along the trail?"

"Along the trail."

Studers turned his body better to catch Irons' face in the light. "Any particular business draggin' you north, sir?"

"Wild country up there," said Irons, slow and thoughtful. "Free range. I like to make long dust. In the South a man keeps steppin' in other men's boot tracks. I was born to ride lonely."

"My Lord," broke in Holt, amused, "ain't this side of the river lonely enough? Here's the only white man's house three hundred miles any direction."

Irons studied the burning tip of his cigarette and frowned. "Hard to describe. North—who knows what's north? I don't. That's why I'm goin'."

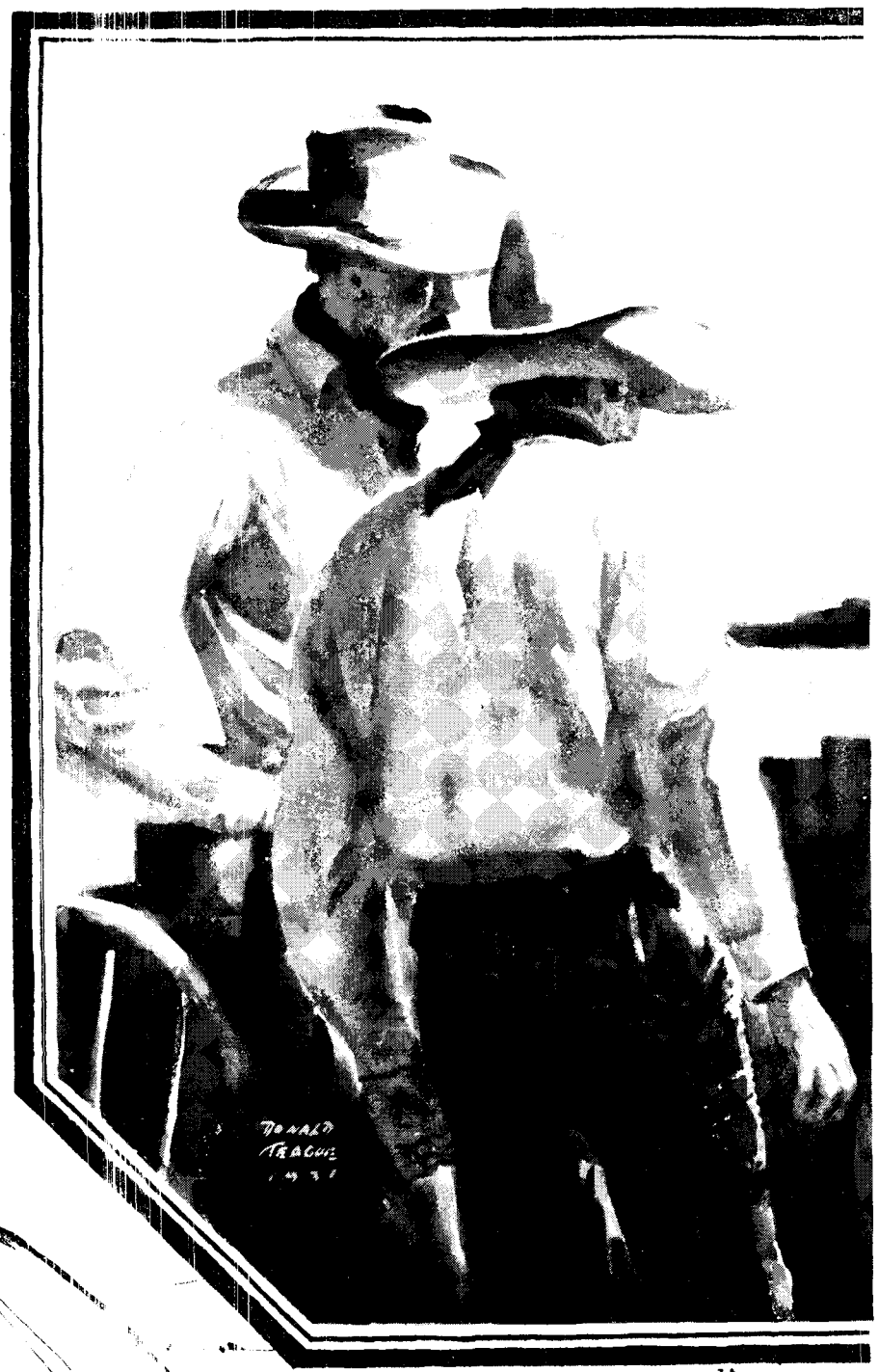
Studers listened with that peculiar intentness of one seeking hidden meanings. He had his arms locked behind him, his head bent forward on its thin neck. "Pass anybody on the trail? See anything out of ordinary, sir? Hear any stories?"

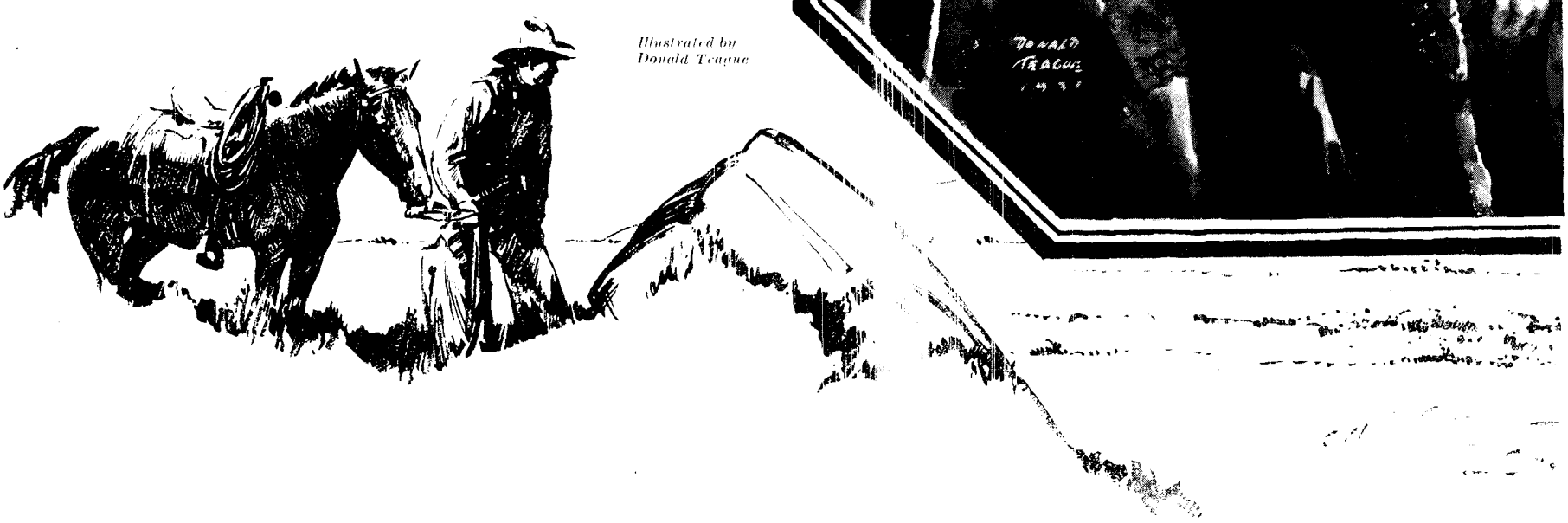
"No," said Irons. "What should I be hearin'?"

"Where was you a month back?"

"On the trail, where the Fort Fremont road crosses through the live oaks."

The ease and directness with which he reached into his memory and produced the information visibly stirred the group. Holt's air of detached good humor vanished. Lang put both hands on the counter and leaned over it. When





Illustrated by Donald Teague

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Studers spoke again it was with a flat definiteness.

"Right there, a few miles off the trail, one month ago, sir, the paymaster's ambulance, goin' to Fremont with government money, was held up by a single man. Paymaster, sergeant and driver killed. Money taken. You heard no rumor of that on the way?"

"No," said Irons. "That's your reason for bein' here?"

"It is," replied Studers, turned dogged and formidable. "The road agent can't hide out in the Southwest. He'll hit for this river, knowin' there's no authority to take him once he crosses. And he'll ford at this point, needin' supplies."

"You've got it figured," observed Irons.

"My life's been spent in figurin'," said Studers.

The thick silence came again, loaded with unspoken conclusions. Irons dropped his cigarette, ground it beneath a heel.

"I'll be campin'. Any objections, Lang, to my usin' your yard for a bed?"

Lang hesitated and looked to Studers, plainly essaying to catch some sort of a cue from the deputy marshal. But the latter was expressionless, bound up by his own thoughts. After an interval Lang said cautiously: "Roll up inside here."

"Thanks," drawled Irons, "but I'm not used to walls. I'll settle by the porch."

"Not too close," warned Lang. "Pair of copperheads underneath it."

"My kind of company," mused Irons and looked into the corner where Killeen still remained so stiff and speechless. Turning, he went out.

"I KNOW his sort," Holt murmured presently. "Never be deceived by that soft purr. He's got a bottom. Did you see how he took it? Guilty or not, he never turned a hair. Think he's the one, Studers?"

Studers watched the door, face fixed. "Don't know. But I'll find out."

Studers came into the conversation with a curious crispness. "You got my name, sir? The whole of it is Jess Studers, United States deputy marshal"

"You got little enough to go on," put in Lang. "No witness, no description."

"He'll give himself away," said Studers. "If it's him he's packin' a lot of bright metal in his jeans."

Killeen moved from the dark in loose, quick strides. All the bony points of his scantling frame poked against the dusty clothes hanging on him. Sorrel sideburns ran below the hat line, a swooping nose held two narrow, Mongol eyes apart, and to either side of a flat jaw the darkly stubbled skin fell into considerable hollows.

"It's him," snapped Killeen. "My outfit was passin' the fort road about then. I saw a lean drink o' water charge through the trees right after a bust o' shots. Sure, it's him."

"Took him a long time to get here," observed Holt.

Killeen answered, irritably insistent, obviously a man hating contradiction. "Well, he'd duck an' dodge, wouldn't he?"

"I'll find out," repeated Studers.

"Yuh better get him now," grunted Killeen, "or yuh won't get him at all."

Studers turned to Killeen with the same direct, studying stare he had used on Irons. But the deputy marshal was through talking, once more self-absorbed; and it was the girl who broke the following silence. She walked from her corner, passed them impatiently and threw out a terse, emphatic phrase that challenged the room's brimming suspicion. "I don't believe it." The storekeeper's eyes followed her through the door with a roused watchfulness.

IRONS put his horse on a picket, made a bed of the saddle and its blanket. Standing by the pony, he listened to the crowding waters churn through the night. Upstream the fire of Holt's camp had died to an amber streak along the earth, but down-river the Walling blaze still leaped brazenly at the sky and somebody there plucked a banjo. Irons murmured "Nighthawks," and faced the porch. The girl was poised there, looking into the northern dark. She stood directly in the beam of house light, straight-bodied, lithe, free-moving; and in the rounding grace of shoulder and bosom was the lure of a womanhood yet unbidden.

So much Irons saw clearly, stirred forward by strange impulses. But next moment caution halted him. Holt and the deputy marshal walked out, turned toward the upper camp fire; and directly afterward Killeen slid through the door and swiftly edged away from the light. Irons' eyes clung to the man's shadow as it paused and flattened against the wall of the building, watching the swing of Killeen's head from left to right and the rise of Killeen's arm. Then the trail boss reached the porch edge, dropped off with the soundlessness of a cat and disappeared. Pat Lang, neither seeing Irons nor looking his way, spoke quietly:

"Had your supper?"

IRONS walked to the porch, rose beside her. "Thanks. I ate on the prairie."

"So you like a lonely trail," said she, matter-of-fact.

"Always wonder what's on the other side of the mountain," mused Irons.

Wind came out of the northwest—a wind from the wild distance. Head into it, Irons listened to the upborne yammer of a coyote, saddest and most primitive of wails. There was a difference in the air crossing the river. Yonder stretched the leagues of a land beyond security, mysterious, almost trackless. That wind, with its feel of outlaw freedom, came a thousand miles with never a scent of white man or white man's town.

The girl shifted. "You're trying to catch something. I've seen others like you stand here and look out there. Then they go—and they never come back. Whatever is there, it holds them." Turning, she brought her face into the light as deliberately as if she were openly asking him to look at her; and once more he found in that level line across her gray eyes the hint of a reckless spirit suppressed. "Nothing could hold you back?"

He shook his head slowly. "I guess not. What would it be?"

"You're standing in the light," said she abruptly. "Better get out of it. Good night."

He watched her go in, close the door. Returning to his bed, he rolled the blanket around him, wondering.

In the early morning when he rose and went to the river to wash up, a silver mist clung to the air and crusted the earth. The current boiled turgidly forward and ragged rents along the bank showed where the undercutting water had eaten away the soil. But the flood stage was past, the water level fallen from the high mark registered on the near-by cottonwood trunks. Reading all this, he returned to the store. The girl stood on the porch waiting.

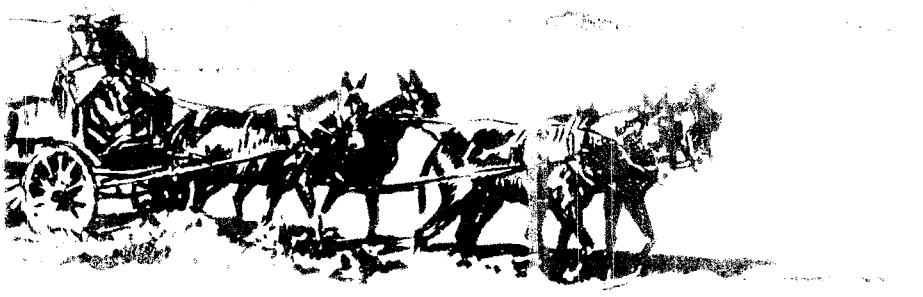
"You'll eat breakfast with us."

Lang met him in the kitchen with a guarded courtesy and motioned to a chair.

"By the middle of the afternoon," said Irons, "the outfits will be crossin'. River's dropped four feet."

"You'll be crossing too?" inquired Lang, casually.

(Continued on page 54)



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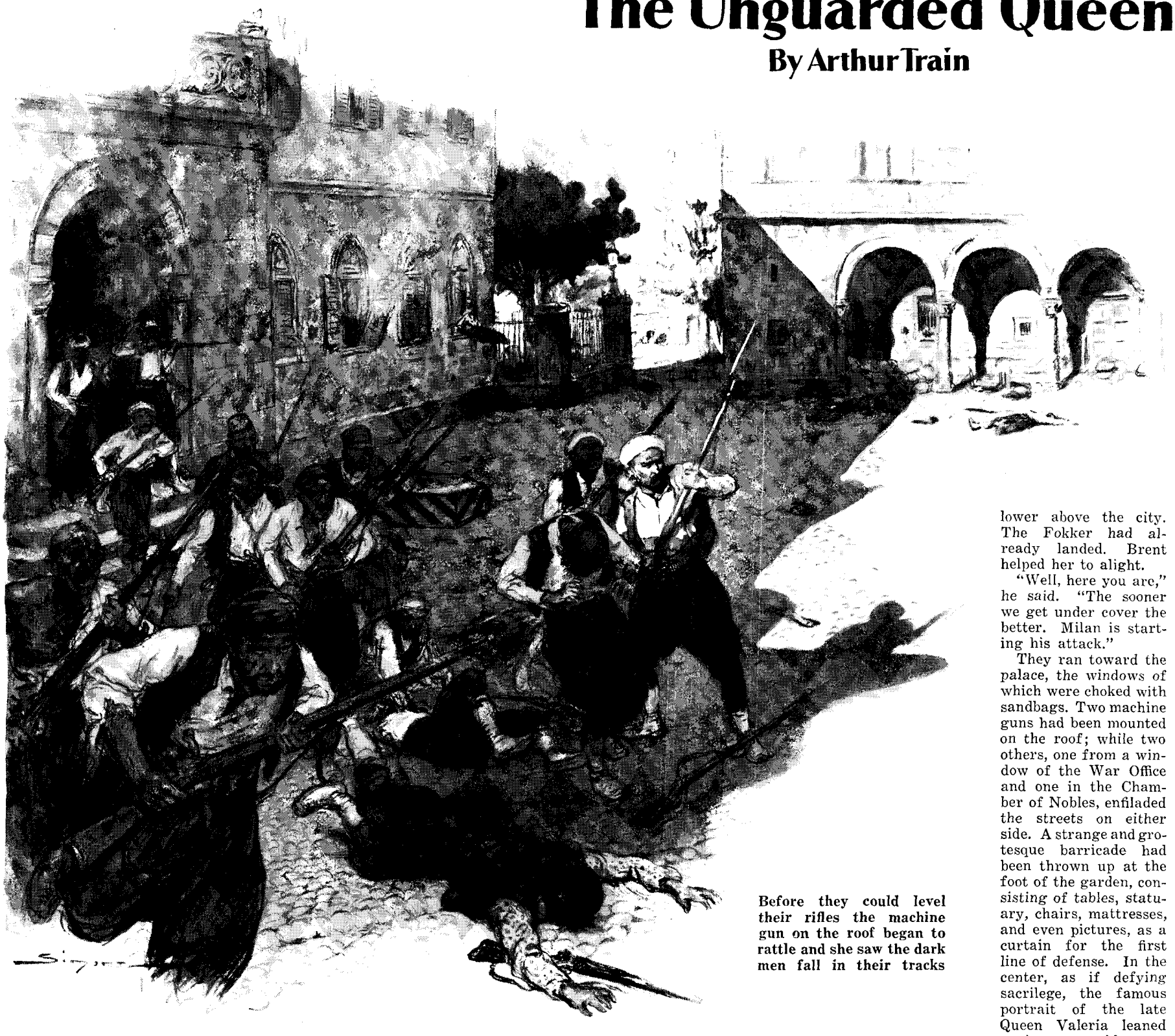
The Unguarded Queen

By Arthur Train



Before they could level their rifles the machine gun on the roof began to rattle and she saw the dark men fall in their tracks

The Story Thus Far:

ALL Illyria is in a turmoil. King Stephan Stephanovitch is near death. It is his wish, and that of his commander in chief, General Michael Kosovo, that Helen Stevens, now the Princess Stephanie—daughter of the late Crown Prince Dushan, who renounced his right to the throne to marry an American girl—should succeed him as monarch of Illyria.

The present Crown Prince, Milan—a scoundrel and son of Stephan's second wife—is backed by Italy in his claim to the throne because Italy hopes through him to gain control of the famous Tokar oil field. Prince Marko, another aspirant to the throne—who had been betrothed to Helen against her will—has been murdered in the room of Ezra Sloat, the crooked representative of the Consolidated Petroleum Company of New York.

This company, suspicious of Sloat, has sent John Brent to Illyria to check up. Brent, a friend of Kosovo's, discovers Sloat's plan to get the oil field for himself by putting Marko on the throne. Brent is in love with Helen, whom he met on the boat, knowing her only as a beautiful American girl and a famous tennis player.

With troops of different factions marching into the capital city of Zeta, Helen is stolen from the palace and at almost the same hour the King dies! Kosovo, his aide Drintyre, and Brent know the abduction is Milan's doing and decide they must keep the King's death a secret till Helen can be found. They discover that Helen is in the mountain stronghold of the robber baron, Paolo Radescu. Being a robber is almost a respectable profession in Illyria, and Radescu is an old friend of Brent's. He was tricked by Crown Prince Milan into concealing Helen.

When Brent, in an airplane and accompanied by soldiers, arrives at the robber's castle he explains the situation and Radescu joins their side at once.

XI

BRENT called to Radescu, who, having gone to the hangar, was standing with some sheepskin jackets over his arm, beside the monoplane: "All right, Paolo! Can you take Her Royal Highness? I'll go back in the Fokker. It's full up."

"Right-o!"

Brent turned to the soldiers and ordered them back into the transport. Three minutes later the two planes were climbing into the air.

Numb from excitement and the cold, due to their elevation, Stephanie sat huddled beside Radescu, staring earthward in a sort of coma. From that height Illyria looked like a vast graveyard of gray stone slabs. Twice she saw tiny flashes followed by a line of white puffs that ran along the ground like smoke from a lighted fuse, and once a heavy column of white that rose slowly into the air, spreading out into the semblance of a gigantic hand whose pallid fingers menaced the fields below.

Radescu shouted something to her, and the plane began to descend. The Fokker was only a quarter-mile behind them. They were directly above Zeta, which, from that height, resembled nothing so much as the plaster model of a medieval town in a museum.

Clouds of smoke were rising in many places from the lower town and a horde of people were swarming like ants over the adjacent hillsides toward the flying field. Radescu pointed to them and then shot upward in a wide sweep over the valley of the Dravitza toward the Adriatic. Was he taking her to Tokar in defiance of her orders? Had he some secret understanding with Brent to carry her to safety?

Suddenly Radescu uttered a shout as they saw a few miles away on the road leading up from Tokar a cloud of dust and dense columns of marching men. The Tsernagorans were coming! Again the plane circled and they headed back once more for Zeta, dipping lower and lower above the city. The Fokker had already landed. Brent helped her to alight.

"Well, here you are," he said. "The sooner we get under cover the better. Milan is starting his attack."

They ran toward the palace, the windows of which were choked with sandbags. Two machine guns had been mounted on the roof; while two others, one from a window of the War Office and one in the Chamber of Nobles, enfiladed the streets on either side. A strange and grotesque barricade had been thrown up at the foot of the garden, consisting of tables, statuary, chairs, mattresses, and even pictures, as a curtain for the first line of defense. In the center, as if defying sacrilege, the famous portrait of the late Queen Valeria leaned against a marble copy of Canova's Cupid and Psyche.

General Kosovo received them at the rear entrance.

"Thank God for your safe return. I had almost given up hope! Milan is about to attack. We are no longer in control of communications. We have only two companies of Household Troops. One of them is necessary to guard the postern and the walls of the citadel, which leaves but a single company for the defense of the palace."

"THE Tsernagorans should be here within the hour," interpolated Radescu. "I will go to meet them and urge them to hurry. If we can hold out until they arrive, they can attack the enemy from the rear." He clapped his hand on Brent's shoulder. "It's like old times, isn't it, Jack?"

Brent looked at his watch: 3:45. The outcome would depend upon how quickly Milan could make himself master of the situation. If he rushed the palace he might be able to capture the citadel and hold it until the appearance of his own regular troops, in which case possession would probably spell victory.

(Continued on page 26)

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The check that takes care of every need—and is never late

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Metropolitan Life's contracts afford a means to

- —create estates and incomes for families
- —pay off mortgages
- —educate children
- —provide income in the event of retirement
- —establish business credits
- —stabilize business organizations by indemnifying them against the loss of key-men
- —provide group protection for employees covering accident, sickness, old age and death
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Metropolitan policies on individual lives, in various departments, range from $1,000 up to $500,000 or more, and from $1,000 down to $100 or less—premiums payable at convenient periods.

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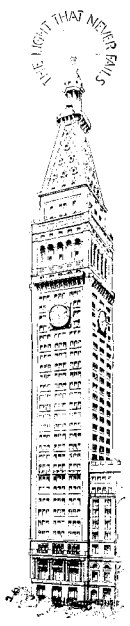

WHETHER he is at home or away on a business trip, as at present, Father never forgets that Mother will need her allowance on the first of each month and he has never failed her.

Before leaving, he had the great satisfaction of carrying out the plan he has had in mind ever since the day he married Mother. And he asked a Metropolitan Field-Man to call and tell wife and daughter about the arrangement made with his insurance company.

The check needed for their living expenses will continue to arrive on the first of the month, even though he may be summoned unexpectedly to make the long journey—not just a short business trip.

He is a business man and knows that bills must be paid and that it is his concern to remove all uncertainty as to a fixed income to meet them.

—After the Field-Man finished telling how Father had made future provision for their comfort, Mother said, "That is just like Dad."

▼ ▼ ▼ ▼

Every father who wants to protect his family should know that there is one sure way to provide for his loved ones—and that is by arranging a definite monthly income for them.

See a Metropolitan Field-Man at once and have him explain to you how practical it is to make sure of protecting that family of yours.

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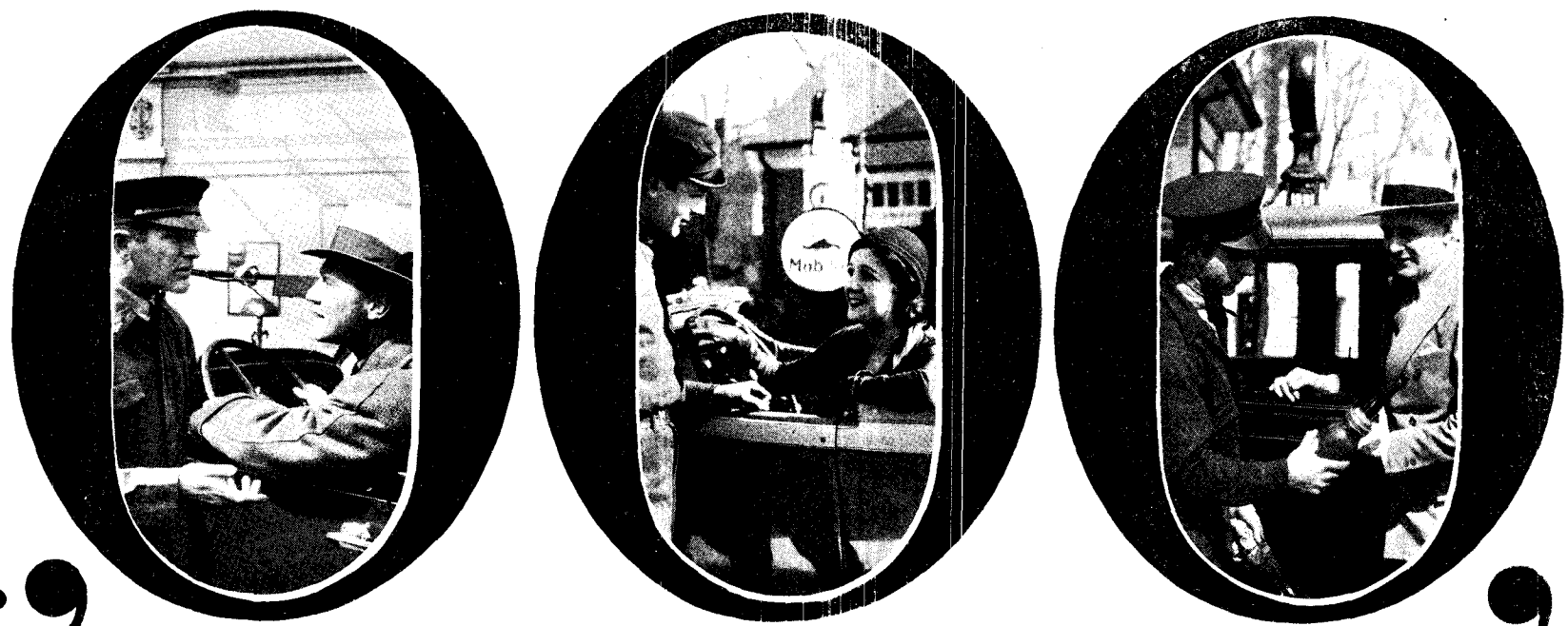

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The world's favorite in a thrift year! That's where Mobiloil stands today.

A significant fact. For in 1932 a product must *prove* its economy—if it is to be popular.

You buy carefully. You weigh values. You look for facts. And today—when values are watched as never before—Mobiloil is the world's largest-selling oil! Every three days—a million motorists—in all parts of the world—buy Mobiloil.

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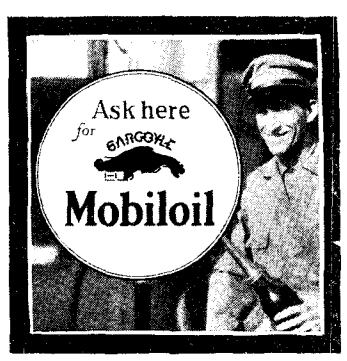
In millions of engines Mobiloil is proving its down-to-earth economy.

Its price is now 30¢ for all grades (35¢ in the Far West). Mobiloil is proving that it is the *most economical lubrication you can buy at any price!*

With Mobiloil you get more miles per quart. That's where Mobiloil economy begins. Mobiloil stands up under heat. On the top rings of your pistons where intense heat quickly turns many oils to gum and hard carbon—Mobiloil stands up. It lubricates. It *lasts*. More miles per quart! That's what will tell the story of Mobiloil stamina and toughness in *your* engine.

More miles per quart—and *safe* miles! In the finest oil passage in crankshaft and wrist pin, Mobiloil flows freely. It does not clog up. Its film will not break. Mobiloil clings to every moving part. It gives sturdy protection against wear. Your car lasts longer.



VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

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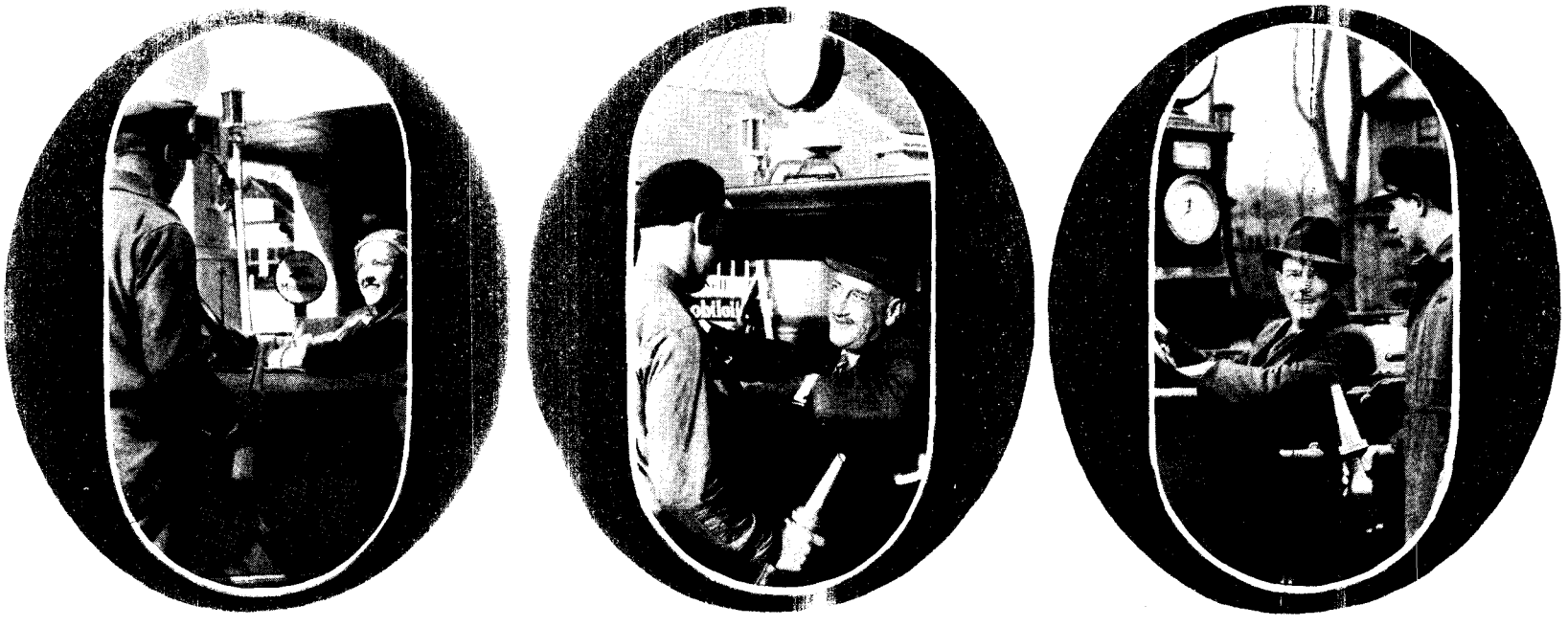

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Less money for repairs, less money for carbon removal, more miles per quart—and a car that lasts far longer than you hoped for!

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Go to your Mobiloil dealer today. Over 109,000 dealers now offer you Mobiloil. There's bound to be one near you—wherever you live—wherever you drive. Ask for a drain and refill with fresh, clean Mobiloil and start saving money today.

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DRAIN—REFILL TODAY WITH

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING OIL

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He had more than a fighting chance, but would he take it?

The Moslems, roughly estimated by Brent at from two to three thousand, had drawn up in irregular order across the field by the airdrome. In front was a cluster of officers in uniform. Suddenly a motorcycle shot out from the group and came popping across the parade ground with a white flag fluttering from the handlebars. The rider with the flag in his hand advanced to within speaking distance of the barricade and shouted that he had a message from Crown Prince Milan Stephanovitch for General Kosovo.

"Good!" said Drintyre. "Anything to gain time. I'll go and string it out as long as possible."

HE WALKED slowly out to where the officer stood and after a short conference returned, while the other waited beside his motorcycle.

"Milan demands the privilege of addressing the Council of Nobles," he said. "Otherwise he intends to storm the palace and treat all its defenders—officers and men alike—as traitors."

"Does he propose to come in person?" asked Kosovo.

"Yes—alone."

"Let him do so, by all means!" urged Brent. "We shall gain at least half an hour in that way."

"Tell him that he may have safe conduct to the Council of Nobles and return, provided he comes unarmed and accompanied by only a single officer," said Kosovo.

"There's a surprise in store for him!" remarked Radescu.

The message was delivered, the motorcyclist went popping back, and Drintyre turned to Stephanie.

"If Your Royal Highness will be so good as to come with me to the opera house, you may be able to assist in the surprise," he said.

Brent watched while Stephanie, escorted by Drintyre and surrounded by a squad of soldiers, crossed the piazza to the opera house. The great square was practically empty, the cafés deserted, and the little iron tables were stacked in piles alongside the cathedral. A pedestrian approached the gate, and he recognized Shepard.

"Congratulations," he said. "Well, I see you pulled it off. It'll make a nice little front-page story if we ever get our wires mended. What's going to happen now?"

"Milan's going to deliver his farewell address to the Council of Nobles."

"HE'D better hurry," commented Bill. "Every minute counts. Now that Mussolini has had to withdraw his troops— By the way, I've got to hand it to your League of Nations. Those bozos certainly came up to the scratch. I got the flash just before the wire went dead on us. Want to see it?"

"Rather."

Paris, Friday, 13:20. M. Pernod announces that the Council of the League of Nations, after hearing the respective statements of the representatives of Illyria and of Italy, has unanimously decided to instruct Signor Mussolini that the Council will allow no disturbance of the peace of the world and that he must withdraw his forces within twelve hours, pending an investigation upon the spot by a commission to be appointed at once.

"Not so spineless, at that!" said Brent. "Well, what did Signor Mussolini do?"

"I don't know what *he* did," answered Shepard, "but I do know that both France and Jugoslavia have issued preliminary mobilization orders."

"May I ask what you're doing here?"

"Reporting. When Kosovo ordered the citadel evacuated he said one correspondent might stay on and I was elected. There's Uncle Michael now."

General Kosovo came out of the palace, followed by a platoon of soldiers. Trinovitch was with him.

"Milan is just arriving in his motor," he said. "We must be on hand to receive him."

"Come on, Bill. It's time for the curtain to go up!" said Brent.

The Royal Opera House stood on the left-hand side of the piazza of the palace, adjoining the Law Courts.

BRENT and Shepard ascended to the parterre. Where formerly, after the Elizabethan fashion, the populace of Zeta had been accustomed to crowd into the pit and gape at the surrounding royalties, now lounged in the gilt armchairs taken from the boxes forty or fifty swarthy, saturnine men arguing, shouting and interrupting one another while the president of the Council, Count Kavrilovitch, an elderly man in a much too long frock coat, wrinkled trousers and enormous shoes, sat in the center of the proscenium in a property armchair directly opposite the heavily curtained royal box.

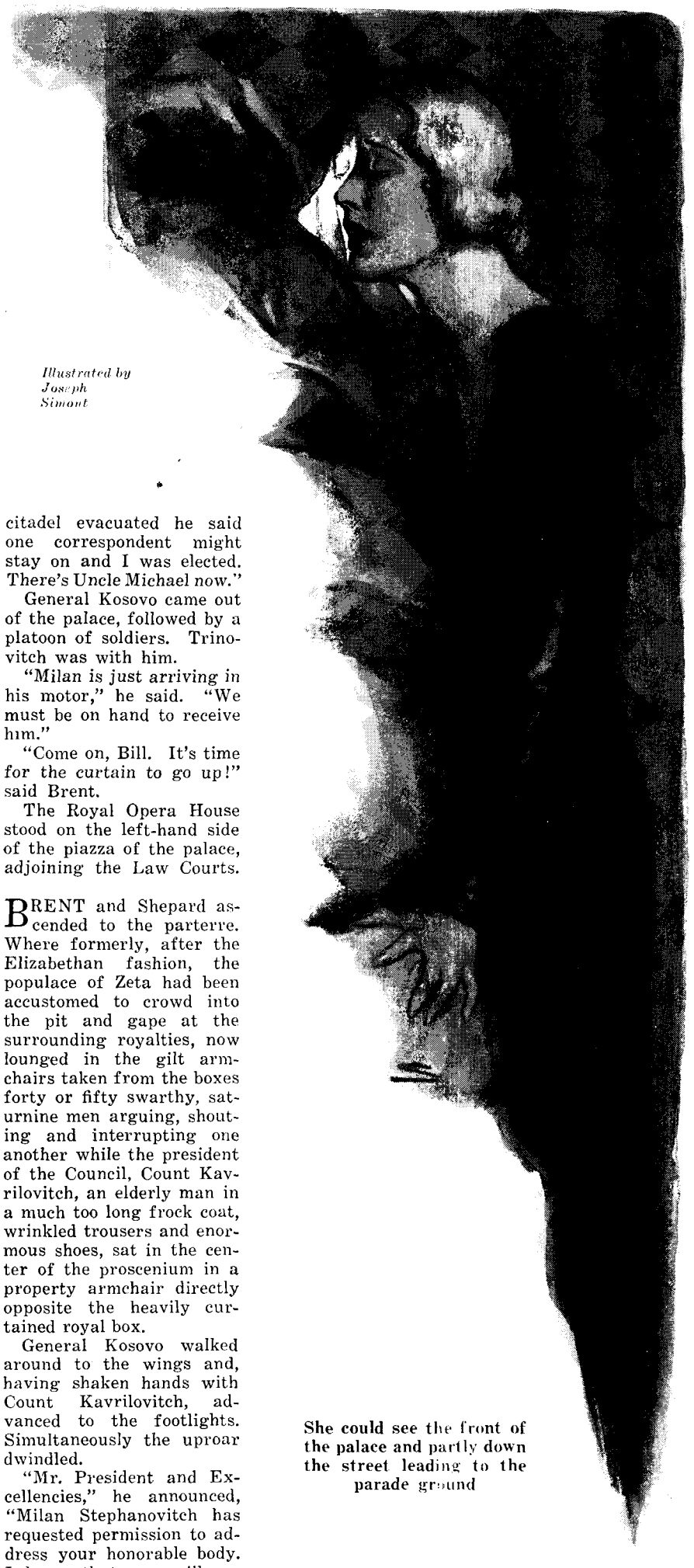
General Kosovo walked around to the wings and, having shaken hands with Count Kavrilovitch, advanced to the footlights. Simultaneously the uproar dwindled.

"Mr. President and Excellencies," he announced, "Milan Stephanovitch has requested permission to address your honorable body. I know that you will accord him all the attention that he deserves."

In his full-dress Tsernagoran uniform, Milan looked gigantic. His sullen face was suffused with perspiration, and he moistened his lips continually with his tongue.

"Your Excellencies," he began, "I come here to demand at your hands the rights which I have so far been denied by force of arms. The King, my father, is dead. I am his lawful successor."

"How do you know that the King is dead?" called out someone.



Illustrated by Joseph Simont

She could see the front of the palace and partly down the street leading to the parade ground

"Everyone knows that he is dead—or certainly incompetent. He has not been seen for four days. In any event, a regent should be appointed. I am the only proper person to exercise the royal prerogatives in default of the King. There is no one else."

"How about the Princess Stephanie Stephanovitch?" shouted a voice. "Stephan wished her to succeed him."

"She has run away," answered Milan triumphantly. "She has abandoned all pretensions to the throne. I am the sole representative of the Stephanovitches."

A murmur ran around the pit. If Milan was, as he said, the only remaining Stephanovitch—!

"I challenge General Kosovo to disprove what I say!" went on Milan, gaining confidence. "If Stephanie Stephanovitch has not absconded, let him produce her here—and," he hesitated, "I will withdraw my claim, pending an investigation of the King's condition."

He faced Kosovo exultantly.

"Come, General! Produce her for us!" he challenged.

With one accord the nobles focussed their eyes on the old man. With a faint smile Uncle Michael stepped forward. His right hand twirled his mustache.

"Your Excellencies have heard what Milan Stephanovitch has said. It is a fair bargain, and I shall hold him to it. All right, Drintyre!"

THERE was a clatter of wooden rings as the curtain of the royal box was swept aside, disclosing Stephanie standing there. Milan turned pale. A shout arose from the Council:

"Long live Stephanie Stephanovitch!"

Milan started toward the wings.

"One moment!" shouted Radescu, leaping upon the balustrade. "That man is not the son of Stephan Stephanovitch. He is the bastard offspring of Queen Valeria by my father, Arnim Radescu."

"It is a lie!" yelled Milan, reaching toward his hip.

There was a rattle of arms as two soldiers from the left-hand box leveled their rifles.

"It is not a lie!" retorted Radescu. "There are living witnesses to the truth of it. Or perhaps they are no longer living! How about Maria Prebitovitch, Milan?"

The Council was in a turmoil. Kosovo raised his hand.

"Your Excellencies, this man is not the son of Stephan Stephanovitch! Although he has been able to abduct our only witness, I have here her sworn affidavit."

"It is perjured!" shouted Milan. He spat upon the stage and strode into the wings.

Radescu had slipped out ahead of him. The members of the Council were crowding about the royal box. So far as those in control of the government of Illyria were concerned, Stephanie was already Queen.

TRINOVITCH had led his men to the box entrance and here Brent and Kosovo now joined the others.

"Milan will waste no more time," said the general. "May we escort Your Majesty to the War Office? I have had a room prepared for you there."

"I wish first to return to the palace," she answered gravely, and Brent realized with a qualm that the King, dead, might prove a more potent advocate than had he remained alive. Well, it was up to her. He had had his say. He could respect her loyalty if not her common sense. Meanwhile he must do what he could to preserve her life—and his own.

Kosovo led the way up the steps of the palace.

Stephanie went immediately to the royal apartments. The nun who was sitting in the anteroom arose and curtsied as she entered, then tiptoed to the door of the darkened bedchamber and silently opened it. Stephan lay upon the bed as his granddaughter had last seen him, save that now he was dressed in uniform, his huge hands crossed upon the sword hilt that lay upon his breast. Two candles burned with thin, transparent flames at his head and feet, casting no shadow upon his waxen, hawklike face. She knelt and pressed

(Continued on page 42)

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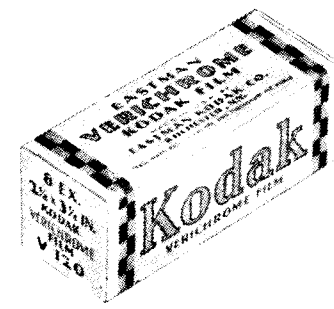
Next term they'll be in other grades, wear other clothes, and seem years older. Are you taking enough snapshots of them now? Don't wait until the week-end. "After school" is now within the picture-making day because the new film doesn't need bright light. It gives clear, crisp snapshots, even in shade.

Use Kodak VERICHROME Film.



The illustration is enlarged from a 3¼ x 4¼ Verichrome negative. Ask your dealer for Verichrome. ›››› Tune in on the Kodak Week-end Hour, each Friday evening, over Columbia Broadcasting System. ›››› Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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Safety glass

WILL SAVE HER FROM UGLY CUTS

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Insist on Safety Glass in your new automobile

There is no visible difference between Libbey·Owens·Ford Safety Glass and the finest regular Plate Glass, if you compare them by looking through them. The clear vision, the sparkling beauty, the brilliant finish—all are the same, because L·O·F Safety Glass is made of fine L·O·F Polished Plate Glass plus a thin sheet of transparent pyroxylin plastic that prevents jagged pieces from flying through the air if the Safety Glass should be broken. Many cars have Safety Glass as standard equipment. All the rest make it available for very little extra. Look for the sealed edges which preserve the clearness and quality of L·O·F Safety Glass. Demand this superior safeguard in your new car. You are entitled to the priceless protection—and the lasting clarity—that it affords. L·O·F Safety Glass is used by Packard, Graham, Studebaker, Franklin, Reo, Willys, Willys-Knight, Ford, Cadillac, La Salle, Lincoln and Nash.

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LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD
SAFETY GLASS

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Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

Our student abroad will do well to equip himself with the International Student Identity Card

The Rate of Travel

It's cheap and easy to see the world from an inside track this year, if you know how to go about it. No matter how small your budget may be, national students' organizations and travel bureaus are ready and eager to throw the switches in your favor. This way for the Vacation Specials

By Ruth M. Carson

TRAVEL has dropped off the high shelf so few of us could reach, and has landed on the bargain counter. Never in history has ocean passage offered so much in comfort at a price. Never has Europe been so attractive as now, since it has shed the notion that all Americans are millionaires. This is the year for full value and a little over. Decidedly any stampede of bargain-hunters might well be up the gangplanks.

Yet it won't be the careless, extravagant stampede of former years, for we have a new sense of values. We'll find a few howling tourists who make Europeans say things about us, and the usual trickle of dear old ladies who think all Europe is divided into two parts, the cute and the sweet. We'll meet young things who leave a trail of bewildered hotel-keepers behind them, and record-breakers who "do" a dozen countries in as many days. But most of us who elect to go abroad this year will plan to get a lot more out of it than a claim to having been there. And those who open their eyes before they open their purses may well take a tip from a class which long ago broke away from touring in the tourist manner—students.

Perhaps we've passed them in our uninstructed travel days without recognizing them, because they seemed to be so much a part of what was going on. Two girls taking tea with a member of Parliament instead of trailing through the Tower of London with Baedeker. Two boys in Heidelberg to whom the University was more than a stein song. A group camping on the Volga with college men of their own age who talked of the Great Experiment from experience. Another crowd canoeing in the Balkans—tramping in Italy—climbing in Switzerland and dropping down into Geneva to form a League of Nations that ended in understanding rather than foggy talk. Viewed from such an angle, Europe isn't a combination museum and zoo. It's real life, with the slightly different tempo, the subtle variation of theme, that means stimulus and thrill.

A Small World for Students

Since the movement began in the colleges, let's first consider the National Student Federation, seven years old, representing nearly half of the 560 accredited colleges and universities in the country, and ready to serve all the million and more young Americans who will be off the campus and back home this summer, most of them planning holidays that won't have netted them much but a coat of tan next fall. In pursuit of its aim "to foster understanding among the students of the world," the Federation works closely with Student Unions in the countries to be visited, for NSFA is affiliated with CIE (Confédération Internationale des Étudiants), enrolling in its turn a million students from thirty-six nations.

Suppose John Smith from the University of Chicago or Sue Jones from Vassar decides to go abroad under such auspices—what happens at destination?

They're met by men and women of their own age who act as hosts and volunteer guides, eager to show the visitors just those very things that tourists never see. The trips are made in groups, to make special arrangements possible and allow for rate reductions, but the groups are always small enough to get away from the feeling of being herded, lectured to and stared at. Special privileges spring up at every turn—weekends outside of London, Paris, Berlin, spent at charming country places—historic spots on view with no plush ropes—opportunities to meet men whose names are in the news, not as figures in politics, education or the arts, but as friends of America and her representatives.

"But what about cost?" we can hear father and mother asking a bit anxiously. Naturally a long trip can't be done on next to nothing, but prices are always kept low. Such organizations have the inside track, remember, and courtesy takes care of a lot of the fancy entertaining. In addition to the usual offerings, details of which may be had on application, one jaunt that promises plenty in the way of interest and excitement goes into Russia this summer at the very special rate of $375, inclusive of all expenses, from New York to New York, allowing three weeks to gather impressions of the Soviets.

Tempting the Tourist

For those of us who travel under no auspices but our own, the questions of how much and how take equal rank. Although we can't hope for the low total cost of these student trips, we find plenty of cause for gloating when we look over the individual items that go to make up our bargain purchase. Six dollars for a passport; visas often a matter merely of stamps, with two dollars the usual charge when any. Steamship rates will be one of our biggest joys. If we elect to go the popular tourist class, we'll find that many of the steamship companies have presented us with the comfortable quarters of the now practically extinct second class, at rates even less than last year's tourist

(Continued on page 50)

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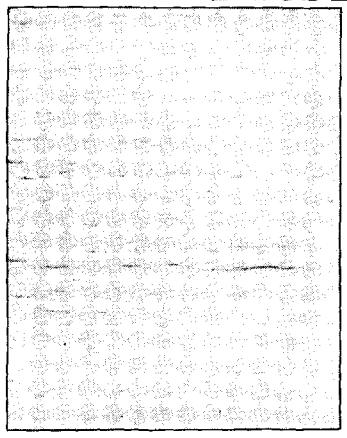
Camera explodes PAINT IDEA FOR ALL TIME!

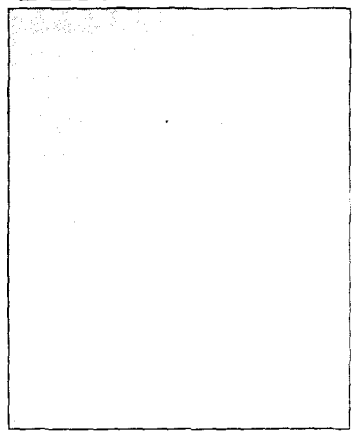
It took four years to prepare this advertisement. Take four minutes to study it.

Two paints...one of them Dutch Boy White-Lead...the other a "cheap" paint...applied in the same manner . . . exposed to the same weather conditions . . . and, now, after four years . . . here's the story of the two paints told by the camera in unaltered, unretouched photographs. Study these photographs carefully. They speak far more eloquently than words.

FIRST YEAR

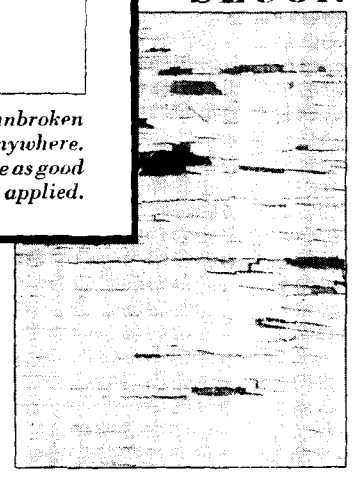


"CHEAP" PAINT: As can be plainly seen, cracking has already started. The protective qualities of the paint are going fast.

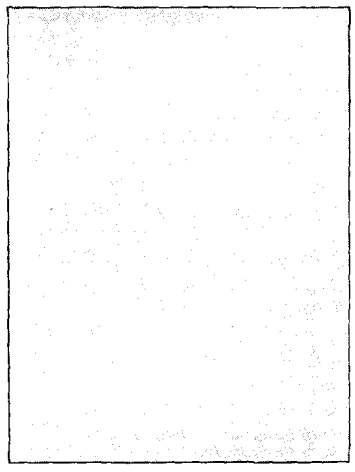


DUTCH BOY: Film is unbroken ... not a sign of a crack anywhere. The protective qualities are as good as the day the paint was applied.

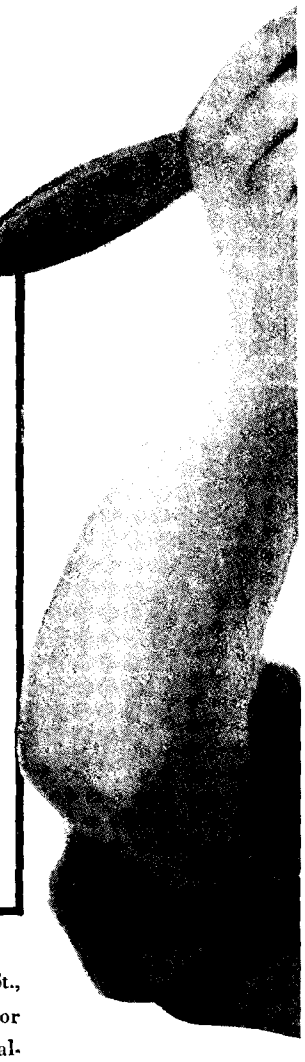
SECOND YEAR

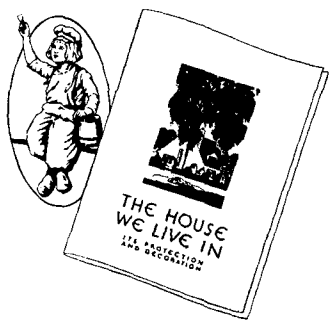


"CHEAP" PAINT: Badly cracked. It has scaled off in places exposing the wood to the weather. Repaint time is actually here now but burning and scraping come first.



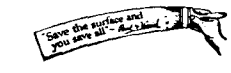
DUTCH BOY: No cracking and no scaling to let in the weather. The paint still stands as an efficient barrier between the wood and destructive elements.





FREE!—"The House We Live In". *More than a booklet of color schemes. Tells what to look for in a painting job . . . how to make your paint dollars go farther. Free . . . to property owners. Address Dept. F, care of nearest branch*

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY—111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 W. 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 820 W. Superior Ave., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Building, Philadelphia



1 PAINTERS IN EVERY 10

DUTCH BOY

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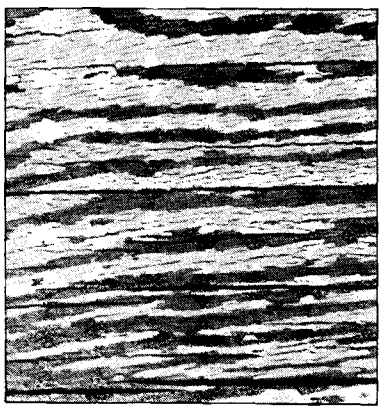
For your next paint job, be sure also to select a good painter... a master in his craft. A good painter, like good paint, saves you money in the end.

THIRD YEAR

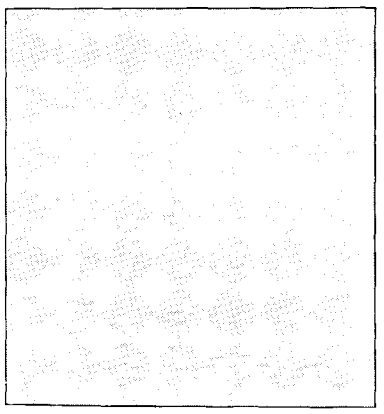
"CHEAP" PAINT: Cracking and scaling of the paint have been followed by cracking of the wood. Imagine the expense of putting this surface back into shape for repainting!

DUTCH BOY: Paint still protecting surface. No cracking, no scaling. Wearing down gracefully, as paint should, by gradual chalking.

FOURTH YEAR



"CHEAP" PAINT: Almost completely gone. Wood badly split in many places. Almost impossible to repair. Yes, "cheap" paint is expensive!



DUTCH BOY: Weathered, of course, but paint still in good shape . . . still giving protection. No burning and scraping here at repaint time.

There's the picture story of two paints, told in four convincing chapters. But it's a story with a climax that can only be told in figures. It is this: If the "cheap" paint cost, say, $250 applied, its yearly cost based upon two years of life would be $125. If Dutch Boy White-Lead, applied to the same job, cost say $270, its yearly cost based on the four years of life illustrated here would be $67.50...a saving of $230 in paint costs for these four years alone... an additional saving of $125 for every year *beyond* four. Moreover, you also save on Dutch Boy because it doesn't require burning and scraping at repaint time.

WHITE LEAD ...AND NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

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get some fun o

NEW PONT

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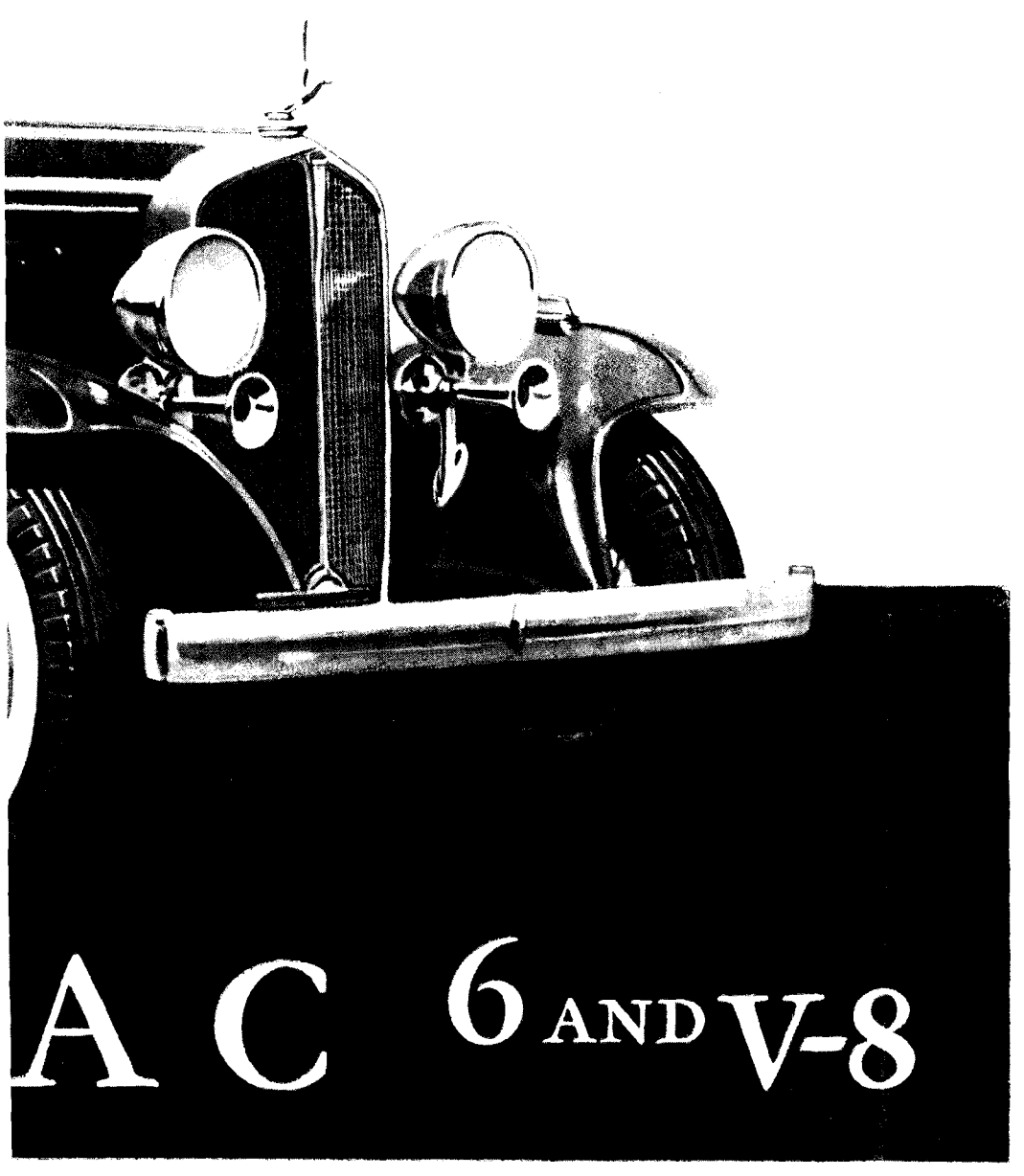
it of life



buy a Pontiac.. enjoy yourself in a car of *today*

Hundreds of places to go . . . thousands of things to see . . . across town for an evening of bridge . . . or across the continent to Adventure Land. Get behind the wheel of a car—a sleek, smooth, purring car of today—and get some fun out of life.

You can do it. Easily, too. You can go right into the field of low price automobiles and pick out a trim, colorful car with style written all over it. You can take this car out on a trial spin and put it through paces that will bring a new sparkle to your eyes and a new smile to your lips. You can give your friends a new thrill. And you can do all this so inexpensively that you will wonder why you've hesitated as long as you have—for you can do it with a new Pontiac Six or V-Eight.

Pontiac—either the Six or the V-Eight—gives you the important improvements found in modern motor cars. Ride Control, for smooth, steady riding at any speed, on any road. Live-rubber insulation at 47 points, for that silent, cushioned performance which some people pay thousands of dollars to obtain. Enclosed springs—improved Syncro-Mesh transmission—Free Wheeling—Body by Fisher, roomy, faultlessly tailored, beautifully appointed throughout.

And the Pontiac motor—either the Six or the V-Eight—brings you speed, power and pick-up which assure you mastery of every traffic situation and clear sailing on the straightaway. These truly modern cars of low price hold new thrills, new pleasure, for even the most experienced motorist.

If you are "fed up" with sitting and waiting for something to happen—if you want to brush away the cobwebs and begin to enjoy yourself again, just try a new Pontiac. After all, the most important thing in life is to enjoy living. . . . Go get yourself a Pontiac!

CHIEF OF VALUES

Tune in on PAUL WHITEMAN *and his "Pontiac Chieftains" every Friday evening—NBC coast-to-coast Blue Network at 10 o'clock Eastern Daylight Saving Time.*

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Illustrated by H. Devitt Welsh

The Cathedral at Lima, where Pizarro is buried

Peru Polls Out

The first honest election in a generation in Peru installed as president Sanchez Cerro, an able soldier-statesman whose background is international. Bondholders in this country will be interested in his announcement: "The government of Peru is solvent. It recognizes its debts and will pay in accordance with its capacity just as soon as it can do so"

By Edward Tomlinson

TWO stout gentlemen with graying whiskers and tightening arteries sipped inspiration in the domed foyer of Lima's Gran Hotel Bolívar. With sizable sums invested in Peru they had rushed from London and Manhattan respectively to observe the state of the nation, not to say its statistics, following a sudden attack of political St. Vitus.

"I say," queried the subject of King George, "wouldn't you think it would cramp the style of a man accustomed to spend two and three hundred thousand a year in the world's gayest cities to be suddenly committed to jail and introduced to manual labor?"

"I incline to that viewpoint," responded the other.

"But it jolly well hasn't this chap. I'm told he sits in a quiet corner of the grim old prison and mans a shoemaker's bench with as much gusto as if he were manning a roulette wheel at Monte Carlo."

They referred to Juan, son of the late Augusto B. Leguia, most famous Peruvian president. At the moment Juan is one of the prize wards of the national penitentiary.

"Pretty hard on 'the crown prince,' " mused the gentleman from Manhattan. "He enjoyed the run of the republic for a decade. Known abroad as a sportsman and courtly society blade, he has traveled far—from Dan to Beersheba—and now he is making shoes."

Since this conversation was recorded, other episodes in the saga of Sportsman Juan have come to light. From Dan to Beersheba suggests somewhat of a jaunt, but from a Peruvian calaboose to Washington, D. C., is no mean distance. Yet in the somber halls of the United States Senate are heard reverberations of his fame and fortune. Especially of his fortune. The hungry ears of Hiram Johnson tingle with the tale of how some Wall Street money-lenders freely plastered the pockets of this fellow with nearly half a million dollars. A tale of tender solicitude it was. "They even paid his Paris merchandise and New York hotel bills," ran the dispatches from a Senate inquisitorial chamber.

That is to say, in return for his services as intermediary between them and his dictator father in the matter of a coveted loan, a group of New York financiers, through their agents, "paid the son of the president" some $415,000. Which sum may be termed a mere pittance, if his reputation for lavish living be taken into account.

"What May We Expect Tomorrow?"

Nevertheless the incident lends unmistakable color to the charges of "graft and illegal enrichment" brought by those who scuttled the Leguia régime in 1930. Furthermore, since most of the bonds resulting from this transaction were sold in the United States, it brings the affairs of the Republic of Peru right into the North American family circle. Hundreds of citizens in New England, Dixie and points west have at least one or two of these ornate documents tucked away in the bureau drawer.

"But," as one possessor of such paper said when we were discussing the incident of the $415,000, "all that is past history. Little good its revelation will do us or Peru now, except to increase our respect for the sincerity of those who laid the dictatorship low. The old politicians have either been thrown out of the country or jugged along with Juan. What I wish to know is what is going on in Peru today? What may we expect tomorrow?"

Like the inhabitants of many another country, the people of this old republic have had to contend with a combination of circumstances—they have suffered from dictatorship, depression and debt. And while they finally succeeded in making a shambles of dictatorship, depression and debt still dangle about their necks.

With debts away from home they will probably struggle for some time to come. They owe in the outside world roughly $125,000,000, plus about $3,000,000 interest, payments on which they have been compelled to suspend but not to repudiate; and no thought of repudiation seems to have entered the minds of responsible citizens, despite the shady atmosphere surrounding portions of the amounts due.

A Land of Many Resources

Considering the possibilities of the country, such a debt would not seem out of proportion in normal times. You can spread the states of Texas, Utah, and Arizona over the Peruvian map and still leave large slices exposed. And its resources are as extensive as its geography. With proper irrigation sugarcane and cotton grow abundantly on the desert-like but fertile coastal plain. Enormous plantations of both already flourish on this rainless, thirty-mile-wide shelf which stretches for more than a thousand miles along the Pacific. On the broad plateaus between the lower Andean ranges, especially in the regions of such cities as Arequipa and Cuzco, where rainfall is ample, not only agriculture but stock raising—cattle, alpacas, llamas, even sheep—is an enormous business.

Farther north copper and lead, gold and silver are mined in considerable quantities, especially copper; not forgetting that Peru ranks third among

(Continued on page 58)

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Studebaker betters all records for betterments in the 4 GREAT "*BUYS*" OF 1932

The Triumphant New

STUDEBAKERS

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS

PIONEER OF FREE WHEELING

BUY on the basis of *comparison* this year. Look over *all* the new cars. Your sound sense will tell you that in these "32 betterments of 1932" Studebaker is giving you more per car and per dollar than anybody.

These Triumphant New Studebakers stand out in every particular. They are longer, roomier, more luxurious. They have Automatic Ride Control—the last word in safe motoring. They have incomparably finer Free Wheeling plus new *fast-action* Synchronized Shifting and Automatic Starting. They have shatter-proof Safety Plate Glass in all windshields and all windows of all models *at no extra charge.* They have Full-Cushioned Power—and full armor-plated bodies. They still hold unchallenged all stock car records for all distances from 30,000 miles to 1 kilometer.

Studebaker is continually putting more into its cars and continually asking less of its customers. And these 4 great "buys" of 1932 are the greatest achievement of Studebaker engineering genius and the climax of Studebaker value-giving.

PRESIDENT EIGHT . . . $1690 to $1990
122 horsepower, 135" wheelbase—*Reductions up to $560*

COMMANDER EIGHT . . $1350 to $1560
101 horsepower, 125" wheelbase—*Reductions up to $235*

DICTATOR EIGHT . . . $980 to $1125
85 horsepower, 117" wheelbase—*Reductions up to $115*

STUDEBAKER SIX . . . $840 to $985
80 horsepower, 117" wheelbase—*Prices at the factory Bumpers and spare tires extra. State or Regal equipment $105*

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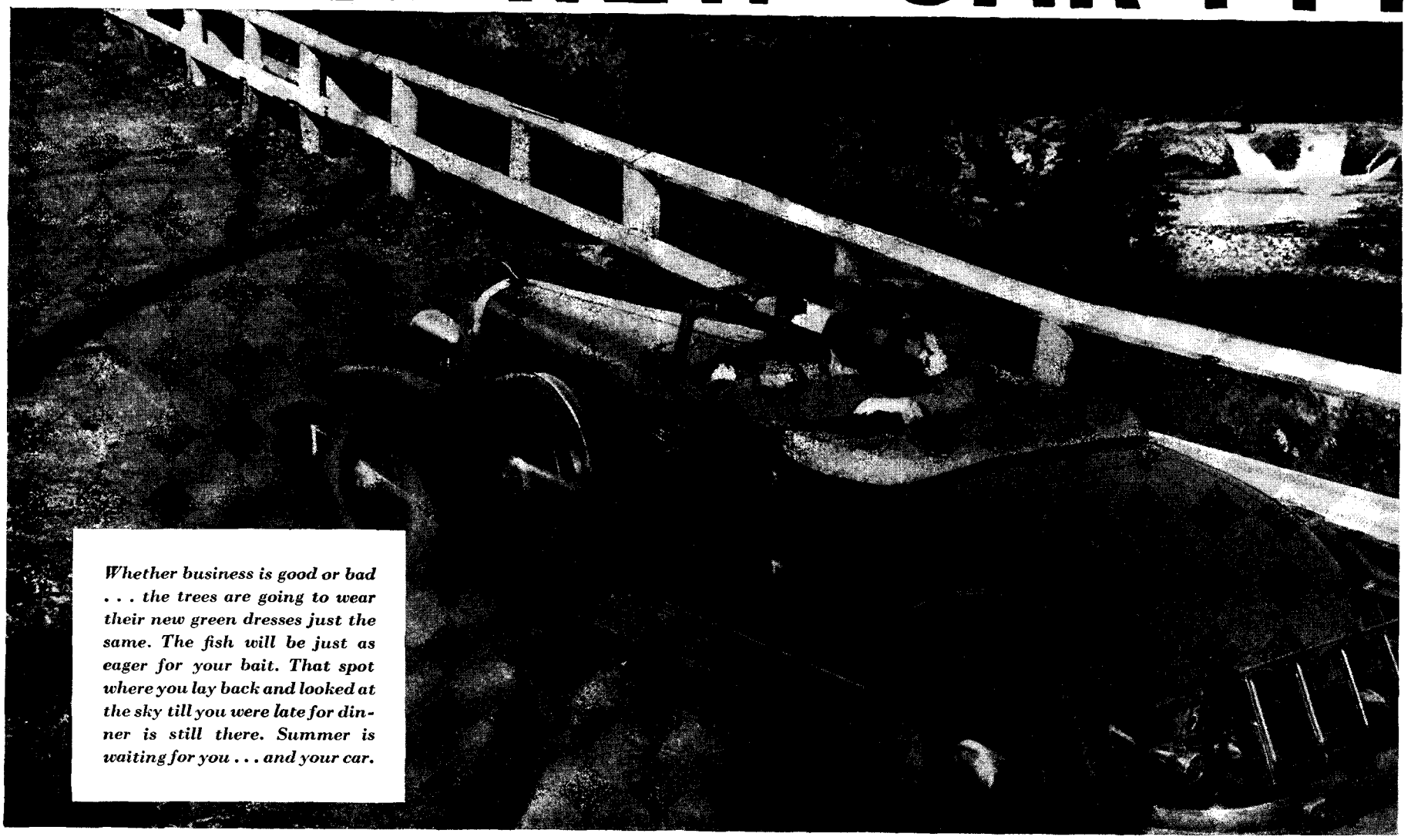
BUY A NEW CAR . . .



Whether business is good or bad . . . the trees are going to wear their new green dresses just the same. The fish will be just as eager for your bait. That spot where you lay back and looked at the sky till you were late for dinner is still there. Summer is waiting for you . . . and your car.

WITH ETHYL (Trade Marks Reg. U.S. Patent Off.) BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK, U.S.A. — Controls Combustion

GOOD GASOLINE + ETHYL FLUID = ETHYL GASOLINE

Ethyl fluid contains lead © E. G. C. 1932

CERTAINLY — we've been through an economic squeeze. But can't you still thrill to the hum of a powerful motor? Don't your fingers itch to pilot one of the new marvels the automobile industry is offering?

Prices have tumbled with lower material costs. Engineers have worked overtime — crowded more improvements into 1932 models than usually come in several years. Free-wheeling . . . automatic clutches . . . silent gearing . . . ride control . . . streamline bodies . . . high compression engines that give greater power from the same amount of gasoline! Here is the motor industry's contribution to more for your money.

And the oil industry — see what it has done to further increase the value of your motoring dollar! High compression engines require Ethyl, the high compression fuel. During the last five years, the oil companies have made Ethyl available everywhere. Now they have just raised its anti-knock quality still higher. Yet today the price of the even higher quality Ethyl is no more, on the average, than the price of regular gasoline a few years ago!

Buy a new car and save with Ethyl Gasoline. Or give your old car its helping hand. The whole story is told on the opposite page. Don't miss it.

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HIGH COMPRESSION IS HERE!

New automobiles take full advantage of Ethyl Gasoline . . . more power from every gallon . . . Ethyl anti-knock standard raised by oil companies . . . Restores power to old cars.

SAID the motor industry to the oil industry:

"Give us a motor fuel that will not knock. Then we in turn can give the public more efficient and more economical automobiles. Cars with high compression engines that will develop more power from every gallon of fuel."

Thus was born Ethyl Gasoline. *Good* gasoline *plus* Ethyl fluid, the anti-knock ingredient which controls the combustion of gasoline inside the engine; prevents it from breaking down and losing power when pressures are raised.

During the past five years the oil companies have covered the highways and byways of North America with Ethyl pumps. At the same time car manufacturers have been steadily raising compression ratios. *And now high compression is here!*

1932 finds nearly every automobile manufacturer building a line of cars in which high compression engines are either standard or optional! And the oil industry, in turn, has kept abreast by raising the anti-knock quality of Ethyl still higher—so high as to bring out all the extra performance of these new cars.

What high compression means to you

The tighter gasoline is compressed or squeezed inside a motor, the more power it develops. Regular gasoline can not stand high compression. Beyond a certain point it breaks down, explodes unevenly—causing harmful knock, overheating, loss of power and engine wear and tear.

But Ethyl Gasoline is like a steel spring. The more you compress it, the more force you get out of it. Thanks to the Ethyl fluid, it delivers more of gasoline's energy to the piston as POWER and leaves less to be wasted as HEAT through the cooling system. You, as a car driver, notice the difference in superior hill climbing, greater response and safety in traffic, a cooler, sweeter-running motor and lessened strain on you and the engine.

New cars require Ethyl

The new high compression cars develop greater power from every gallon of gasoline. But it must be gasoline of Ethyl quality; otherwise knocking and power-loss result. In fact, many car factories specifically designate Ethyl Gasoline in their instruction books.

New life for old cars

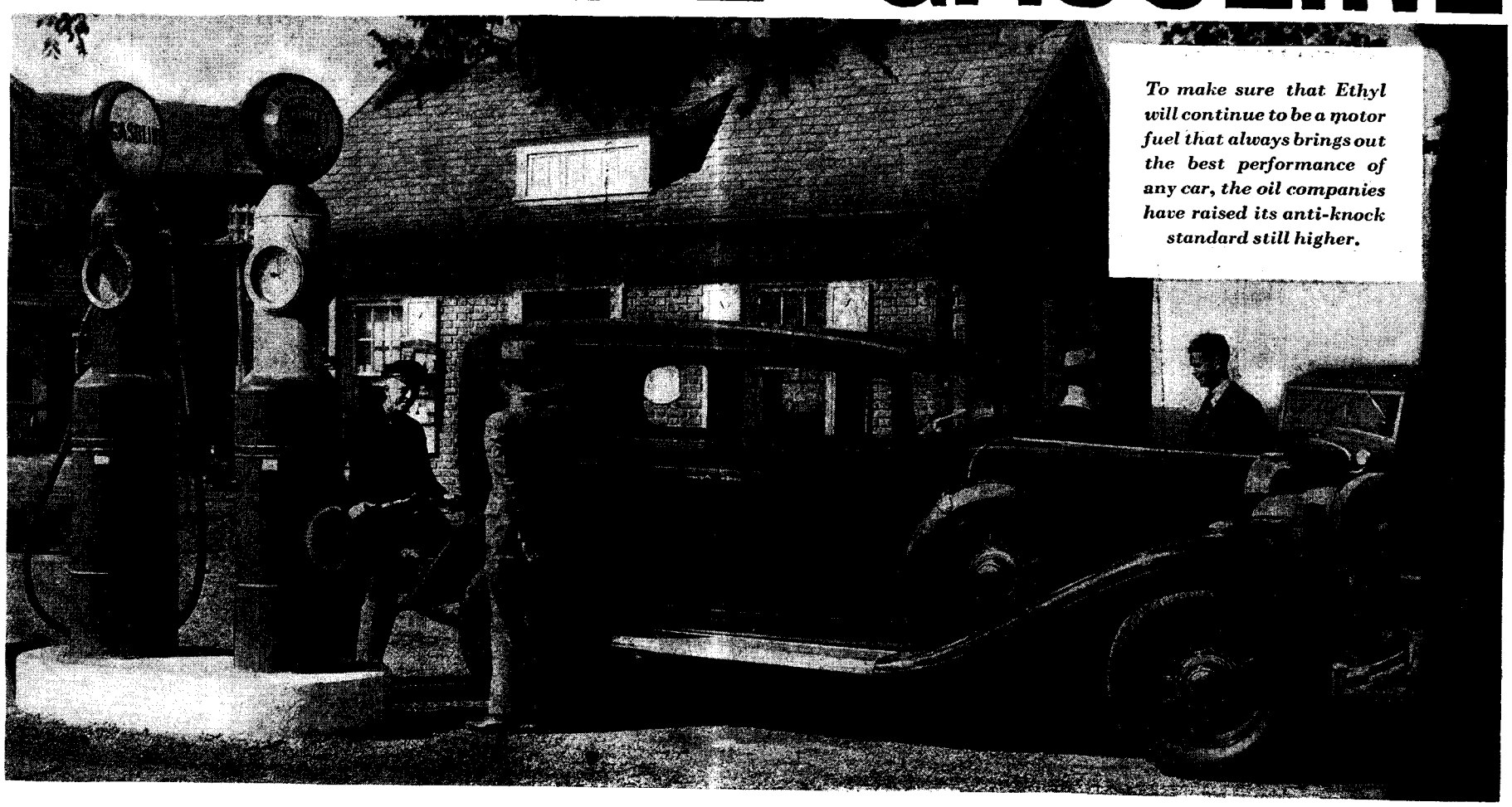
The same qualities that make Ethyl essential to new cars give older cars new life. Even used car dealers use Ethyl for demonstrating! It makes old motors feel as young as a coat of paint makes them look. If Ethyl didn't make such a difference to the older cars of lower compression, it would never have become what it is today—the biggest selling brand of motor fuel! Better than one pump in every five now bears the Ethyl emblem.

Ethyl saves money

"Does Ethyl cost more?" you may ask. It does cost pennies more at the pump, but it saves dollars in the long run. After all, it's how much power you get out of each gallon of gasoline—how each gallon makes your car run—that is the real measure of value. Ethyl gives *greater* power, *full* power to *any* car. And remember that today you pay less, on the average, for Ethyl than you paid for regular gasoline a few years ago.

For thrills and for thrift, use Ethyl Gasoline. Start this week. Get *full* value for your gasoline money. Get the most out of your car. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

USE ETHYL GASOLINE



To make sure that Ethyl will continue to be a motor fuel that always brings out the best performance of any car, the oil companies have raised its anti-knock standard still higher.

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WHY GIVE MOTHER

MERELY CANDY, NOW THAT

Johnston offers

...freshness you can see

IN CANDIES FOR HOME...FOR GIFTS...FOR ENTERTAINING

MOTHER is *so* pleased with every mark of your attention. So don't send just *candy* on Mother's Day. Send the new, exciting gift candy!... Johnston's Tableau . . . the candy whose *freshness you can see.*

For Mother's Day, Tableau wears a special, decorative wrapping. As always, though, you see right through this wrapping — see the fresh, delicious chocolates . . . the tempting variety . . . while the candy remains safely sealed from dust or careless hands.

Tableau is amazingly uncostly. Why take chances? There is a Johnston dealer near you.

In addition to Tableau, there are many stunning Johnston packages, specially made for Mother's Day, filled with these same finer, fresher candies.

Johnston's

CHOCOLATES

New York Milwaukee Minneapolis Oakland

JOHNSTON'S CHOCOLATES, Milwaukee, Wis.
Send free, "My 3 Smartest Bridge Parties." 2-5-7

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

School's Out

Continued from page 17

"Heart of gold," he submitted. "Honest yeoman's soul. You can trust me."

"My grandmother must pass on you first," she said primly.

"I'll visit you tonight," he countered.

"Where did I meet you?"

"At Cambridge, last autumn. I'm called Sandy."

"And I'm—"

"Cecily. I know."

"Sees all, knows all. Where do you get your information?"

"Ah!" he breathed. "One has undercover men, one has. And now to the Royal?"

"No," she said surprisingly, and leaned back in the seat. "I'm not going there. You can take me back. I just wanted a ride."

HE LEFT her a block from her home and then drove to George Brewster's. He tooted the horn, and George came down, staggering.

"Wotta time I had," he confided wearily.

"Anything wrong?" Sandy asked.

George stared unseeingly at him through bloodshot, bleary eyes.

"Better see a doctor," Sandy said solicitously.

George waved the advice away. "Phooey. No doctor's got a stomach like mine. How would he know, unless he's got to suffer like me? I seen plenny of 'em an' they all give me phony advice. No doctors for me."

"What will you do about the taxi?"

George breathed drowsily, and closed his eyes. "I dunno. I'm goin' back to bed. You can take that ole hack an' run her in the river." He turned to the house, muttering to himself as he trudged up the steps.

Sandy stared. He was certain that George would fall asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, and it was pretty definite that George's destination was that pillow. He watched George until he disappeared into the hallway, and then drove to his hotel.

He left the taxi in a side street, hoping that no policeman would notice it and leave a summons. It was the first day he had driven the taxi and he did not know where George's garage was, but comforted himself that he would leave it in some other garage overnight. It would be more practical to do so after his appointment with Cecily, however, for he had barely enough time to bathe, shave, change and dine.

He made it with two minutes to spare. The taxi was halfway down the street, and he gave it a last solicitous look before the door was opened to admit him. Old Mrs. Hopkins' snowy head bobbed agreeably while Cecily presented him to her, and her quiet garb made her seem to Sandy like a reprint of the nineties. She was fragile as chinaware and stiff as steel; Sandy was a bit scared.

Almost from the start, her likes and dislikes dominated the conversation. Cecily and Sandy stood aside to let her state her grievances against a world that was nothing like the one into which she had been born, and the lack of grace and courtliness in a machine-made universe. "How can you compare a chauffeur to a horseman?" she asked.

Sandy coughed tactfully. "There's no comparison," he suggested.

"Of course there isn't. You young people have never known the importance of sets of reins, or what good bottom means. You've been deprived of any knowledge of martingales, hames or afterwales. You think a brougham, a landau, a landaulet, a phaëton and a coach are automobile models. You wouldn't know the necessity of a curbbit!"

They managed to get into the street after a while, to escape the indoor stifle.

"Your grandmother is very nice," said Sandy, "but you can't expect me to agree with her."

"You don't think I do, do you?" Cecily responded.

Sandy's first care was for the taxi. He led Cecily to it. "I'll have to leave it in some garage overnight or I'll find it festooned with cute little summonses."

"Let's take a ride in it," Cecily suggested.

Sandy considered. "It's an idea. But I'll have to keep the meter going. It's the only square thing to do, and it will help George pay that note on it. Let's go all around and wind up in a dark place."

They went all around for two hours, and stayed in the dark place for an hour. After that, Cecily told him that her grandmother had ideas about twelve o'clock and bed.

"She and I are so different," Sandy considered sadly.

At Seventieth Street and Broadway a car drew up to Sandy, and a policeman, waving a revolver at him, ordered him to the curb. Cecily almost screamed.

"Get out!" the policeman snapped. "Where'd you get this hack from?"

"I'm working it," Sandy said, curious and angry. "What's the idea? I'm taking this lady home."

"Where do *you* live?" the officer asked Cecily. She gave him the address, and he looked triumphantly at Sandy.

"You're working this hack, eh?" he jeered. "In a straw hat, an' all dressed up? An' you're taking *her* home? Who d'ya think you're kidding? Don't you know this hack's been reported *stolen?*"

"Stolen!" Sandy gasped. "I'm working this thing. Here!" He pointed to the meter. "Is that thing running or isn't it?"

"That don't mean nothing," the policeman said. "Get in there. I wanna find out if this dame lives where she says. If she don't I'm bookin' the two of ya."

SANDY looked achingly at the point of his jaw and then went into the taxi. Demonstrating all the way, he drove to Cecily's home, swearing at George and the business of taxi-driving.

Mrs. Hopkins looked upon the three of them with as much severity as she could muster. "You, Cecily, go to your room," she ordered.

"One minute," the officer said. "I wanna know if she lives here."

"She does," Mrs. Hopkins replied, "but this young man does not." Two detectives had by this time joined what seemed to Sandy a cortège.

"She's gotta wait," one of them said, "until the owner of the hack shows up and makes identification."

"This is an outrage!" stormed Mrs. Hopkins. "Cecily, how dare you be seen with a man like this!"

Cecily lied bravely. "I assure you I met him last winter at Cambridge. He really is Sanford Burton."

"I'd know a Burton," Mrs. Hopkins said. "I know all the Burtons."

Sandy held a hand to his head and sighed. The bell rang.

"That's the owner," the detective said.

"He is to be allowed in," Mrs. Hopkins stated frostily to the butler.

George entered, eyelids drooping, lips pendent, and his entire attitude one of abjectness and complete spiritual decay.

"They've got me here for stealing your hack," Sandy said sharply.

George guffawed dreamily. "That's hot! These dicks are nuts."

"Let's go," one of the detectives said disgustedly. "He's got the hack."

Mrs. Hopkins prodded George delicately. "Is he Sanford Burton?"

"He's nuts, too. Lemme alone."

"Is he," she asked, "or isn't he?"

"Sure he is. He's stoppin' at the Imperial Hotel, an' he wants to drive a hack. He's dopey. He's nuts. Everybody's nuts. Old man's rich an' he wants to drive a hack. Very dopey."

Mrs. Hopkins looked up. "I'm sure," she said positively, "the man's unwell."

Suddenly he screamed. "Get away!" he howled, and then looked up, thoroughly awake. "Ooh!" he said, pressing his hands against his temples.

Sandy signaled to the butler. "Get a doctor in a hurry," he whispered. He turned to the detectives.

"I hope you're satisfied now that the hack never was stolen," he said to them.

"Right. Everything's okay." They trooped out. Sandy looked at Mrs. Hopkins.

"And I hope you're satisfied that I am what I am."

"You are what you are," she agreed contritely. "But what are you going to do about this man?"

"I'll take care of him."

She nodded to Cecily. "You may go to bed."

"Do let her stay," Sandy pleaded.

THE doctor entered, studied George for a few minutes, smelled his breath, heard his complaint, packed his bag, and gave his advice through pursed lips:

"The only thing wrong with you is the speakeasy you attend. That rotgut is ruining your stomach and spoiling your sleep. Don't be cheap about liquor."

George closed one eye, considering the counsel. "I been thinking of that lately, doc," he admitted. "I don't like the guys that hang out there. Very vulgar people."

"You see," Mrs. Hopkins said to her granddaughter, "the sort of persons chauffeurs are."

George looked at her. "What's wrong with 'em?" he asked. "Ya'd be pretty happy to have one when your auto goes on the fritz."

"I haven't an auto, my man."

"Then," George said generously, "ya can't be expected to know nothin'. Ya don't know why a motor stops an' why it goes an' what makes a gas mixture explode an' what makes gears work nice an' smooth." He laughed indulgently. "I bet ya don't know what a gasket is—maybe ya think ya get buried in it. An' the universal, an' a cam shaft, an' how many induction coils a car's got—spark plugs. Ya don't know the kind of music a motor makes—"

But by this time Sandy and Cecily were out of the room.

"You know you never met me at Cambridge," he scolded her.

"And I never could believe you were at Cambridge," she added.

"But I'll be back there in the fall. Will you give me a date in the fall?"

"I'd love that. I'll see you this autumn at two o'clock."

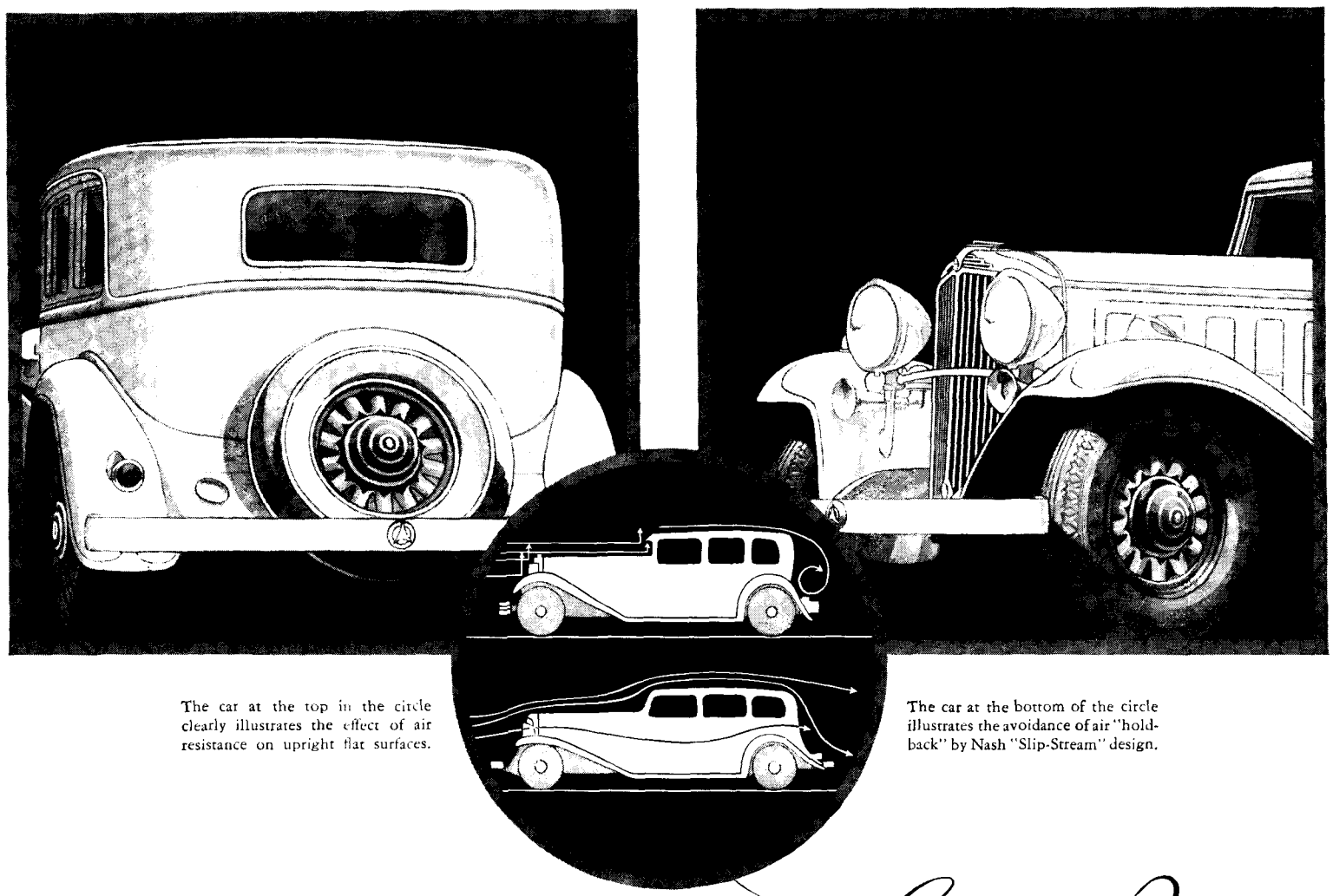
"But I'll be free tomorrow."

"And tomorrow, too, at two o'clock."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"SLIPSTREAM" • "BEAVERTAIL"

TWO SIGNIFICANT NEW NAMES IN MOTOR CAR DESIGN



The car at the top in the circle clearly illustrates the effect of air resistance on upright flat surfaces.

The car at the bottom of the circle illustrates the avoidance of air "hold-back" by Nash "Slip-Stream" design.

Nash Designers Add Speed by Reducing *Wind Resistance*

It may never have been called to your attention, but wind resistance reduces the speed of a motor car. It cuts down the number of miles per gallon of gasoline. It is an obnoxious parasite of motoring.

Nash engineers solved the problem. They designed the lines of the five new Series of Nash cars to counteract this enemy of efficiency—to stop this theft of time and money.

The Slip-Stream body minimizes wind resistance, adds miles to top speed, saves gasoline. "Slip-Stream" originally was an aeronautical term—now it identifies the flowing, streamlined profile of these new Nash cars, with V-radiator, sloping windshield, and "Beavertail" back.

The V-radiator is an important unit in Nash Slip-Streaming, eliminating as it does, the *flat-surface* air resistance of the *flat-surface* radiator.

The "Beavertail" back has none of the usual back-end nooks and crannies which set up a vacuum and retard speed as much as frontal resistance.

Another important factor in Nash "Slip-Stream" body design is the lowered overall height of these new cars (nearly 3 inches in Ambassador, Advanced and Special Eight models which have the new Silent *Underslung* Worm Drive.) This reduction of height eliminates approximately 100 square inches of wind-resistance surface. The new underslung drive also increases safety and road stability, immeasurably.

Other features of these new cars which add much to the pleasure and efficiency of motoring are the new X-Dual, super-rigid frame; the Centrifuse brake drums on all Eights, an iron braking surface centrifugally fused on a steel foundation ring for permanency, and soft, positive brake action; and Ride Control, with full-range action and instrument board adjustment, for smooth ride, on the roughest roads.

Drive one of these new Nash cars and see for yourself how thoroughly Nash engineering has improved motoring. Definitely, decisively, these new cars *step out ahead!*

NEW NASH

BIG SIX	STANDARD EIGHT	SPECIAL EIGHT	ADVANCED EIGHT	AMBASSADOR EIGHT
116-inch Wheelbase	*121-inch Wheelbase*	*128-inch Wheelbase*	*133-inch Wheelbase*	*142-inch Wheelbase*
$777 *to* $935	$965 *to* $1095	$1270 *to* $1395	$1595 *to* $1785	$1855 *to* $2055

ALL PRICES F. O. B. FACTORY

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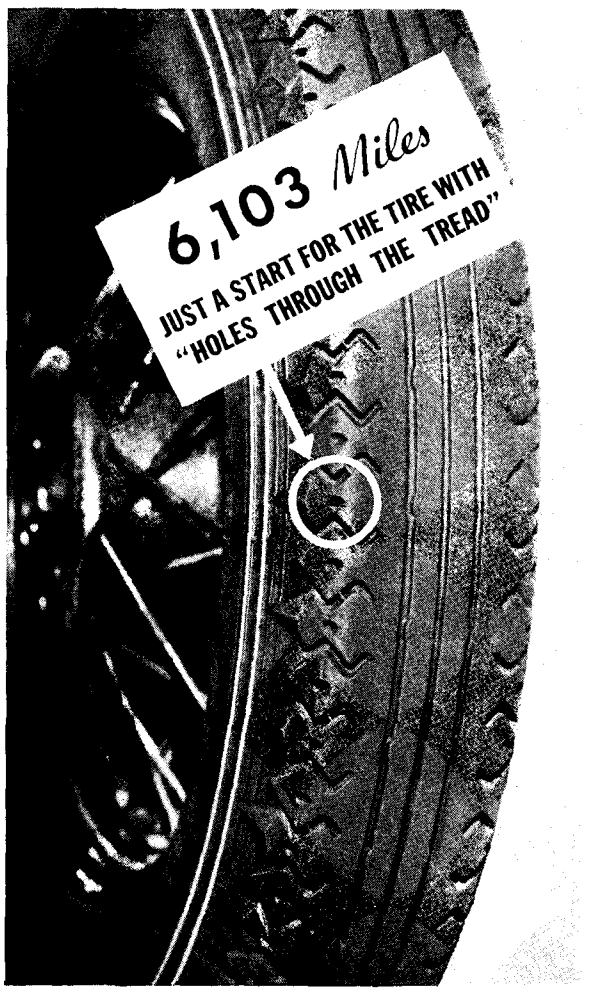
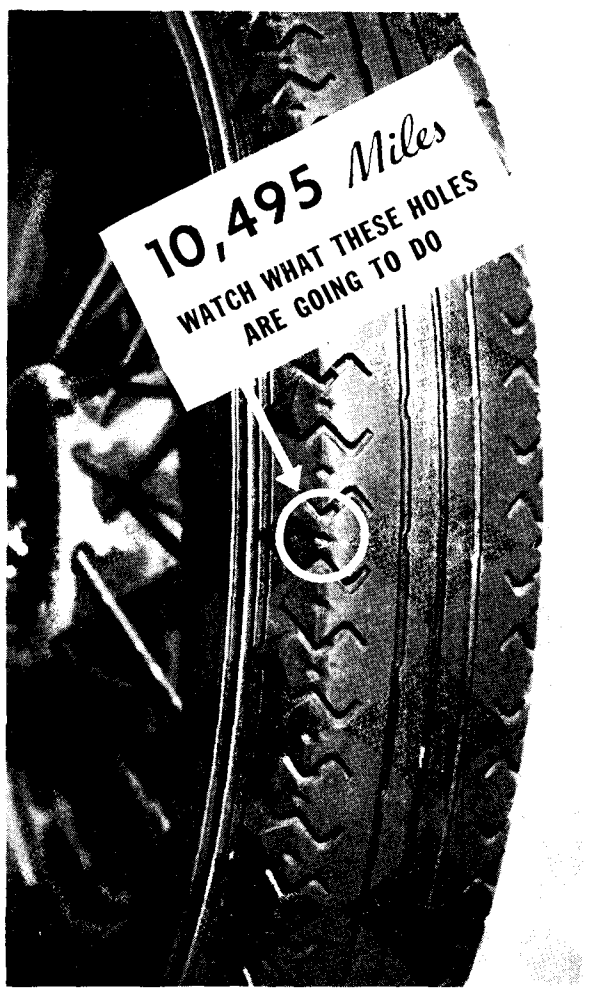
★ ★ ★ *Air-cooled tire* NO. 4907

THIS TIRE NEVER

WHY IT BREAKS ALL MILEAGE RECORDS



Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire No. 4907 was taken from dealer stocks, to be tested, against the first line tires of other makes, by the Engineering Department of North Carolina State College. The first photograph shows No. 4907 after it had run 6,103 miles. It looks almost new, doesn't it? As you follow the progress of this amazing tire through the six photographs, watch the little holes that run through the tread. They're important, those holes.



Look at No. 4907 in the second photograph. You would never suspect that this tire had traveled 10,495 miles, would you? The un-retouched photograph shows No. 4907 to be almost as robust as when it left the factory. Its tread (the thickest ever put on a tire) looks hardly touched. It's safe on any kind of road. And it has just started the journey that will carry it thousands of miles beyond the stopping point of ordinary tires.

Photograph 3 shows this same Air-Cooled Tire at 18,063 miles. See those holes beginning to peep through at the edges? In this test, at this mileage, other first line tires of leading makes were nearly all worn smooth. But not 4907! Those holes are patented air channels through the tread. By carrying off tire-destroying heat, they permit the thickest tread ever put on a tire. But that's not all those patented holes do. Look at the next picture!

SEIBERLING

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shows you why ★ ★ ★

WEARS SMOOTH!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ WHY IT *DOUBLES* SAFETY

4907 has now run 24,198 miles and see what those holes have done! Right! They have formed another anti-skid tread. At this point all other tires had long since worn smooth. Some were even completely worn out. But No. 4907 was still gripping a wet road just as surely as when it started this test run. For No. 4907 has developed a second, skid-defying tread that will give safety and protection on any road, down to the last mile!

28,413 miles. Just a little jaunt around the world! In its travels, 4907 has seen some bad roads—some nails—some glass. It has driven at top speed—all day long, and day after day. Only one other tire remains in the test. And it has been completely smooth for thousands of miles. But not 4907. Not a puncture. Never off the rim—and its second anti-skid tread grips every kind of road, in every kind of weather.

35,207 miles. 4907 has been running alone now for thousands of miles. Does it look ready for the "Old Tires' Home"? No, sir! It's still anti-skid—still gripping—still safe! We think this is the most convincing tire test ever made. It proves that the Air-Cooled Tire is the *only* tire that NEVER WEARS SMOOTH! Write Seiberling Rubber Co., Akron, O., for your dealer's name. Ask him to show you 4907's brother.

AIR-COOLED TIRES

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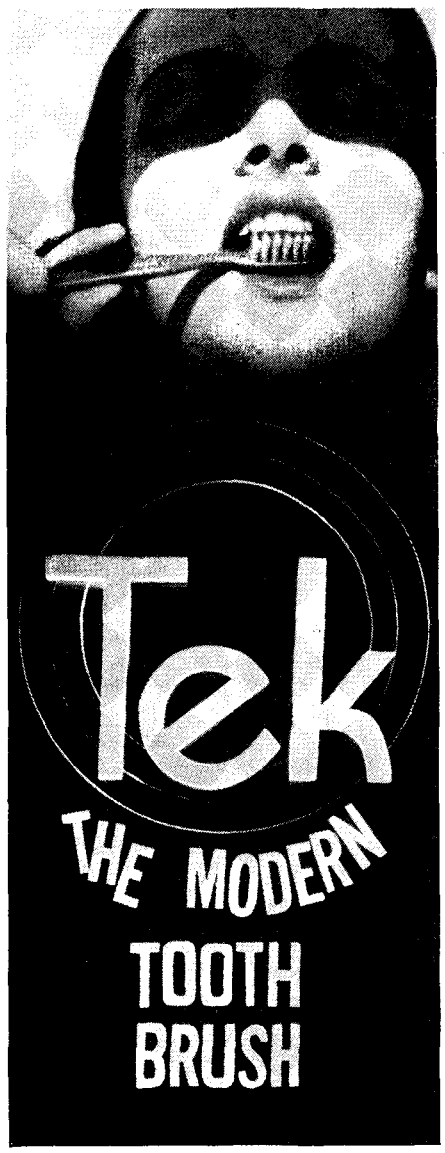
● Before you buy, make this convincing "hand-test". It shows how Tek fits your dental arch—a proof of Tek's BETTER SHAPE. Later, feel the difference in your mouth. Tek cleans teeth completely, massages gums naturally. BETTER SHAPE and BETTER BRISTLES, but priced as low as ordinary brushes.

Tek is sterilized, Cellophane-sealed, guaranteed. Tek Jr. for children.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



The Unguarded Queen

Continued from page 26

her forehead against the sleeve of his tunic. It seemed incredible that he should be dead, he who had so shortly before been the personification of imperious strength and dominating will.

"Poor, dear grandfather!" Her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears. "You were such a darling!" she whispered, pressing her lips to the hand nearest her. "You were a great king, Stephan." She felt an uplifting pride in the fact that he had esteemed her worthy to succeed him.

"Queen Stephanie of Illyria!" Had she not given him her solemn word? Even in that chamber of death she saw again, through the flame of the candles, the flash of steel, the dust clouds above swinging regiments—heard the fierce shouts of her loyal soldiery. She could not retract a promise made to one no longer able to release her from it. "Queen Stephanie of Illyria!" Whether she wished it or not, she was the last of the Stephanovitches—the last of the Eagle's Brood! The shouts were growing louder.

SUDDENLY she realized that they were not the product of mere imagination. She heard shouted orders, the thud of running feet overhead, strange outcries, bugle calls, shots, muffled explosions, crashes. The din angered rather than frightened her. The nun opened the door. Behind her stood Brent.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but you must get out of here! You'll have to go over to the War Office. This isn't safe!"

She got to her feet.

"I'm sorry!" he repeated. "Besides they are about to remove your grandfather's body to the Cathedral." But, instead of escorting her out, he came in and stood uncovered beside the bed. A bullet splintered the shutter and one of the candles went out. Stephanie felt suddenly weak and grasped Brent's arm. He seemed as unconscious of her presence as of the bullet's entry. His face was drawn, his eyes shining.

"He was a great gentleman!" he said softly, and raised his hand to his forehead in salute.

Drintyre's voice from outside broke the spell:

"This is sheer madness. Her Majesty must retire at once to the War Office."

Brent led her to the anteroom.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I shall stay here in the palace with the others," he answered. "Every man is needed."

"You told me once not to expose myself," she said. "I ask the same thing of you now."

"It's mostly noise. These Moslems don't know how to shoot and most of 'em haven't any guns."

She did not let go his arm as they crossed over to the State Department. The rattle of musketry was now incessant. A gray haze was drifting up the side streets and from the palace roof.

"I don't want you to endanger your life for me any longer," she said when they reached the door of Kosovo's office. "This isn't your quarrel. You've done enough for me already."

"You forget I'm working for an oil concession!" he answered. "Anyhow, I've been in worse scraps than this. Even if we have to abandon the palace, we can dig into these buildings and hold 'em for a week."

He bent his head and kissed the hand that rested on his arm.

"Thanks just the same, Your Majesty!" he said. "See you later!" He ran back through the smoke over the viaduct to the palace.

For the first time her courage failed her. She knew that all the promises in the world were as nothing to her compared with his life. And he was ready gayly to toss it away for her!

Drintyre gave her a chair.

"There are guards outside, in case you need anything. I'll be back in a few minutes."

The windows were jammed so tight with sandbags that there was very little light in the room; but, peeking through a crack, she could see both the front of the palace and partly down the street leading to the parade ground, which was swept by a machine gun from the War Office roof.

During a lull in the firing there was a sharp knock on the door and a lean man in soiled khaki came in.

"Beg pardon," he said without any preliminary, "but Brent thought you might like to hear the latest. He sent me over from the palace. I'm supposed to be a non-combatant but naturally I couldn't keep out of it. The barricade has been abandoned. It was no good anyway. Milan's crowd has charged half a dozen times but the machine guns on the roof have mowed 'em down before they could get into the garden. The parade ground is littered with 'em. We've only had four casualties. They've lost as least three hundred. The trouble is the ammunition is beginning to give out and Kosovo has decided to retire. They're bringing down the machine guns now and transferring 'em over here. Twenty men have been assigned to the lower windows facing the parade ground to hold Milan off while the rest make their getaway. If I were you I'd move somewhere else. They'll be wanting to use these windows. They were preparing to evacuate the palace when I left."

"Is Mr. Brent all right?"

"Fine and dandy. He's running the whole show."

"Are you hurt?"

"Nothing but a flea bite."

AT THAT instant there was a renewed outburst of firing. Through her crack in the sandbags Stephanie saw two squads of Tsernagorans stagger down the palace steps carrying a couple of heavy objects in their midst. They were quickly followed by others. After an interval a third bunch appeared, ducking as they ran. Last of all came Brent alone, backing slowly away and firing systematically with his revolver through the open door and at the windows, whence came answering flashes.

After him out of the door dashed a dozen or more Moslems in their baggy trousers and turbans, but before they could level their rifles the machine gun on the roof began to rattle and she saw the dark men fall in their tracks. She had never seen a man killed and it made her sick. Was this being done for her? She sank back and covered her face with her hands.

Almost immediately General Kosovo entered the room followed by Trinovitch and Drintyre. They were presently joined by Brent.

"We have been forced to give up the palace, Your Majesty, but it will do them no good. We have four machine guns and nearly a hundred rifles playing on the façade. Unless Milan secures reënforcements he will have accomplished nothing."

She looked anxiously at Brent and he gave her a reassuring smile.

Just then the telephone on the general's desk buzzed. Kosovo snatched it up.

"The wires have been mended. We are in touch with Tokar again. The Italians have already begun their reembarkation." His eye swept the circle triumphantly. "Who said the League of Nations was no good?"

The telephone signaled again. This time it was from the watch tower at the other end of the citadel.

"Take it, Drintyre. Will Your Majesty permit me a cigarette?"

"Lazar reports that the Tsernagorans are coming up the road, and that they have a couple of mountain batteries with them. He says that the main body evidently intends to swing round the city and attack Milan from the rear, while several companies have detached themselves and are approaching from the Dravitza side."

"WHAT does that indicate?" asked Stephanie.

"I can't imagine," answered Drintyre, "unless they expect to reach the citadel through the town itself, which would mean a general massacre."

"In any event, Milan is trapped," said Trinovitch.

A distant boom from the direction of the hills was followed by an ear-splitting detonation from the parade ground that made the windows rattle—the mountain battery.

"They're shelling Milan's rear guard," said Drintyre. "In another ten minutes they'll have surrounded the entire flying field and parade ground. He'll have no escape unless he comes out of the palace and attempts to capture the citadel from the inside. If we can prevent him from doing that, everything will be over in twenty minutes. The trouble is that he can afford to lose as many men as may be necessary in order to drive us out of our positions."

"In some ways," said Brent, "it would be better if they did come out—so long as we could hold them. They would be in the open, whereas now they're under cover. Our machine guns would make short work of them." He turned quickly to Kosovo. "I have an idea. Milan's only means of leaving the palace is through the gates in the iron paling in front. Train all four of our machine guns on the steps and gates and, no matter how many get through, give me thirty men and I'll guarantee to hold the piazza. Otherwise they may get into the Law Courts or the monastery and it will be hellish work to drive them out again."

The general hesitated.

"It is a dangerous undertaking. I wouldn't consider it if we weren't running short of ammunition. It will mean hand-to-hand fighting and you will be exposed to direct fire from the palace windows."

"We shall be protected by the arcades—at first. After that—I have a plan."

The battery was barking steadily now, and between the explosions of the shells could be heard the crash of regular volleys from the direction of the flying field.

"They'll be coming out in no time," warned Brent. "It will be nasty business if they get inside the arcades."

"But is it necessary that Colonel Brent should do this?" interposed Stephanie. "He is not an enlisted officer. Why should he, or anyone else, expose himself in such a way?"

"I would not order anyone to do it, Madame," answered Kosovo, "but Colonel Brent volunteers for the job."

(To be concluded next week)

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Rancho! the sensation of this season's style round-up!

$6

As smart as the crack of a braided whip — as breezy as the wide open spaces — this brand new Walk-Over sport creation is taking the country by storm. It's a he-man style with extreme comfort. Wear it for sport. Wear it on the street. Wear it wherever and whenever you want to feel like stepping out even though the temperature is on the up and up.

Air-cooled, braided soft toe, unlined, soft counter (nothing stiff around your ankles) leather sole, spring rubber heel. You've never seen anything so sensationally smart or worn anything so easy-going. Drop in at the Walk-Over dealer in your neighborhood. Have him fit you out in this modern shoe of two-tone brown calf. And the price — only $6. RANCHO — let's go!

An original design made exclusively by Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass. On sale at Walk-Over stores in all principal cities throughout the country.

WALK-OVER SHOES

FINER QUALITY » » SMARTER STYLES » » AND LOWEST PRICES SINCE 1917

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WHAT A FOOL HE IS!

. . . careless of his GUMS and he has "pink tooth brush"!

WHEN a shirt isn't "right", you can take it off and park it in a back corner of the drawer. But you can't park your *gums* and forget all about the annoyance they cause you! So you had better give them some attention *before* they cause you trouble!

Early in life, your gums were as sound as a silver dollar. But the foods you eat are *soft* foods—and tender meats, vegetables, salads, and desserts don't give your gums enough stimulation to keep them vigorous and healthy. The "pink" on your tooth brush shows you just how flabby and tender they are!

Start today to check "pink tooth brush". If you don't, worse trouble may follow in its wake. Gingivitis, for example, or Vincent's disease. Even pyorrhea! And it may even endanger perfectly good teeth.

Modern science recommends massage for weak, lazy gums. Your dentist will suggest Ipana Tooth Paste with massage.

Ipana and Massage
Will Harden Your Gums

Clean your teeth with Ipana. Then simply rub a little *extra* Ipana right into your gums. Don't rinse it off. The ziratol—the toning agent in Ipana—gets better results if left there.

In just a few days after you've started this twice-a-day regime with Ipana and massage, your teeth will begin to brighten up. Within a month your gums will be decidedly firmer. And if you'll keep on using Ipana with massage, you'll be *through* with "pink tooth brush"!

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY

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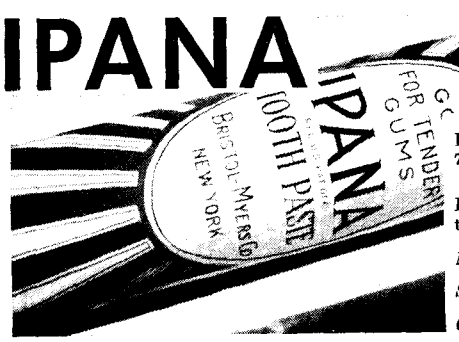
IPANA



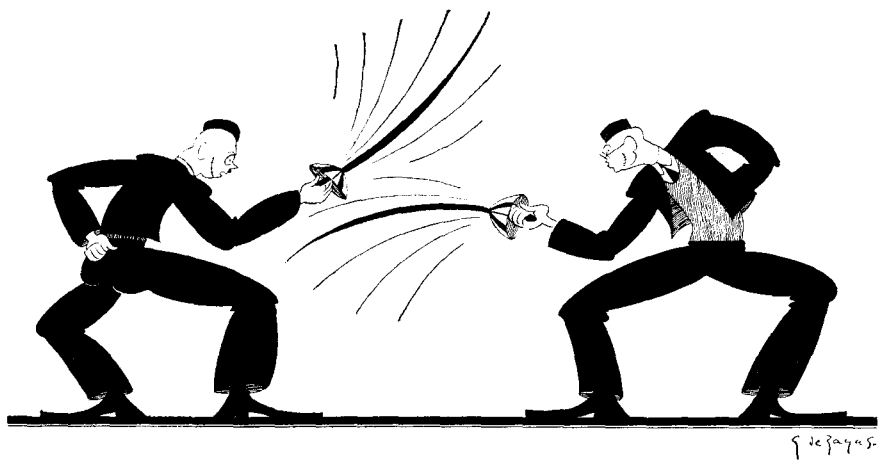
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L-52
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

German police officials and rectors of German universities still wink at the Penal Code and make few efforts to stop the frequent saber duels of the students who simply must have their faces well scarred before graduation to show that they have "courage."

The *Lineus Nemertine*, a large flat marine worm, is undoubtedly capable of greater muscular contraction and expansion than any other creature, as it frequently extends itself from about eight to ninety feet.—*By James Middleton, Durand, Michigan.*

The world's slowest-breeding creature is the elephant and one of the fastest is the oyster. While the elephant is producing one offspring, an oyster can lay more than 1,000,000,000 eggs.

Most snowflakes possess beautiful, symmetrical six-sided designs. And no two of them have so far been found to be identical.

Although there are international covenants specifically prohibiting the use of gas in warfare, all world powers today are developing their chemical fighting equipment.

New inventions: A gearless and tickless clock; a device which is attached to stringed musical instruments to amplify their sound; and a burglar alarm which is set off—within a minute or two after a thief enters the room—by the heat radiating from his body.

The Lions, the leading mystical society of Persia, are said to know a process by which they can soften the lines in the face of a man so he looks like a woman, and harden those of a woman so she looks like a man.

Soap does not harbor or transmit disease germs. A recent analysis of partly used cakes taken from railway stations, hotels, factories and public baths failed to show a single living organism. — *By Janet Burton, New York City.*

In Moscow, a large labor broadcasting station weekly jams the air of Asia and Europe—on both a long and a short wave — with numerous hours of Soviet propaganda, not only in Russian but English, French, German, Spanish, Dutch and Czechoslovakian.

During the early days of borax mining in Death Valley, California, the settlements had no facilities for relief from the intense heat and the nights were so hot that the men had to sleep with their bodies submerged in running water.

The Dead Sea, Palestine's unique body of water which is only 47 miles long and 10 miles wide and contains no life or outlet, now is being exploited for its great wealth of chemicals that are estimated to be worth $1,182,000,000,000.

Carbon is an essential part of every living thing, and occurs in a vast group of minerals. Its compounds are almost beyond enumeration.—*By H. K. Shanks, Abilene, Texas.*

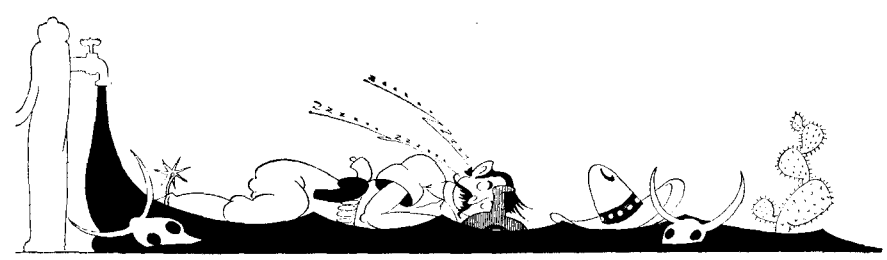
A remarkable excavation has been made on the site of the ancient city of Kish, Iraq. After being a partly covered mass of ruins for 500 years, Kish was dug up recently and *another* great city was found buried beneath it.

Scientists recently have found that farm-land erosion, the gradual washing away of top soil, annually destroys 21 times as much plant food as the crops themselves.

The rotifer, a water animalcule, is for its size the world's most complex living creature. It has a brain, eyes, nerves, sense organs and a complex digestive system, yet often it is no larger than a pin point!

After each of the numerous sermons preached each week in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the city presents the officiating minister with a bottle of fine sherry wine.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of *information*. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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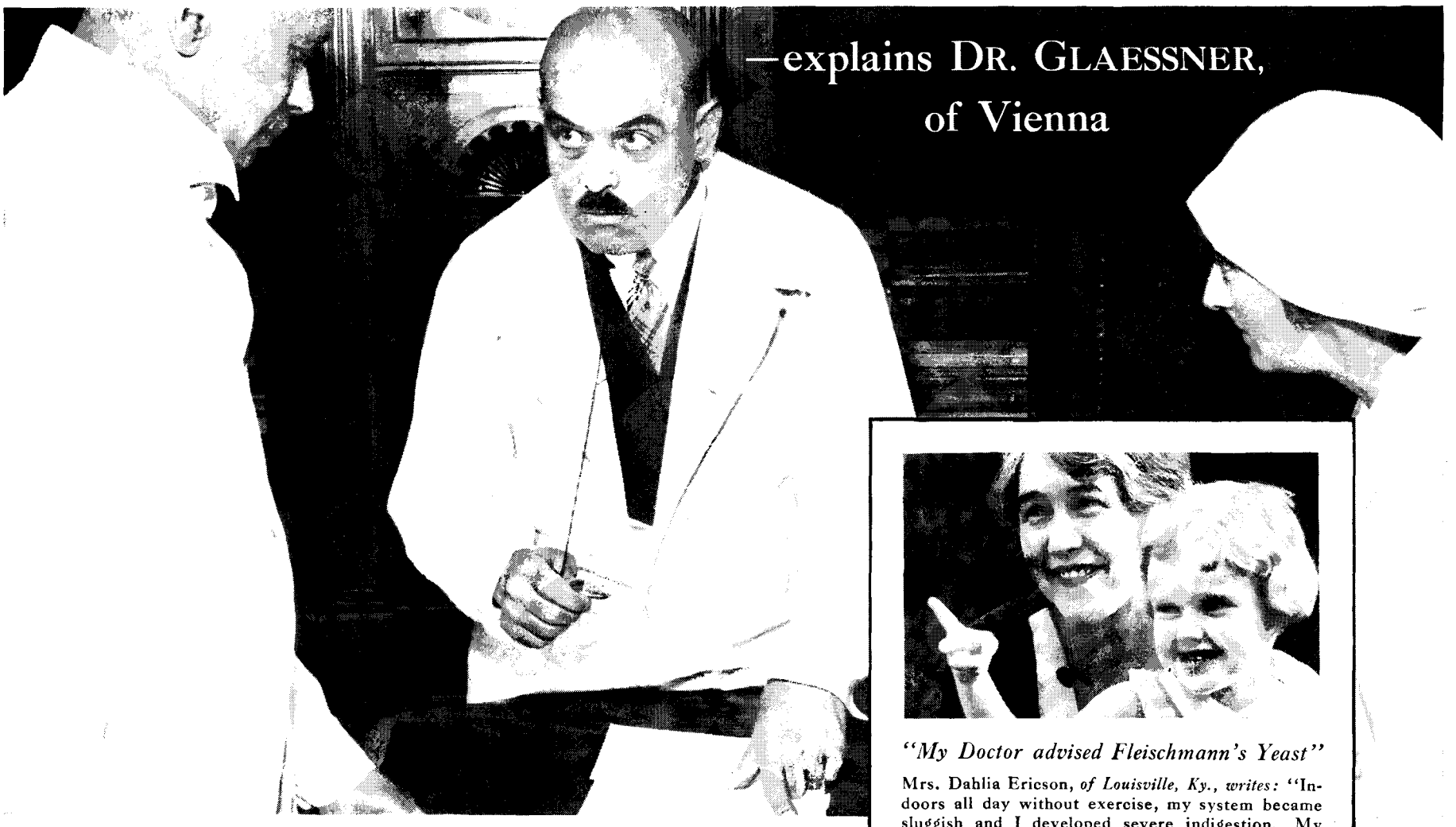
Troubled with frequent headaches, colds, etc.? Attack these troubles by correcting their principal cause!

"Bad Breath Headaches Skin Troubles

—*these are all symptoms of Intestinal Fatigue*"



—explains Dr. Glaessner, of Vienna

"My Doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast"

Mrs. Dahlia Ericson, *of Louisville, Ky., writes:* "Indoors all day without exercise, my system became sluggish and I developed severe indigestion. My doctor recommended three cakes a day of Fleischmann's Yeast . . . Soon after I started eating yeast my indigestion left. I can eat anything I like now."

"If you have frequent headaches, colds, coated tongue, bad breath—if you suffer from lack of energy or skin troubles—it is extremely likely that you are a victim of constipation . . . *sluggish intestines.*"

These are the words of one of the most distinguished physicians in Europe today . . . Dr. Karl Glaessner, head of the clinic for internal diseases in the great Rainer Hospital, Vienna. *He adds:*—

"To overcome constipation, gently, harmlessly and permanently, Nature has given us . . . fresh yeast.

"Fresh yeast is a food, not a drug . . . It mixes with and softens the accumulated waste matter in the intestines and . . . restores normal action . . . The whole organism greatly benefits."

Here is the secret of fresh yeast: It actually "tones" and strengthens the muscles of your intestines. Thus internal secretions revive . . . evacuations become normal again. And as a result the poisons that were sapping your health are regularly, naturally cleared away.

Energy picks up. Mealtime has a "kick" once more. The principal cause of those terrible headaches, colds, bad breath, etc., no longer exists.

So, if you've never done so, try Fleischmann's Yeast by all means! Just eat 3 cakes a day, regularly—plain, or in water (a third of a glass)—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.

And write for free booklet. Standard Brands Inc., Dept. Y-EE-10, 691 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Important

Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh and effective form—*the kind famous doctors recommend!* You can get it at grocers', restaurants and soda fountains. (Every cake is rich in three health-giving vitamins—B, G and D.)

What Actual Case Records Show!

Case histories of eminent physicians show benefits of fresh yeast in hundreds of actual cases. Dr. Glaessner cites this extremely typical case:—

"A man of forty-three . . . complained of chronic constipation, together with headaches, bad breath, loss of appetite and inability to work. After eating fresh yeast, the headaches . . . disappeared, his appetite increased . . . and the constipation, which had been chronic, was completely overcome."

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O say, can you Hear?

Continued from page 13

The House, sitting as a committee of the whole, was discussing the President's message on the State of the Nation, which plenty of the members, including Mr. Sweeney, were at the moment thinking was not so very good.

The presence of this football team in the gallery suddenly fired the emotions of one Thomas L. Blanton, of the little town of Abilene, Texas. He wanted Congress to pay a tribute to the football team.

"First thing the House had to do," Mr. Sweeney explained to me, "in order to pay a vote of tribute to these boys, was to dissolve itself as a committee of the whole. The next thing it had to do was to meet in regular session. It seems that the Speaker of the House doesn't preside in committee of the whole. Some member does.

"So Mr. Garner, the Speaker, walked up to the chair, rapped with his gavel, and called a regular session. The change was made without members leaving their seats. Then the vote of tribute was taken.

"Immediately after that the House again resolved itself into a committee of the whole. Mr. Garner left the Speaker's seat, some ordinary member climbed into it and away we went again as a committee of the whole.

"It's all in this rule book, how they did it," said Mr. Sweeney. "I've looked through the book but I can't make it out." Mr. Sweeney picked up a beautifully made book—leather-bound—and handed it to me. "Say," he said, impulsively, "take this and keep it as a souvenir of our talk. Just take it along with you. I won't need it at all. Besides, they tell me they're going to get out another one. I don't know whether I will be able to understand that one either."

The Speech of a Lifetime

"Is it anything like Robert's Rules of Order?" I asked.

"Hell, no," said Mr. Sweeney. "But about that football team. Well, as soon as the House became a committee of the whole again, Mr. Blanton opened up the very subject I wanted to talk about. I couldn't have raised it very well myself, but as long as an old-timer like Blanton did it, I saw my chance.

" 'Look at those fine young men,' Mr. Blanton told us. 'Do you suppose any of those young men would be playing winning football if they drank liquor?'

"That was my chance. I just got up and picked up things where Mr. Blanton left off. And there wasn't any rule that could stop me."

Mr. Sweeney, in his virgin speech, started out this way:

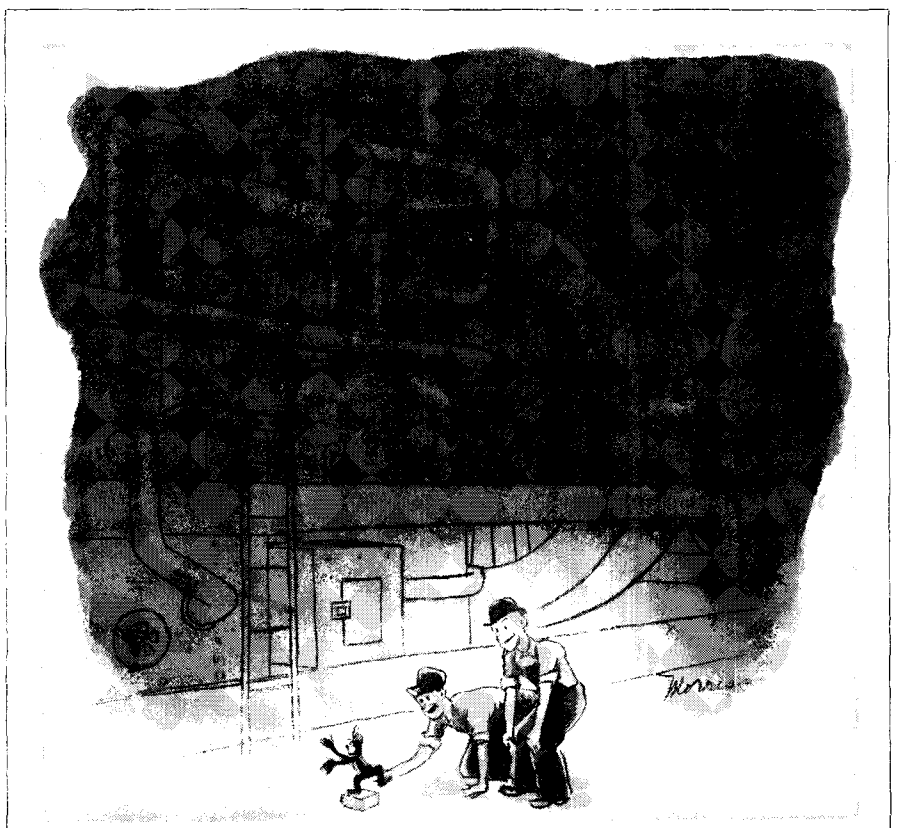
"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen of the committee: I am a new member of this body. I trust you will not think I am presumptuous if I extend to you a compliment and in the same breath try to criticize you.

"I tried to listen attentively to the debate on the important matter of revision of the rules. I found a lot of chaos. I heard congressmen discussing the Japanese war, some of them talking about the Presidential campaign, and two dry congressmen, who vote dry consistently, were discussing the bad quality of Washington liquor. I will not tell you their names. My observation also is that the women of this body behave like perfect gentlemen, while some of the men behave like a lot of old women."

Mr. Hoover and the Republicans came in for a sound batting by Mr. Sweeney, he being a Democrat, for their political economies; but what Mr. Sweeney wanted to get at was the prohibition question. He finally reached it:

"My friend from Ohio (Mr. Cooper), who preceded me, is not that type of a dry who goes to the washroom, takes a drink of liquor, and then comes back on the floor and votes dry. He is honest. There are a few of that type left. He said that prohibition was one of the most important questions before the American public. I am also concerned with the attitude of the President of the United States on this subject. I am surprised that he has made no mention in his message of this important question of prohibition. When we are spending $35,000,000 a year to enforce a law that cannot be enforced, and are coming close to a deficit of $2,000,000,000 in our national budget, this great engineer remains silent. . . .

"Mr. Chairman, I come to this Congress from a law court. I resigned my seat on November 4th. Up until that time, from the first of the year, in my city, I have had before me almost 25,000 individuals charged with intoxication. The court to which I was attached in 1929 had 32,000 individuals charged with intoxication in that year—almost as much as the entire country of England had for the same violation in the same given year. Among those 32,000 were boys and girls from clean homes, respectable homes, from the homes of many whose parents were ardent prohibitionists. The average age of those charged was twenty-five years, demonstrating that they were boys and girls who were in the grade schools when our prohibition friends told us the next generation would never know the taste of alcoholic beverages. . . .



"Ain't it marvelous the things they can invent these days" *Milton Morris*

The Lone Wolf Loses

"Chaos and lawlessness rise up to challenge the very existence of government itself, yet men in this House refuse in a democracy even to submit the question back to the people for an expression from the people themselves on this important subject. . . .

"In conclusion, I extend to you my sincere thanks for the splendid attention you have registered in receiving my initial effort before this honorable body."

Thus one American citizen, violating congressional tradition, had his say. But it was the gallery of onlookers that applauded, not the members of Congress, who have the votes.

There's one young new congressman whose name I won't give because the tens of thousands of people who voted for him would be surprised to know how astonished he is that he holds public office. He's a newspaper writer; also a fairly good public speaker at dinners, conventions and the like.

"One evening," he told me, "I went into the newspaper owner's office to tell him a story about the congressman from our district. I was so mad about some fool thing the congressman had done that as I started to slam out of the room I said, 'Why, dog-gone it, that fellow's so stupid that if I had fifty dollars of my own money I'd try to run against him.'

" 'Fine idea! You're on,' said my boss. 'You're the Republican candidate for Congress and never mind your fifty dollars. We'll dig up the campaign expenses all right.'

"Before I knew it, all the newspapers in town were for me, and most of the voters. On election night I won by a huge majority.

"When I came here to Congress I found that almost every congressman has some special thing he'd like to do. Of course lots of them, it seems to me, are willing to do almost anything to hold their jobs and get elected next time. There are a good many of them who have strong opinions and ideas about how to save the country but who can't get their ideas and opinions translated into laws. They must go on through the years, term after term, waiting for a chance to do something. And sooner or later some of them get things done.

"I was sort of backward at first about telling other congressmen what I would like to do and what I wanted to vote for, but I was astonished to know that most of them sympathized with me. They felt the same way about a good many things as I did. But they couldn't do anything single-handed. They don't laugh at a fellow for having his own ideas; they've got their own, even the old-timers. There are some men who have been here for almost a generation who have favorite plans which they hope to put over some day when they can get the majority with them. You can't expect to get a majority in your first term, and maybe not in your fifteenth either, unless your idea is pretty sound."

Above the Average

Those fool congressmen! You hear people everywhere talking about them, as if only a certain species of fools ever got into Congress or wanted to get there.

This writer has raked over the new lot of congressmen pretty thoroughly. They may look green, awkward and rather helpless during their early days in Washington, but this fact stands out:

Everyone, back home, amounts to something; he has done something that the folks back there think was worth while. This applies, the old-time journalists in Washington tell me, especially to this new Congress.

Clinton Gilbert, veteran Washington reporter, puts it this way:

"In good times, when everything is sailing along smoothly, voters don't pay much attention to the men they send to Congress. But when things get stirred up, as they are now, the voters get interested and they make their selections pretty carefully. They send someone to Washington to do things for them there; help them get out of their trouble; someone they have confidence in.

"That's about how this new lot has been picked. They're above the recent average. They're not, for the most part, greenhorns to government. Many of them seem to have looked over the field last summer and said to themselves, 'Well, this next session of Congress isn't going to be an average humdrum one. It is going to be an important one and I think this Congress will be worth while belonging to, if I can get in. It will be worth a sacrifice.' "

Judges have left their benches, bankers their desks, lawyers their offices, newspaper men their typewriters, and even two or three powerful political bosses have left their several local thrones of power, to sit in as members of this Seventy-second Congress. Voters for the most part were not content with sending two-spots to Congress last November: they wanted someone to go to Washington really to do something for them.

And there the new ones are, trying to do it.

As we've seen, about the best a new man can do is to take it out in talk. If some one man there, a stranger to Congress, magically possessed the one cure-all for all of our troubles today, he couldn't put it over. Customs, traditions and party loyalty would hamstring him. He's in a domain where strange conditions exist.

Among my souvenirs I have a small strip of the covering of the Norge, the airship in which Amundsen and his crew passed over the North Pole. Alongside this souvenir I have placed the exquisitely bound congressional rule book given to me by Congressman Martin Sweeney.

They are both tokens of strange realms exceedingly difficult to enter and far more difficult to understand. One thing certain, however, about both of them, is that they are not places where men can successfully move about single-handed and alone.

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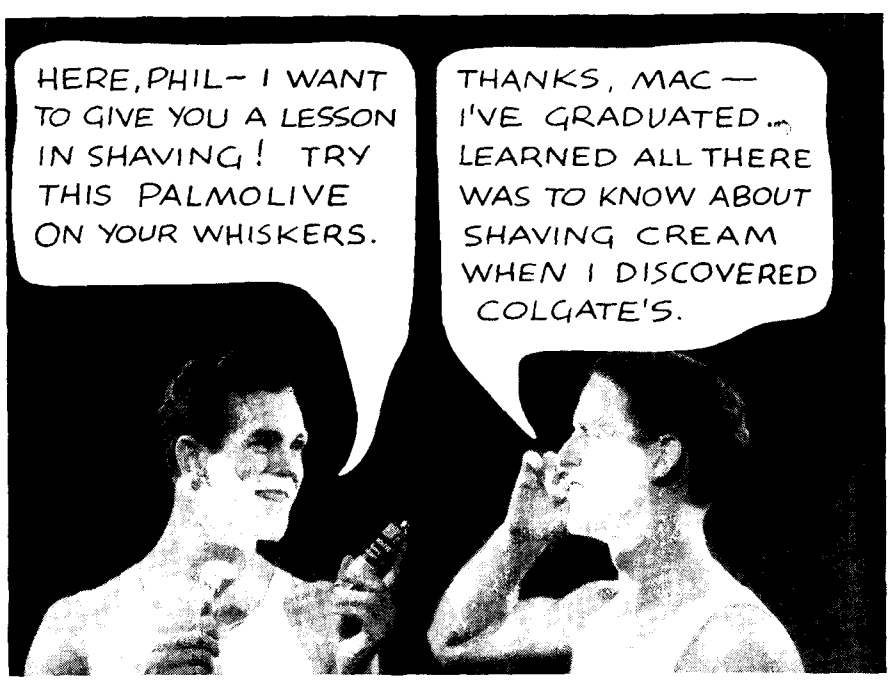
We'll give $25,000 to settle this argument!

Here are the prizes for each month—464 in all!

For best Colgate "blurbs"		For best Palmolive "blurbs"	
1st	$500	1st	$500
2nd	125	2nd	125
3rd	50	3rd	50
9 next	25	9 next	25
20 next	10	20 next	10
200 next	5	200 next	5

464 PRIZES THIS MONTH FOR "BLURB" WRITERS!


HERE, PHIL— I WANT TO GIVE YOU A LESSON IN SHAVING! TRY THIS PALMOLIVE ON YOUR WHISKERS.
THANKS, MAC— I'VE GRADUATED... LEARNED ALL THERE WAS TO KNOW ABOUT SHAVING CREAM WHEN I DISCOVERED COLGATE'S.

YEAH? WELL, WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE QUICK, LASTING LATHER I GET. AND ANOTHER THING, PHIL, MY FACE IS GOING TO FEEL LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS!
MEBBE SO, MAC, BUT GIVE ME COLGATE'S FOR A CLEAN, CLOSE, LASTING SHAVE. MY FACE WILL BE AS CLEAN TONIGHT AS IT IS RIGHT NOW! THINK THAT OVER, OLD TOPPER

THOSE are "blurbs," men—those words coming out of Phil's and Mac's mouths. Read 'em over. Who do *you* side with—Phil or Mac? What's your choice—Palmolive or Colgate's?

Write a "blurb" of your own—in your own words. Help Phil out—or help Mac out. Send in your boost for Colgate's or Palmolive. We're putting up big money for the best "blurbs" sent to us. Get yours in!

All over the country you'll find men like Phil and Mac. Millions boosting for Palmolive. Millions pulling for Colgate's. In fact—more men use these famous shaving creams than any other. They lead a field of 176 competing brands. Think of it!

Which side are you on? In one of the empty "blurb" spaces to the right (or on a separate sheet of paper) write *your* "blurb" in favor of Colgate's or Palmolive—*not both.* Write it now!

PRIZE WINNERS of $500 awards in the first set of monthly prizes, awarded Feb. 29, 1932, were: W. R. Phelps, 504 Amoskeag Bank Bldg., Manchester, N. H., for his Colgate "blurb;" and Sergt. John F. Moran, Recording Secretary, Police Anchor Club, Bridgeport, Conn., for his Palmolive "blurb." Names of other prize winners in this contest will be sent upon request.

CONTEST RULES

Mail your "blurb" with name and address to **Contest Editors, Dept. G-5, P.O. Box 1133, Chicago, Ill.** Residents of Canada, address: **64 Natalie Street, Toronto, 8.**

The prize money (totaling $25,000) is divided into 6 sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling $4200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list above) for the best "blurbs" received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29	$4200	Mar. 31	$4200
April 30	$4200	May 31	$4200
June 30	$4200	July 31	$4200

(*Contest closes July 31, 1932*)

Contest is open only to residents of the United States and Canada. Employes of the manufacturers and their families may *not* compete.

In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

All contributions shall become the property of the manufacturers, to be used in any way desired.

Some hints to help you win

At the right are some facts about the world's two largest selling shaving creams—Colgate's and Palmolive. Here are some of the reasons why men prefer these famous shaving creams.

Come on you shavers — get in on this
$25,000 ARGUMENT
Mac wants you Palmolive users to say your say. Phil says "Stick with me, you Colgate users." If you don't use either, start now and take a shot at this real money.
Palmolive Users
Colgate Users
PALMOLIVE shave cream
Large Size
COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

PALMOLIVE

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles soften each hair at the base of the beard.
3. Gives close, skin-line shave.
4. Gives lasting, 24-hour shave.

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26 LONG SMOKES FOR 15 CENTS!

A Way to Get Greater Pleasure at Lower Cost

If you've got the blues, cheer up! Times for smokers are not as bad as they may seem. Here is a way out on your smoking bill that gives you 26 dandy smokes for 15 cents!

Change to a pipe—and Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco.

Pipe smoking is pleasure smoking. A pipe is long and slow and placid. It soothes and relaxes and charms. A pipe is the kind of smoke that keeps men's nerves steady, keeps their brains clear and alert.

And Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco, made as it is from the finest burley tobaccos, is a remarkable pipe tobacco. Men who have smoked Edgeworth for as long as 20 years say that it's a cool, slow-burning smoke that never bites the tongue. Perhaps it's because this special Edgeworth blend has its natural savor insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process. Now—notice this: the 15-cent tin gives you 26 (average size) pipefuls . . . 26 long, peaceful smokes. And Edgeworth in the larger sizes gives you even greater economy.

We've all got to sit down and think things out these days. And nothing helps like a pipe filled with that good blended-burley Edgeworth. Maybe you are already one of the great army of pipe-smoking Edgeworth fans. If so, of course these words are not addressed to you. You know already how true every word of this advertisement is.

But speaking particularly to you men who are dissatisfied with your smoking, or who feel you are spending too much, we want to say this: A pipe with Edgeworth will give you greater pleasure at lower cost. If that appeals to you, try one tin of Edgeworth. (You can buy it in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice—and in all sizes from 15-cent pocket package to pound humidor tin. Some sizes come in vacuum tins.) Smoke Edgeworth critically. Compare it with other brands. Compare the cost with that of other forms of smoking. Then decide for yourself whether you want to go on with Edgeworth. We abide by your decision.

Or, if you prefer, try before you buy. Send your name and address for a free sample packet of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. Address: Larus & Brother Co., 101 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

Don't miss Edgeworth's weekly radio treat! Every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, Eastern Daylight Time, Edgeworth offers for your entertainment a novel program without a dull moment. The program is broadcast over a network of radio stations of the National Broadcasting Company. Make a mental note *right now* to tune in on the Edgeworth program Thursday evening.

The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 9

"It is quite clear, Sir Lionel," he said in his drawling way, "that your friend died in endeavoring to protect this iron box."

He pointed to the long green chest, upon which in white the initials L. B. were painted. Sir Lionel ground his teeth audibly, and began to pace up and down the room.

"I know," he said. "That's why I told you, Greville"—turning to me—"that I was responsible for his death."

"I can't agree with you," Stratton Jean interrupted. "So far as my information goes (Captain Woodville, I believe, is better informed), you were engaged with the late Dr. van Berg in an attempt to discover the burial place of El Mokanna, sometimes called the Veiled Prophet of Khorassân."

"Veiled Prophet," Woodville interjected, "is rather a misnomer. Actually, Mokanna wore a mask. Isn't that so, Sir Lionel?"

The chief turned and stared at the last speaker.

"That is so," he agreed. They exchanged a glance of understanding. "You know all the facts. Don't deny it!"

Captain Woodville smiled slightly, glancing aside at Stratton Jean; then:

"I know most of them," he admitted, "but the details can only be known to you. As a matter of fact, I'm here today because some tragedy of this kind had been rather foreseen. Quite frankly, although I don't suppose I'm telling you anything that you don't know already, you have stirred up a lot of trouble."

Rima squeezed my hand furtively. It was nothing new for her distinguished uncle to stir up trouble. His singular investigations had more than once imperiled international amity.

"YOU have said, Mr. Jean," said Sir Lionel, "that my particular studies are outside your province, but my interests were shared by Dr. van Berg. Already he occupied a Chair of Oriental Literature, but, if he had lived, his name would have ranked high as any. Very well."

He paced up and down in silence for a while, hands locked behind him. The two Persian officials had gone.

"It was van Berg who got the clue which set us off upon this expedition—the expedition which was to be his last. Down on the borders of Arabia he picked up a man, an Afghan as a matter of fact, named Amîr Khân. This man told him the story of the spot known locally as the Place of the Great Magician. It's in the no-man's-land between Khorassân and Afghanistan.

"Van Berg, with whom I had been in correspondence for some years, although we had never met, learned that I was in Irak. He was a Persian scholar, and he knew parts of the country well. But of Khorassân and Afghanistan he knew nothing. He got into communication with me. He asked me to share the enterprise. I accepted—as you know, Greville—" he darted one of his quick glances in my direction—"and we moved down and joined van Berg, who was waiting for us on the Persian border.

"I interviewed the man Amîr Khân. I could talk his lingo and so get nearer to the truth than van Berg had succeeded in doing—"

"I never trusted Amîr Khân!" I broke in. "His story was true and he did his job, but . . ."

"Amîr Khân was a *thug*," the chief continued quietly. "I always knew it. But servants of Kâli have no respect for Mohammed: therefore I was prepared to trust him with regard to the matter in hand. He advanced arguments strong enough to induce me, in conjunction with van Berg, to proceed with a party which had been in my employ for more than a year, northeast of Persia. In brief, gentlemen, we went to look for the burial place of El Mokanna, the Hidden One, sometimes called the Veiled Prophet, but, as Captain Woodville has pointed out, more properly the Masked Prophet. . . ."

This was "shop" and overfamiliar. I turned my head and stared from the open windows towards a corresponding ruinous window of the mosque opposite. The deserted building certainly had a sinister reputation, being known locally as the Ghost Mosque. If this circumstance, together with that eerie sound which had heralded poor van Berg's death, were responsible, I cannot say; but I became the victim of a queer delusion. . . .

"Mokanna, Mr. Jean," the chief was saying, "about 770 A. D., set himself up as an incarnation of God, and drew to his new sect many thousands of followers. He revised the Korân. His power became so great that the Caliph Al Mahdi was forced to move against him with a considerable army. Mokanna was a hideous creature. His features were so mutilated as to be horrible to see. . . ."

Brilliant green eyes seemed to be fixed upon me from the shadow of the ruined window. As I stared at them they vanished.

"But he was a man. He and the whole of his staff poisoned themselves in the hour of defeat. From that day to this, no one has known where he was buried. His sword, which he wore on ceremonial occasions and which he called the Sword of God, forged to conquer the world; his New Creed graven upon golden plates, and the mask of gold with which he concealed his mutilated features—all these disappeared at the time of his death, and were supposed to be lost."

Walking up and down whilst speaking, in that manner of a caged bear, Sir Lionel had paused now and was staring at the ominous green box.

"Amîr Khân did not lie," he went on. "The tomb-mosque that contained the ashes of the prophet is a mere mound of dust today; what it concealed was never more than a legend. Its site, though, is strictly avoided—supposed to be haunted by *djinns*, and known as the Place of the Great Magician. We camped there, and our excavations were carried out secretly. Few pass that desolate place on the edge of the desert. We found—what we had come to find."

"IS THAT a fact?" said Stratton Jean, in an odd voice.

Sir Lionel nodded, smiling grimly.

"The prophet was dust," he added; "but we found his gold mask, his New Creed engraved upon plates of gold, and his sword, a magnificent blade with a jeweled hilt."

He paused and pointed to the green box.

"Those two Persian birds were mighty keen to know what was in this box. I told them it contained priceless records. They pretended to be satisfied. But they weren't. It's a heavy thing to carry about—but as strong as a safe."

He began to pace up and down again.

"I left the Place of the Great Magician, taking the relics of El Mokanna away in that box! Van Berg and I had a conference before we left; Greville here was present. In spite of our precautions, there were rumors flying about, and it was becoming fairly clear that some sort of small but fanatical sect still existed which held the name of El Mokanna in reverence. The desertion of our guide, Amîr Khân, was very significant—wasn't it Greville?"

"It was," I agreed.

At the chief's words, I lived again in memory, instantaneously, through those days and nights in that lonely camp, with Rima's presence to add to my anxieties. I knew that we were hundreds of miles from any useful help, and I knew that, in some mysterious way, the influence of the Veiled Prophet lived, was active, although the Hidden One himself was dead; that if the truth should leak out, if it should become known that the sacred relics were in our possession, our lives would not be worth a grain of sand!

ALMOST, in those anxious days and nights, I had come to hate van Berg, who was the instigator of the expedition, and to distrust Sir Lionel, whose zeal for knowledge had induced him to lead Rima into such peril. His scientific ardor brooked no obstacle. She was a brilliantly clever photographer, and there was a portfolio now on poor van Berg's table which in the absence of the actual relics constituted a perfect record of our discoveries.

"I improvised a bomb," Sir Lionel went on, "to which I attached a time-fuse. We were headed south for Ispahân when there was a great explosion and a bright glare in the sky, and all that remained of the tomb-mosque of El Mokanna went up in a cloud of dust. Then—"

"If I may interrupt you, Sir Lionel," said Captain Woodville quietly, "from this point I can carry on the story. An outcry—'Mokanna has arisen'—swept through Afghanistan. That was the spot at which *I* came into the matter. You had been even more successful than you seem to appreciate. None of the tribesmen who still hold the Mokanna tradition had any idea that you or any human influence had been concerned in the eruption which reduced a lonely ruined shrine to a dusty hollow. A certain fanatical imâm took upon himself the duties of a sort of Eastern Peter the Hermit."

The speaker paused, taking a cigarette from his case and tapping it thoughtfully upon his thumb-nail.

"He declared that the Masked Prophet had been reborn and that with the Sword of God he would carry the New Creed throughout the East, sweeping the Infidel before him. That movement is gathering strength, Sir Lionel, and I need not tell you what such a movement means to the Indian Government, and what it may come to mean to Arabia, Palestine and possibly Egypt, unless it can be checked."

There came a moment of silence, broken only by the striking of a match and the heavy footsteps of the chief as he restlessly paced up and down—up and down. At last:

"Such a movement would call for a strong leader," said Rima.

Captain Woodville extinguished the match and turned to her gravely.

"We have reason to fear, Miss Barton," he replied "that such a leader has been found. I suspect also, Sir Lionel—" glancing at the chief—"that he wants what you have found and will stick at nothing to get it. . . ."

(To be continued next week)

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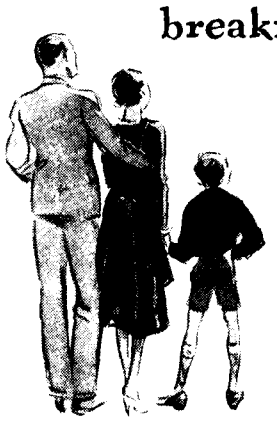
IS THIS YOUR PROBLEM, TOO?
EIGHT HOURS SLEEP AND I'M STILL FAGGED OUT!
BREAKFAST READY, DEAR? I DON'T WANT MUCH
HELLO, MOM. WHAT WE GOT FOR BREAKFAST?
NOW, JUNIOR, YOU EAT EVERYTHING I'VE FIXED FOR YOU
BYE, HONEY.. I'D BETTER GO ALONG
BUT, JIM...
JUNIOR! COME HERE AND FINISH YOUR BREAKFAST!
AW, I CAN'T EAT SO MUCH, ANYWAY, TOMMY'S OUTSIDE WHISTLING FOR ME
THERE THEY GO AGAIN...HALF NOURISHED. SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE ABOUT IT

And HERE'S *what to do about it!*



There's no excuse for anybody starting the day on a breakfast that's shy on nourishment.

For GRAPE-NUTS, the famous nut-sweet food, makes even a small breakfast a properly nourishing breakfast. Served with milk or cream, this one delicious dish supplies more varied vital elements than many a hearty meal! It's ready to serve...takes no time to prepare. And its crisp kernels invite the thorough chewing so beneficial to teeth and gums. Get GRAPE-NUTS, a product of General Foods Corporation, at your grocer's or mail the coupon for free sample package.

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Please send me free sample of Grape-Nuts, and the booklet "Happier Days From Better Breakfasts."

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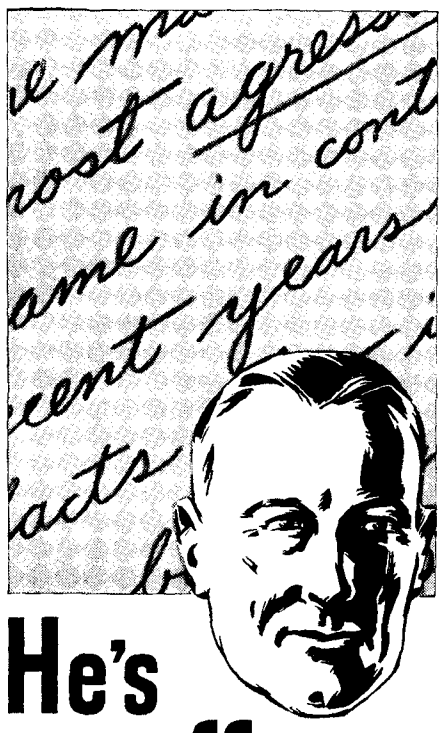
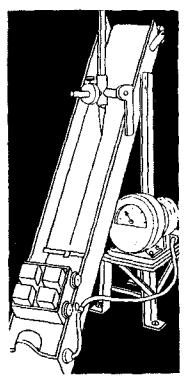


He's an office manager

. . . and in these times he must get more and better work from every stenographer, clerk and accountant. He can't handicap them with poor pencils . . . too much drag on hands and nerves . . . too much time wasted at the sharpener. With Eagle MIKADO pencils he keeps the work going smoothly and with real economy.

Office managers know the advantages of MIKADO, the pencil that glides from start to stub with never a hard spot, never a break. MIKADO quality is constantly checked by scientific tests, to make it the pencil for discriminating buyers—the best pencil skill and science can produce.



On this ingenious Eagle invention MIKADO *leads are given a friction test which guarantees that they are super-smooth. This is only one of many tests applied to* MIKADO.

5c EACH—60c PER DOZEN

EAGLE MIKADO

THE *YELLOW* PENCIL WITH THE *RED* BAND

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY

LONDON—NEW YORK—TORONTO

The Rate of Travel

Continued from page 29

—from about $157 to $187 for the minimum round-trip rate, depending on size of boat and port of call. Or the old tourist quarters may still be our choice, in which case on some boats we'll find ourselves listed under "restricted third class" at the agreeable minimum price of approximately $122 for the round trip—which bids fair to stand as the record low for "white collar" passage.

Nor does our song of joy end when we land. Last year we could have planned our expenses of board and room within a range of $4 to $7 a day with plenty to spare; this year we can do the same for from $3 to $5 or less. Actual reductions, especially in hotel rates, spell the difference on the Continent—depreciated exchange is the cause in Great Britain and Scandinavia.

For advice on how to get the most out of whatever our budget allows, the tourist bureaus which the various governments maintain are gold mines. The German Tourist Information Office, Compagnia Italiana Turismo, the Official French Government Tourist Office, the Austrian Tourist Information Office, and so on and on—all have offices in New York as well as abroad. They make it their business to answer your questions expertly and without charge.

Miscellaneous bits of advice will come to you too, that it will be well to glean and follow: insure your baggage, have a definite mailing address like a bank or tourist agency; remember that tipping is pretty standardized now and often added to the hotel bill; tourists usually travel third class in Great Britain and second on the Continent.

Our student abroad will do well to equip himself with the wonder-working International Student Identity Card. This card is issued by NSFA and given sanction by no less a body than the League of Nations. Waved under the proper official noses, it will bring material boons such as free visas, reduced railroad fares, reduced hotel bills and free admission to museums.

But suppose student days are well behind us. Where are the organizations to take us by the hand and show us short cuts to behind the scenes?

To begin with, take the case of a certain non-profit-making bureau that operates in the interests of intelligent travel, with the approval and coöperation of cultural organizations of every country it enters. This bureau goes in for student travel and in addition for what it calls "special interest groups."

Special Privilege

Let's say Miss X is a librarian. She wants to see how libraries work over there, and these proverbially sealed doors spring open for her at a word. European librarians take her about, introduce her to the leaders in her field. She compares methods, she handles valuable books and manuscripts. The eight-week trip which Miss Emily Miller of the American Library Association conducts this year costs $610 and goes to Rome, Florence, Geneva, Leipzig, Berlin and London.

But perhaps you are a social worker and want to attend the International Conference of Social Workers at Frankfurt-am-Main this summer. They will arrange for you to meet European associates on the job in every country of your choice, including Italy, where public health measures have taken gigantic strides, and Russia, where the palaces of the old régime have become the sanatoriums and the rest houses of the new. The eight trips planned for this summer cover all phases of social work, and vary in price from about $600 for a general-interest trip to $810 for the one into Russia. Authorities like Prof. Eduard C. Lindeman and Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, well known in the field, act as leaders.

Or you may be a totally different holiday prospect, with the stage your main interest, professionally or as an amateur. Then another organization that makes the drama its field is ready to help you satisfy that urge to peer behind the scenes in the theater, whether you go on one of their organized trips or elect to go alone.

Behind European Scenes

Men like H. W. L. Dana, Burns Mantle and Sheldon Cheney act as trip leaders—men who know the theater and know Europe. If you choose you can take in an open-air theater in the grassy hills of Malvern and see five centuries of English drama unfolded in the course of six nights. You can watch Shakespeare performed in his native Stratford. These are included in a ten-week trip to England this summer which costs a little over $500, of course including ocean passage. Another trip hits the dramatic high spots of the Continent and England in ten weeks at about $750. And a third not only investigates these but goes into Russia, taking seven weeks all told and costing in the region of $850.

There seems to be no age limit for this new way of seeing Europe. If you're in Germany this summer, you may be awakened some morning by the voices of young boys singing on the mountainside—strange new songs, quite different from the militarist marches of old Germany. As they draw near and the cavalcade passes under your window, you mustn't be surprised if you see little Willie from home among them. American camp directors have been quick to seize the opportunity offered them of bringing small groups of their boys over to join the European Youth Movement, enjoying the privileges of their camps, hostels, hiking and bicycling trips. The prices are low, from $185 (all inclusive for four weeks) to $230 (same for six weeks).

If none of these ways of seeing Europe appeals or applies, you still needn't be a tourist tied to the beaten track. Why not pack up the family or a few friends and motor?

If you want to take your car with you, there is an organization that will make all arrangements so that the car that you left at the pier in New York will greet you at the port of landing, rarin' to go and all equipped with the necessary plates, insurance, international pass, driver's license, hotel and garage information, gasoline, road maps—even a manual of conversation printed in seven languages. The cost for all this is $347 round trip for a certain popular model car—pretty low when you think how the railroad fare for several people mounts up. These arrangements are good for five months and are easily renewed.

If you would rather rent a car at destination, there is an American organization that will show you how to do it as easily as calling a taxi. Thirty dollars a week is a new low for a drive-yourself arrangement with unlimited mileage in England.

Travel Profits

As for hotels, the NSFA supplies a list that may be trusted. Or you might try to get in on the limited edition of The Hand Me Down, a lively little guide covering hotels, restaurants, doctors, out-of-the-way places of interest and little-known things to do.

But whether you go as student pure and simple, on the side, or majoring in nothing but your own sweet will and the changing scene, the point is—dig a little below the surface. Travel pays dividends. And the more you invest in it in the way of brains, enthusiasm and a lively curiosity, the bigger those dividends will be.

"The idea is, you don't know what it's thinking"

Gilbert Bundy

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Hires Root Beer
gives you *taste thrilling* natural juices !

Don't Be Fooled By Imitations made From Cheap Oil Flavors. The Wholesome Flavor in Genuine Hires Root Beer Costs 12 Times More. But You Pay No More!

EVERYONE knows that only fruit juices have Nature's wholesome, *natural* taste.

That's the secret of Hires Root Beer—its delicious flavor—its satisfying effect. This famous beverage contains the pure, natural juices of 16 roots, barks, herbs and berries, blended and reblended by a costly process.

And this favorite drink of millions can't be duplicated by imitation "root beers", merely oil flavored and often drug laden.

In a recent survey among 27,458 doctors, 96 out of 100, in replying, ranked Hires Root Beer *first* for purity and fine flavor.

Smart dealers and fountains gladly pay more for Hires Root Beer. They know that only *genuine* products keep good customers satisfied. Yet *you* pay no more for genuine Hires Root Beer than for cheap oil flavored imitations. Refuse substitutes—insist upon genuine Hires Root Beer—always refreshing.

Get your daily Hires Root Beer these 3 ways:

1. At Fountains
2. In Bottles
3. Make It At Home

Which will *you* have?

The Natural Juices of Hires Root Beer at the same price asked for Fakes.

or

Imitation "root beer" containing only cheap oil flavors and chemical foam.

Don't just ask for "root beer"—

Say *Hires* Root Beer to get the Genuine.

Drink **Hires** Root Beer FOR THIRST AND CHEER

DEPENDABLE FOUNTAINS GLADLY PAY MORE FOR HIRES ROOT BEER — YET *YOU* PAY NO MORE THAN FOR AN IMITATION

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"C'MON, DAD-

and I'll show you where to get them"

HERE'S a flashlight battery that's made good with the youngsters. They're far more critical of such merchandise than you. You can't go wrong in buying the brand of flashlight batteries your son tells you is the best. *He knows* . . . Burgess Batteries are good batteries. Your own personal experience will prove to you that these batteries are actually twice as good as some batteries that you have used. Try them! They're a dime a cell.

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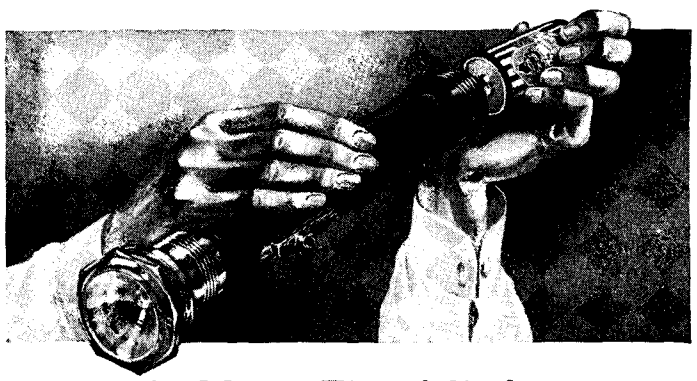

in Your Flashlight

Other **BURGESS** *Products*

Golfers Need Exercise

Continued from page 11

tee, where he drove balls for half an hour.

Homans, on the other hand, ate a simple salad of fruit and lettuce, and rested for half an hour before starting the afternoon round. In spite of the terrific handicap under which he started the final eighteen holes, Homans finished one up on his stocky opponent, who was tired and sluggish during the afternoon and seemed to crack completely.

In many ways golf offers more to the American business man than any other form of recreation. It brings mental relief from the strain of business problems. It takes men into the fresh air and sunshine. It offers opportunity for lifelong friendships and pleasant associations. It's a great game IF—and the "if" is a big one—it is played with intelligence and moderation and accompanied by dietary common sense and exercises which complement the exercise it supplies.

Walking Wisdom

The same theories which apply to golf may be taken into consideration with hiking, which has become an extremely popular week-end diversion. Here again we find persons who believe that walking is a splendid exercise, yet they do not do it intelligently.

A business man, for example, starting out in the morning for his office, considers that he is following a practice that is good for his health if he undertakes to walk at least part way to business every day. If he does not feel so sprightly as he expected to after such an effort, someone is sure to tell him that if he just keeps it up long enough he will be all right.

Let us see what really happens. In order to take his morning walk he rises half an hour earlier than usual and eats a fairly hearty breakfast. This, in itself, is a bad practice, for, as I have already said in connection with golf, walking after eating is never good.

If you wish to take a morning constitutional as a form of exercise, change the order of things about and take your walk the first thing in the morning before breakfast. Wear a heavy walking suit and heavy underclothing to induce perspiration. Then decide upon a definite point for your walk and, once you start out, keep up your pace. Do not saunter or ramble but walk directly to your objective point and back again without changing your speed or gait. Upon returning home, take a shower and a vigorous rub with a heavy towel. Then change to your business suit, enjoy your breakfast, and ride to your office.

For the man who doesn't care to get up early in the morning for his daily walk, it would be well to walk home in the evening from the office. If the distance is too great, then walk part way, changing to fresh clothing after a shower and then having dinner. After a day indoors this will give you a chance to get fresh air and will also serve to stimulate the appetite.

The fact that Jack Dempsey came to McGovern's for reconditioning a few months ago brought forth considerable comment from the sports writers throughout the country.

Physically, Dempsey is a super-man. He may be likened to Babe Ruth in the sense that he has to do a great amount of physical work in order to use up the energy he stores every day. Jack is a healthy individual and enjoys eating immensely. His average daily ration amounts to about 6,000 calories.

One may well ask, "How many calories are necessary for daily maintenance?" or, "What is the minimum food requirement to keep strong and healthy?" It is impossible to strike an average that will meet the needs of everyone. Men who possess the physical make-up of a Babe Ruth or a Jack Dempsey might require as much as 4,000 calories a day even though they

Walter Van Arsdale

"Now the question is, 'Is it high or low tide?'"

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were leading sedentary lives. Another person only half as big and half as strong could be well nourished on 2,000 calories.

The best method of keeping the human machine running smoothly is to limit its food intake to the amount it can comfortably dispose of. When we are physically active we are entitled to more fuel than at other times. When we get little or no exercise we need little food.

When I was explaining this theory to a patron recently, he made the remark, "As I understand it, McGovern, if it were possible for a man to keep running all day long he would be able to eat 10,000 calories without harmful effects." This is somewhat far-fetched and I believe the attempt to put this principle into practice is what ruined Jack Dempsey's physical condition in his last important fights.

Dempsey Was Hungry

When Jack started training for his first fight with Gene Tunney he weighed about 203 pounds and he felt that his best fighting weight would be 195. He had more than two months in which to reduce eight pounds. His daily workouts brought a reduction of from eight to ten pounds every day. This may sound exaggerated, but his training consisted of several miles on the road in the morning and an hour or two in the gymnasium during the afternoon. His work was done in midsummer under the broiling sun and consequently he perspired profusely. Dempsey was training, not to reduce, but to get in good fighting condition and his trainers assumed that this daily loss of weight made it essential for him to take twice the amount of food to which he was accustomed. They did not realize that a great part of the weight loss was due to perspiration; in other words, was water loss. Therefore they overloaded his digestive organs to such an extent that they could not function properly. We all know that reports were sent out from his camp saying that he was suffering from digestive troubles before the fight and he was reported as having had a bad intestinal upset on the day of the fight itself. This was called ptomaine poisoning, but it is my belief that Dempsey's digestive troubles were caused by overeating and excessive water loss through sweating.

I am not attempting to say that Dempsey at his best would have defeated Tunney at his best, but he could have entered the ring in much better physical condition had he pursued saner methods of training and a more scientifically supervised diet.

Diet plays a big part in the life of every athlete, but with Babe Ruth it is of the utmost importance. He must watch with the utmost care every ounce of food he eats. And along with this self-denial he must keep in constant training. Unlike the prize fighter, whose training is crammed into a brief period before an important contest, the Babe's work is a day-in-day-out, vigorous affair that must be carried on twelve months out of every year. If he permitted himself to break training as the average athlete does and ate the foods he relishes, he would probably gain as much as fifty pounds in two months.

It is always hard to understand how two persons, one fat and the other thin, can perform the same exercise and achieve exactly opposite results. What we do not realize is that exercise accomplishes this by restoring the body to normal functioning. If we are too thin, exercise will give tone to the digestive apparatus, thus making it possible for our food to be better assimilated. If we are too fat, then physical activity will burn up the accumulation of fatty tissue.

Not all the results of exercise are confined to weight reduction or building up, for we often find cases of muscular deformities which are a direct result of vocational habits, and which systematic exercise will correct.

We often encounter cases such as this, especially among physical workers like machinists and mechanics whose daily work involves greater activity of one side of the body, or even of only one arm or one leg. If these persons could be taught to balance such vocational exercise with movements of a more systematic nature there would be fewer physica deformities in shops and factories today.

I know that my hesitation to recommend the more violent exercises to women will surprise some of them and perhaps cause disagreement and protest. The newspapers and magazines are constantly showing pictures of girl athletes and giving the impression that the modern young woman has unlimited stamina. Also, women's colleges encourage the athletic girl. Like her brother, she goes in for strenuous sports such as tennis, basketball, swimming, and the like. But I believe that all such exercises, indulged in to excess, undermine the girl's health and shorten her life.

One rule which ought always to be followed by girls and young women who engage in physical exercise is to provide themselves with a proper abdominal support that will help hold the internal organs in normal position and prevent sagging or injury.

Through many years of experience in all phases of physical reconstruction with men, women and children in hospitals, schools and gymnasiums, I have come in contact with thousands of cases, no two alike, yet each intensely interesting in the individual problems it presented. Since no two persons are identical, no two can be treated with the same measures, but there is one point upon which I am convinced, and that is that seventy-five per cent of our exercise and sports enthusiasts are doing themselves more harm than good. Intelligence—common sense—must be applied to our games as to our business. We want to look to long years ahead, and unless we use care and discretion in the management of our human machines now, in later life we will find that they will make us pay the price of our folly.

Try These On Your Veranda

Exercise No. 1.—This breathing exercise should be done slowly and under complete relaxation. Lying flat on your back with hands at the sides, palms turned down, exhale thoroughly and then begin to inhale as deeply and slowly as possible, raising the chest and depressing the abdomen. As you inhale turn the palms upward. Hold the breath for five seconds; then exhale, relaxing completely and turning the palms down. Repeat ten times, beginning to count each time after exhaling. In this, as in all breathing exercises, it is important to remember that we must exhale first in order to expel all stale air from the lungs. In performing this exercise the shoulders are not to be raised and there should be no strain caused by forcing the breath in and out. Keep as relaxed as possible throughout the exercise.

Exercise No. 2.—This exercise has produced effective results in correcting prolapsus of the intestines and stomach, in promoting peristalsis and overcoming faulty elimination.

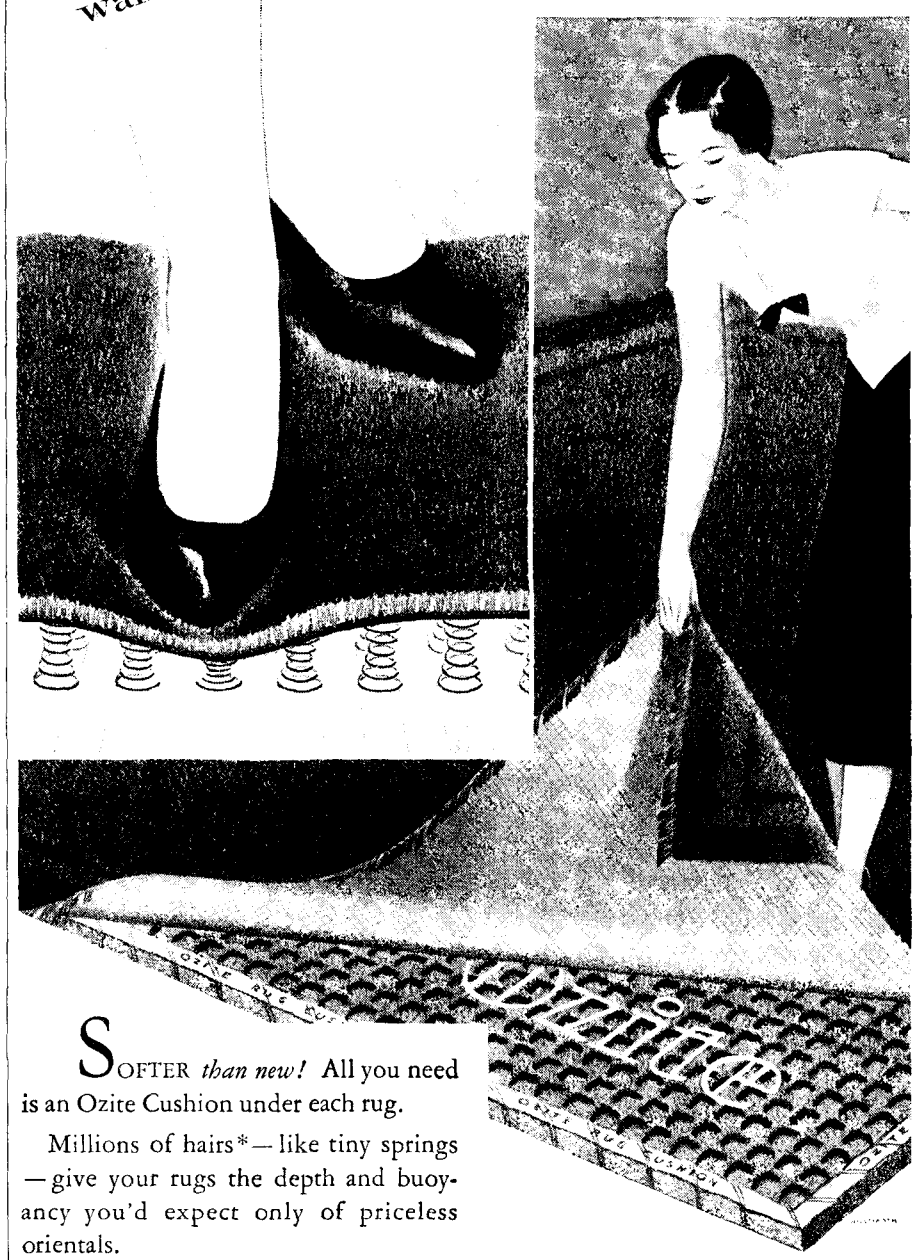
While lying flat on your back, draw the knees up until both feet are flat on the floor. Place a weight (a heavy book

(Continued on page 54)

Your *OWN RUGS...* *softer* than the day you bought them!

Makes you feel you're walking on springs

At small cost . . . Ozite Rug Cushion gives even your *old* rugs marvelous luxury underfoot.



SOFTER *than new!* All you need is an Ozite Cushion under each rug.

Millions of hairs*—like tiny springs—give your rugs the depth and buoyancy you'd expect only of priceless orientals.

Also, Ozite makes rugs last many years longer. Eliminates friction. *Doubles* the life of all floor coverings. Thus in a short time Ozite *repays* its own low cost.

Send now for free sample. Or telephone your nearest store for this remarkable product.

Ozite
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
RUG CUSHION
There is only one "Ozite"—Look for this trade-mark!

* Ozite is made of HAIR by exclusive processes. Contains no jute or vegetable fibres. Be sure to see the name impressed on every square yard. Insist on genuine Ozite. *Refuse substitutes!* Ozite is MOTHPROOF. Absolutely GUARANTEED to satisfy you!

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Please send me FREE a small sample of OZITE Rug Cushion. Also your free booklet, "Facts You Should Know About the Care of Rugs and Carpets," including information on stain removal.

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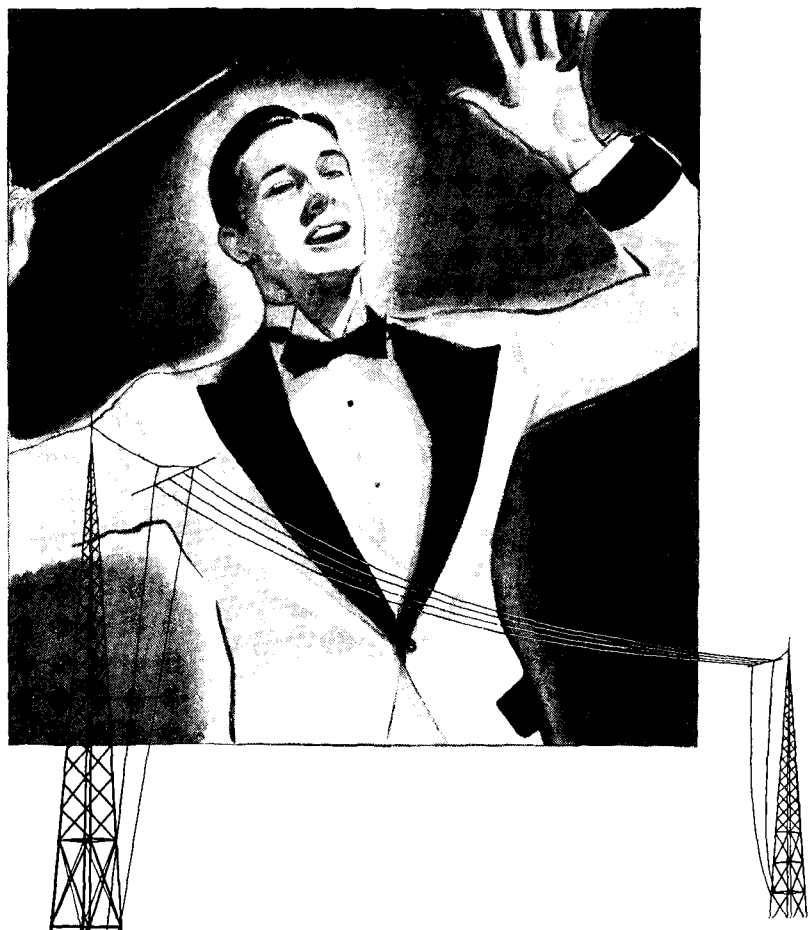

CAN HE TAKE THE HURDLE?

The radio entertainer may be thrown by the broadcasting equipment — unless it's *Western Electric* quality . . .

To get on the air right is to half win the race for attention. Many a star performer falls down because the sending apparatus is not all it should be. About 200 leading broadcasting stations are using Western Electric equipment, supplied by Graybar. They know that natural toned broadcast is necessary to your full enjoyment of a program. Western Electric's leadership in this field is the result of more than fifty years' pioneering. It was a logical step from making telephones to making microphones and amplification control equipment. Drawing on its experience in manufacturing sound transmission apparatus for the Bell System, Western Electric made the first successful talking picture equipment. It has also been foremost in radio telephony for aviation, police and marine uses.

Western Electric

LEADERS IN SOUND TRANSMISSION APPARATUS

(*Continued from page 53*)

will do) on the abdomen. Raise and lower the weight by expanding and contracting the abdominal muscles. Repeat ten times, then rest. Repeat ten times more, then rest; then again ten times, making thirty in all. Count each time the weight is raised. The exercise must be performed while you are relaxed and no greater effort should be used than in raising an arm or a leg. Do not push with the whole body. There should be no muscular movement except in the abdomen and no strain on any body muscles.

Exercise No. 3.—This exercise brings into action the muscles of the entire abdominal wall, and has a beneficial effect on the circulation of the intestines.

Lying flat on your back, raise both legs together up and down. Keep the knees rigid and the legs together with toes pointed. Repeat six times, counting each time the legs are down.

In performing this exercise for the first few times, you may find it somewhat difficult and the muscles of the hips and the back will be the first to feel any possible strain. If this is so, do the exercise as easily as possible and you will soon feel only the stimulation without the fatigue. Until you are accustomed to the movement you may allow the feet to touch the floor during the last three counts; but, once you have mastered the exercise, in lowering the legs bring them as close to the floor as possible without touching.

The McGovern Method

Exercise No. 4.—This exercise is also splendid for its effect upon the abdominal muscles and the internal organs, and has been unsurpassed in reducing large abdomens.

Lying flat on the back, extend both arms straight beyond the head with palms together. Raise the body to a sitting position without bending the knees, bringing the hands forward to touch the toes with the finger tips. Repeat six times, counting as you touch the toes.

Exercises Nos. 5 and 6.—These two exercises are especially valuable for their action on the stomach, liver and intestines. Begin easily and increase the facility and completeness of the movements as you advance in practicing them. Lying flat on your back, clasp the hands behind the head so that the wrists are directly over the ears and the elbows forward. Raise the head and shoulders and draw the right knee upward, trying to touch the chin with the right knee. Repeat six times, counting as the right leg returns to the starting position.

In Exercise No. 6 the same movement is repeated, bringing the left knee upward. Be sure to relax as completely as possible during the exercise.

Exercise No. 7. — Combining both movements of the two foregoing exercises, this one becomes somewhat strenuous; but after the limbering-up exercises given above have been perfected, it should be performed easily. Lying in the same position as in No. 5, raise head and shoulders and draw both knees upward, trying to touch the chin with the knees. A common fault in these exercises consists in not keeping the toes pointed downward. This should be overcome. As you repeat the exercise be sure to allow the head to touch the floor to give the neck muscles the stimulation this exercise offers.

The following exercises are the fundamental principles of the McGovern method, the foregoing movements being in reality a preparation for the more strenuous work. These are rather difficult to master and should not be attempted until the first set can be performed with ease and without any sensation of fatigue or strain.

Exercise No. 8.—From a flat position swing the legs up over the head, trying to touch the floor with the feet. As your feet bring your hips upward, place the hands under the hips to serve as a brace. With hands and elbows in the correct position, there should be little trouble in holding the body up. Once in position and steady and comfortable, kick both legs up and down. Return to starting position, bringing the knees as near the shoulders as possible. Repeat ten times, counting each time the legs return to the starting position.

Exercise No. 9.—From the same position assumed for Exercise No. 8, kick the legs alternately up and down instead of both together. Repeat ten times, counting each time the right leg returns to the starting position.

Exercise No. 10.—In addition to the benefit to abdominal organs, the following exercise will do much to reduce unsightly thighs and hips and insure flexibility of the spine:

Raise the feet straight over the head, then bring the legs down near the floor, spread the legs apart and bring them together, keeping the knees stiff, and try to keep the toes from scraping the floor during the movement. Repeat ten times, counting each time the legs come together.

Exercise No. 11.—Assume the same starting position as in Exercise No. 10, bringing the feet down as near the floor as possible, then cross the legs, alternating with the left over the right, the right over the left. Repeat ten times, counting each time the right leg crosses below the left.

Exercise No. 12.—In this exercise we reach obscure muscles of the back and abdomen and give a valuable rotation to the spine. Assume the same starting position as in the two preceding exercises, raising the feet over the head until the toes are as near the floor as possible. Swing both legs together from side to side, touching the floor first on the right, then on the left, with the knees stiff and toes pointed outward. Repeat ten times, counting each time the toes touch the floor on the right side.

One More River

Continued from page 21

"I'll lay in my supplies this mornin'," said Irons.

"One more man leavin' Texas," grunted Lang, taciturn. "When I came here I thought I was years ahead of the tide. But it's flowin' past me now, into another West."

"You'll follow," prophesied Irons. "After a man takes up the march he never quits."

Lang shook his head and fell silent. But later, when the meal was about over and he had listened to the slow talk of the others pass him by, he broke in: "No more for me. I was another of these wild ones, always lookin' for the far side of the next hill. I took my wife from civilized Lou'siana to here. Pat was born in this room. My wife died a little after I got this house up. I tell you somethin', Irons—a woman gets it harder than a man out here. It kills her off quicker. But I was a wild one—and now I've got no wife."

His eyes, increasingly troubled, swept from man to girl. These two were at

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opposite ends—the grave, contained Irons looking directly at her. She sat square-shouldered toward this seldom-speaking rider, chest rising and falling beneath the tightness of a mulberry waist; one loose coil of the copper hair came down on her white forehead and disturbed the serene line of her eyes. Lang rose and stared as if he had never fully seen her before.

"Pat, you've got the bitter advice of an old fellow. Never marry a wild one that'll drag you from pillar to post and break your heart." Then he went into the store-room.

She lifted her chin, a deeper stain of color on her cheeks. "Some day there'll be a city here, Jim. Nothing could make you stay?"

He had also risen and now stood with his head tilted toward her, fingers hooked into his belt. "If you fed me like this a week you'd wrap me around your little finger. What would I be doin' in a city? I was born on the edge—always will be on the edge. Somewhere north is my range, for my cattle."

BOTH her hands fell passively from the table into her lap and she said nothing more. Irons bowed, followed Lang into the store side. Tapering a cigarette, he ordered what he needed, waited out the figuring and then pulled a pucker-string money pouch from a back pocket. He laid two pieces of gold—bright metal—on the counter and closed the pouch with a flip that woke the dull clack of other gold inside. Lang stared at the coins before him during a long interval, and when he lifted his head his eyes were narrowed and severe. Quite in silence he made change.

"I'll leave the grub here till I'm ready to go," said Irons, and went out of the room. The sun was up, the river mist gone. In the first heatless brilliance of morning the prairie swelled and pitched to the horizon's remote edges; and far, far off the faint bulk of high peaks rose blue to the sky. There was a pungency of sage in the air, the steaming smell of a fecund earth. And, halted there, he knew that the rumor of his suspected banditry had spread amongst the outfits and that the coil of trouble tightened around him moment by moment.

For they were all gathered here in front of the store—all of them in the loose attitude of idleness which deceived nobody. Holt and the deputy marshal lounged against the porch. Holt's men rested a little up-river, the Walling crew loitered on the other edge of the yard; and in front of this outfit—situated so plainly and purposely there—Killeen sat on his haunches, drawing circles in the dust with a sage stem.

At Irons' appearance his head jerked up and the Mongol eyes squinted across the distance. His arm movement ceased entirely and for a long stretch of time he held the steady glance Irons bent on him. Then he looked down, went on with his idle dust-writing. Behind him, fifteen hands stood expressionless. One of those—a fiddling little fellow with barrel legs—started forward, to be immediately knocked back by the puncher nearest him. Irons shook his head slightly and swung toward the deputy marshal and Holt.

"You'll be crossin' by afternoon," he told Holt. "Water's fallin' off."

Holt's attitude was detached, amused. "I'm still shy a rider, Irons. And I'm still offerin' you the job."

"You'd take a chance on a stray?"

Holt smiled. "I'm a good judge of strays. You want to get north, don't you?"

"Bound that way."

"Travelin' with me," said Holt pointedly, "may be the only way you'll get there. It's a dangerous country." And after a moment he added a casual second thought: "I protect my men."

It was clear to Irons then that this was Holt's bid for a hand in a game he could otherwise only view from the side lines. Somewhere in the course of the last few hours Holt had made up his mind, and now offered help. Irons looked aside to the deputy marshal's lined and inscrutable countenance. Studers' brilliantly black eyes were boring into him. Studers' ears had been absorbing the least lift and fall of his voice.

"Anything new on this road agent?" drawled Irons.

"I'm waitin' for him to cross this ford," said Studers, inflexibly patient.

"Think you'll know him? Think you'll—" He broke off, disturbed by one faint fragment of sound rising above the boil and mutter of the river, and turning in common with the others, he saw evidence of a prairie tragedy. Across the stream, out of the farther earth, a man rose from a depression where he had obviously fallen, staggered to the margin of the stream and finally pitched over with the suddenness of collapsed senses.

Holt swore softly. "No horse in sight. Been afoot for a long time. Trouble there—"

"Have to wait out the river," said Studers.

"If he lives that long," muttered Holt.

Irons wheeled, walked to his horse and flung on the gear. Mounting, he passed the ranked men and went up-river toward Holt's camp.

Studers wheeled into the store and returned with a rifle; paused on the porch, threw the gun across his arms and watched Irons' retreating back.

"Yuh fool!" snapped Killeen. "Get him now."

"He'll come back," said Studers. "But if he don't, I'll put a rifle bullet in him."

Lang and the girl appeared from the store and Lang, viewing the shifted scene, asked a puzzled question: "What's he doin' now?"

"Usin' his head," said Holt, plainly pleased. "I told you people—there's a real rider."

LANG was studying his daughter, who stood so strained and absorbed in the doorway. "Better for Irons," he muttered, "if he keeps goin'."

Studers made no reply, seemed not to hear. He was old, stiffened with the patience of a lifetime's making; and so posted he watched Irons while the latter reached a point about two hundred yards above the store, swung and dropped over the river's bank below sight. Soundless and rooted, the spectators fixed their eyes on the running surface beyond; horse and man floated into view, animal turning end for end, gripped by the jaws of the current. Irons bent low, rearing midstream rollers breaking over him. He lost balance, sagged aside; when he fought back, the charging waters had carried him opposite the store and some tangential underthrust shoved him beyond the main channel. The pony went down until nothing showed but its straining muzzle, then rose with the incline of the gravel beach and gained the prairie's high ground.

"Easiest half," grunted Holt.

Killeen broke in savagely: "What'd I tell you! He don't intend to help that fellow! Studers, pull up yore gun!"

Irons had ridden back to the prone stranger and halted. Still sitting in the saddle he looked down; looked down for so long a time that even Holt began to shake his head.

"Killeen—you lie!" cried the girl.

Irons reached for his rope, shook it out. He swung to the ground, caught the faller man, threw him to the saddle. Working now as if time counted, he made a series of ties, snared the fellow's

(Continued on page 57)

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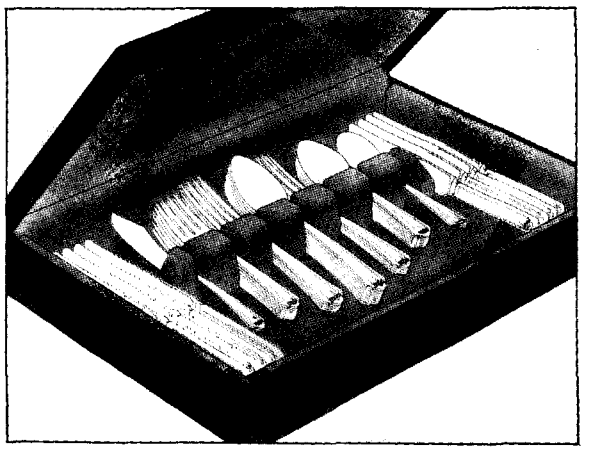

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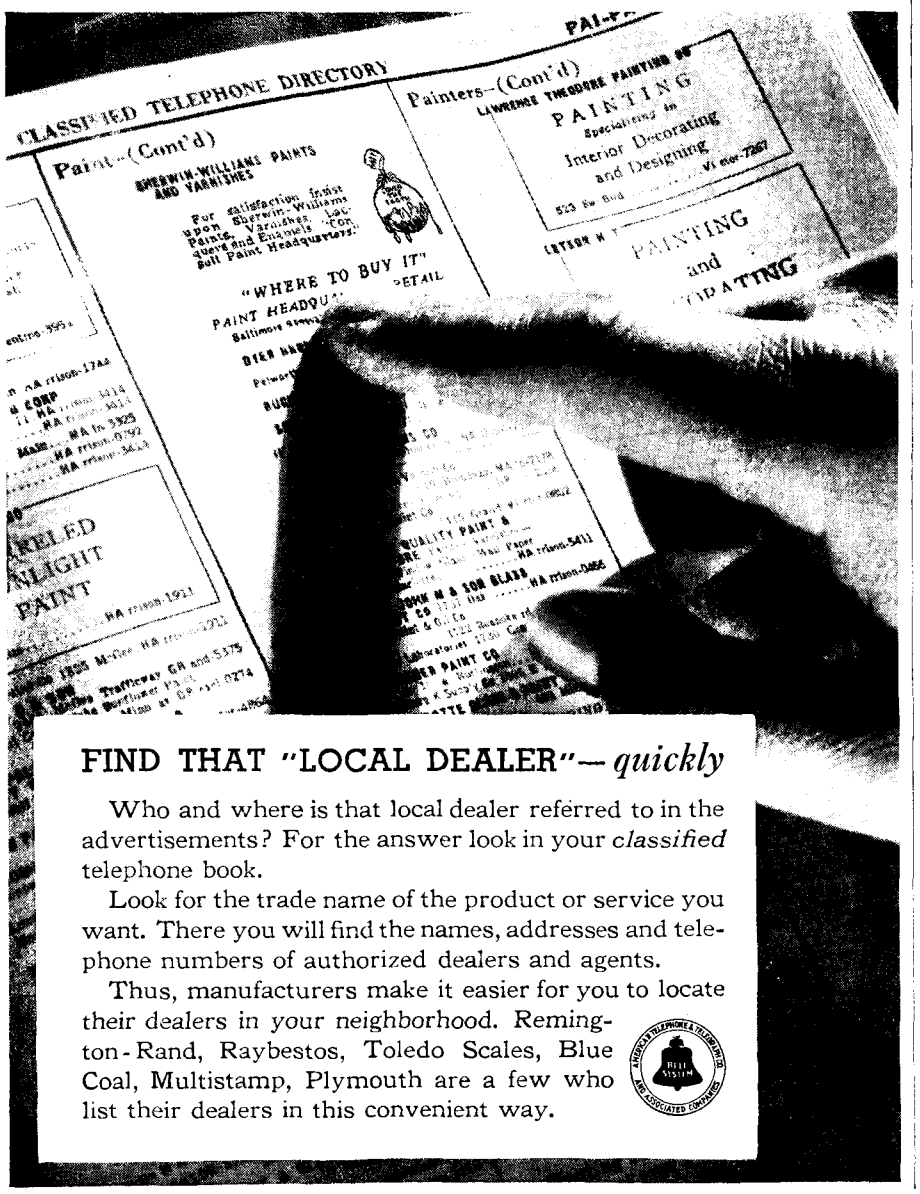

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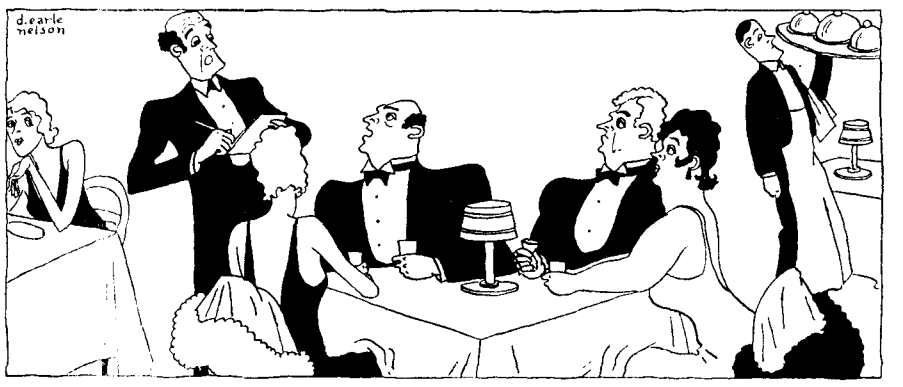

"Just bring us two bridge decks with score pads"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge in a Nutshell

	North	
	S. Q-7	
	H. Q-10-9-7	
	D. K-10-6	
	C. Q-J-10-9	
West		*East*
S. J-3-2		S. 10-8-5
H. None		H. A-J-8-5-4-3
D. A-8-7-4-3-2		D. 9-5
C. K-7-5-2		C. 8-5
	South (Dealer)	
	S. A-K-9-6-4	
	H. K-6-2	
	D. Q-J	
	C. A-6-4	

THE above hand, which was played in the Contract pair championship of the American Bridge League held in Philadelphia, illustrates another feature of the intermediate two-bid to which too little attention has been given by bridge-players.

At most of the tables South bid one Spade; West two Diamonds; and, as a rule, North then ventured a bid of two No Trumps, although he only held one stopper in the adverse Diamond suit. East passed and South raised North's two No Trumps to a game-going three. In some cases North advanced South's Spades, but in no case did North double West's two Diamonds.

At most of the tables North and South scored game either at No Trumps or at Spades; and, as they were not vulnerable, it netted them less than five hundred points. But it was different at the table where the Cleveland pair, Messrs. Jaeger and Wolfe, played the South and North hand respectively and the Official System intermediate two-bid was used by South, who counted his hand as being worth two high-card tricks in Spades, one in Clubs, and more than one in Hearts and Diamonds. The Official System values a King and Queen of different suits as one probable trick. South had two probable low-card tricks with Spades the trump, and that holding, combined with four probable high-card tricks, makes up the minimum requirements for an initial two-bid under the Official System, provided the hand has a No Trump count of 17.

Over South's two Spades, West, also not vulnerable, called three Diamonds; a somewhat bold bid, but he knew it was his only chance to show his six-card suit. His ability to ruff the first round of Hearts also encouraged him in his venture. Mr. Wolfe (North) doubled (he knew that South had an abundance of high-card tricks), East bid three Hearts which Mr. Jaeger (South) doubled, and West called four Diamonds in an effort to get out of a hole. The propriety of this last bid might be questioned had it not been made by one of the best players in the country. The contract was set five tricks, which netted the doubler 1,000 points—a decided gain over making a game worth less than 500, and all due to the intermediate two-bid.

In another deal played in the same tournament, but this time in the Team-of-Four championship contest, the cards were distributed as follows:

	North	
	S. 7	
	H. K-9-4	
	D. Q-10-7-3	
	C. A-Q-8-3-2	
West		*East*
S. K-8-3-2		S. J-5
H. A-Q-J-10-7		H. 8-6-2
D. J-5-4		D. 9-8-6-2
C. J		C. K-10-9-4
	South (Dealer)	
	S. A-Q-10-9-6-4	
	H. 5-3	
	D. A-K	
	C. 7-6-5	

In this hand North and South were not vulnerable but East and West were. The same Cleveland pair were the occupants of the North and South seats and once again Mr. Jaeger (South) opened the bidding with an intermediate two-Spade bid. This time he had three and a half high-card tricks with a total of six and a half probable tricks. West naturally bid three Hearts and, as in the former case, the high-card information conveyed by South's original two-bid caused North to double. The three-Heart bid cost East-West 1,000 points.

At the table where the partners of these pairs were playing, South bid one Spade, West two Hearts, and North two No Trumps; the contracting ended with three No Trumps, with North the Declarer, and the declaration was set one trick.

At the other tables playing the same hand but not in the same Team-of-Four match, most of the Norths played a three No Trump contract, as only a few Souths rebid the Spades in the face of North's apparent denial; the few who stuck to the suit obtained a plus of 420. The majority who played at No Trump scored a minus of 50; but either result compared unfavorably with the 1,000 plus accumulated by Messrs. Jaeger and Wolfe, due entirely to South's intermediate two-bid.

The more this bid is used by expert players, the more advantages it develops. Last week we showed how in this year's tournaments it had proved to be a valuable preëmptor; but it remained for Messrs. Wolfe and Jaeger to illustrate to the fullest extent the doubling possibilities the bid may produce.

Next Week's Hand

North	*East*
S. A-4-3-2	S. Q-J-9
H. 8-3-2	H. 6-4
D. 8-5-2	D. A-Q-10-7-4
C. A-8-4	C. Q-10-9
West	*South (Dealer)*
S. K-10-6	S. 8-7-5
H. Q-10-9	H. A-K-J-7-5
D. K-J-9	D. 6-3
C. K-J-7-3	C. 6-5-2

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One More River

Continued from page 55

feet underneath the horse, fastened his torso to the horn. So much done, he led the pony up-river again, slapped it into the water and himself took a tow on the tail.

"Told you so," muttered Holt.

There was an offsetting current that seized the pony and flung it into those white crests of the middle race-way. After that there was nothing to be seen; the river had carried its sport behind a lower cut bank.

IT WAS one of the Walling crew who broke the spell. He pivoted, raced to a standing pony and ripped off the coiled work rope hanging by its thong. Killeen's Mongol eyes followed each move with a staring avidity; his voice broke brittle and distinct over the man's head:

"Happy, damn you, stop right there!"

The little man wheeled instantly, rage on his face. "If you think I'll--"

"Do as I say," said Killeen, cold and domineering.

Happy flung the rope to the ground and burst into a fit of passionate cursing. All the rest of that crew began to shift, and when Killeen saw this he sprang off the porch with a purpose so clear that Holt started to walk between. He stopped when he saw Irons climb slowly to the rim of the cut bank and lead the pony forward.

"He's back, Killeen," snapped Holt, "and I'm wonderin' what your hand is worth now—that hand you borrowed without askin'."

Irons halted the pony, loosened the stranger from the saddle and carried him to the porch. "No holes in him," said he. "He's just starved."

The girl crossed the porch, dropped to her knees. Both palms fell on the stranger, but her eyes held Irons' attention and she said one short phrase so low that he alone heard it; his answer was a slight nod and a lift of his head to Killeen. Lang, oblivious to all things but the sight of his daughter kneeling there in front of Irons, turned to Studers with a bitter face and motioned him inside. Studers followed; Lang, wheeling in a far corner, drew two pieces of gold from his pocket.

"Irons paid for his grub with these, Studers. I saw more like it in his wallet."

"Bright metal," said Studers quietly.

"The kind a government paymaster would be carryin'," muttered Lang. "He's guilty!"

Studers watched the storekeeper thoughtfully. "And you're givin' him away? I wasn't thinkin' you'd do that."

Lang's fist closed on the gold. "It's my daughter. I'm losin' her to a man who'll lead her from pillar to post."

Studers left the rifle leaning against the counter. He touched the butt of his revolver absent-mindedly, two deepening furrows creasing the weathered forehead; and he walked out of the room to find the men there in changed attitudes. Pat Lang still knelt beside the unconscious stranger, hands resting lightly on him; the two crews stood on their opposite sides of the yard. But Killeen was retreating from the store, backing toward the river. Irons also had shifted as far as the corner of the porch. Seeing all this, Studers went deliberately across the length of the porch, away from Irons. He stepped into the dust, walked outward a few slow paces and wheeled.

"Irons," said he quietly, "I hear you're packin' considerable bright metal."

"I carry gold," said Irons softly.

"Where'd you get it?"

"Worked for it, Studers. I was paid off in gold."

Studers kept on, doggedly calm. "Who paid you off?"

"The boss of a trail outfit."

"A trail boss carryin' gold?"

"This one did," answered Irons.

"What made you quit the trail outfit, sir?" pressed Studers.

The Walling outfit had turned restless.

"I quit," said Irons, "because I couldn't stomach the foreman."

"Why?" pressed Studers.

"He was a murderin' man," snapped Irons, and pivoted to face a raging Killeen. The trail boss yelled, "Irons—may yore soul burn in hell!" His body shook with the erupting force of his gun arm as it struck the holstered weapon's butt and rose. Irons' muscles were smooth with the pressure of an answering draw; his eyes pinned to the thin chest of the trail boss. The blasting report of his gun filled the yard and that bullet, following the path his eyes had made, struck Killeen and staggered him with the force of an axe blow. One long moment Killeen teetered on his heels, the blackness and the boldness of his face shifting to the gray dye of death; and when he fell it was reluctantly, joint at a time—knee, hip and shoulder. Face down in the dust, he never moved again.

Irons wheeled on the deputy marshal, gun trailing. "He left the trail outfit back on the Fort Fremont road for a day's private journey. So he told us. When he came back, the stink of a killin' was on him and he carried gold. He slaughtered that paymaster's bunch, Studers. I knew it and I pulled out. He paid me off with some of the money he took. It was not my place to tell you, nor the crew's. It had to come to this."

Studers made no move toward his gun.

One of the Walling crew spoke: "If you'd asked--we could of told yuh last night--we knowed it a long time."

Holt's voice came off the porch, unmoved: "Killeen's mistake. Men that play hands without first askin' to sit in the game never win."

THE girl had risen, jumped from the porch. White and shaken, she cried out to the Walling crew: "And you men let this ride along? You let Killeen have his try at coverin' up? You let Jim Irons take all the chances?"

Irons spoke for them, gently insistent. "It had to come to this, Pat."

The girl came on toward him, shadows across her white face. "Nothing can make you stay, Jim?"

Irons looked across the river, far out to where the distant hills were dimming behind the haze. Then he turned to her: "I have stayed too long. But, if you ask it, I'll stay forever."

She flung up her head, gray glance breaking into a thousand reckless light points: "I never would ask it, Jim! I only wanted to hear you say that. I'll be ready to go with you in half an hour!" She turned and ran to the porch, and saw her father standing there, soundless and sad. "I can't help it," said she, a catch in her throat. "Nothing else counts!"

"I had your mother for five years," muttered Lang. "I've had you for twenty. God bless you, go on."

Irons walked toward the Walling crew, the tall body straight and hurried. "You nighthawks and smoke-eaters, get busy. One more river to cross. Can't you hear the beef a-bawlin' for the wilderness!"

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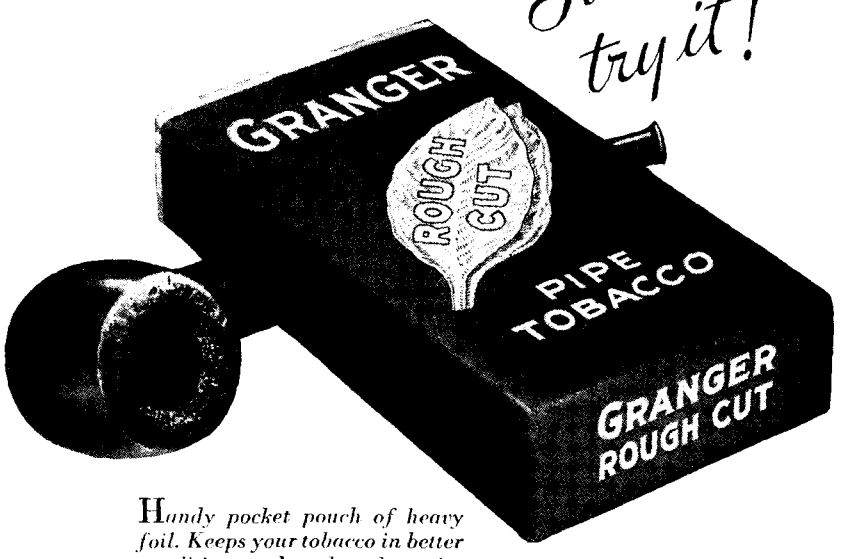

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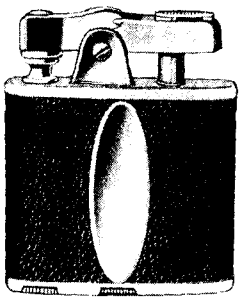

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Peru Polls Out

Continued from page 31

the silver-producing countries. Beyond the mountains, the loftiest stretch of the Andes, studded with a half-dozen peaks from 19,000 to 22,000 feet high, lie the forest and jungle lands of the far east. From the port of Iquitos rubber and countless hardwoods are shipped two thousand miles down the Amazon to the Atlantic and to the world. In the various cities and towns small textile, shoe and other factories, some five hundred in all, lend a certain industrial atmosphere to the Republic.

Still, general economic conditions have borne no rosy hue for a couple of years, through no particular fault of the 6,000,000 Peruvians, mind you.

Political and social affairs, however, begin to assume promising aspects, even if storm clouds now and then sweep across the sky.

José Votes for a New Era

On Sunday, the eleventh of last October, about a year after tiny Luis M. Sanchez Cerro stepped from an airplane on the outskirts of Lima to deliver the funeral oration of the long dictatorship, was enacted one of the most dramatic scenes in all the history of the nation. For its true significance we may piece together incidents from the experience of a Yankee business man, as told to me a few days later.

It was Saturday evening, in a copper camp tucked away in the northern hills. In Casa Mario, house of one José Mario, *Cholo*—Indian with a dash of Spanish—the master was preparing to travel.

"We go tonight," said José. "It is well we should be present at the moment of the beginning"—if you don't mind his classic but native manner of speaking.

"Ah, José," skeptically counseled the little brown wife, "well you know the beasts at Lima will 'make the vote,' not you."

"Ah, señora," with the ancient condescension of his sex. "Women do not understand. It will not be so!"

"The military, the military," she insisted. "They order the law and us."

"No, no," he protested dramatically. "So it was in the days of the dictator. . . ."

Whereupon breezed in the two cronies who would accompany him on the impending journey. They were just in time to second his eloquent finale.

"*Si, si,*" they chorused, "the Leguias are no more!"

Belief that the Leguias were "no more" was a potent yeast in their minds. They were dead set on the idea that a new epoch was about to be launched, an innovation in the life of this misty old land that had buried several civilizations long before the palefaces came.

Sunday would be election day in Trujillo—all over. And they wanted to be present when the show opened—"at the moment of the beginning." Of course an election in Peru was no new event. There had been elections, desultory and indifferent, for a hundred years. But somehow the rumor spread that this one would not be like the old ones.

"There will be no vote trading—politicians will have nothing to say—the military will be relegated to mere police duty," were the random remarks of those in the street.

On this October night, José's cavalcade rode through country cobwebby with glamour and romance. Here was the very center of a powerful empire that flowered a thousand years before the Incas sneaked down from the Andes and conquered it. And although they answered to Spanish names, even worshiped at the altars of the Spanish God, these travelers carried in their veins the blood of these old races.

This is Peru. Wherever you go you find a similar setting, and people like José and his friends. Though it was the first field of Spanish endeavor in all South America and the last to shake off the strangle-hold of the Viceroys, it is not racially a Spanish civilization. It is Indian, *mestizo*, half-breed, two thirds so. Peru is wholly unlike Chile or Argentina or Uruguay, where the stock of the early American has practically disappeared.

"Among such people and in such a setting a battle of ballots just had to be dramatic," says Mr. C. W. Van Law, for years head of large North American enterprises in the western part of South America.

"In every town and city," he went on, "north and south—in Talera and Lima, in Cuzco and Arequipa—it was not only a quiet Sunday, but a silent one. You couldn't buy a drink or a cigarette. No masses, early or late. Churches were closed. Not a bell rang out in all the devout land.

"The only human beings out that day were the voters. They approached the polling places with an air of religious fervor. It was an election without an eruption—not a shot fired anywhere—not a broken head—more like a peaceful funeral than a political fight. In twenty-five years of experience in Latin-American nations I've never seen anything like it."

The election planned and carried out by the provisional government will stand for a long time to come as a model of efficiency and fairness. Responsible citizens able to read and write their own names were investigated, finger-printed and registered in advance. What is more, they were required to finish the process. On election day approximately ninety per cent of them went to the polls and voted.

Sanchez Cerro's Notable "Comeback"

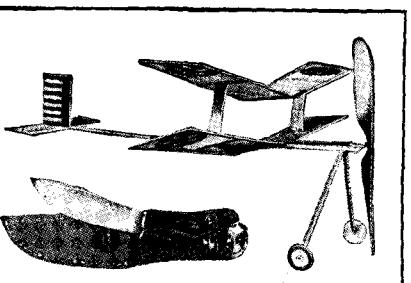
The moment the polls closed, ballot boxes clicked shut. These "urns of liberty" were locked, sealed and sent under military guard to the capital city where their secrets were to be revealed in the presence of the public and the press, a process which required several days.

The successful candidate for the presidency was none other than the tiny Sanchez Cerro, hero of August, 1930. In the meantime he had done a little maneuvering of his own. Six months after "deposing the despot" he himself lost grip, resigned, not without urging, and took up residence abroad. As a matter of fact, no less than four gentlemen in rapid succession wore the shoes of provisional president while he was away.

But Sanchez Cerro has never failed to come back, physically or professionally. He returned to Peru in time to be a candidate in the elections planned and carried out under the direction of the government of the venerable Dr. David Samanez Ocampo.

Sanchez Cerro led the Civilista party to decisive victory. Incidentally, this party is made up of both old-line aristocrats and commoners. Among its chief backers are the famous Quesado family, founders and owners of El Commercio, perhaps the outstanding and oldest newspaper of the country.

Early in December the new govern-



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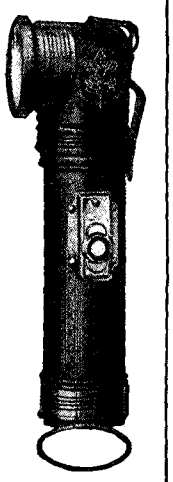

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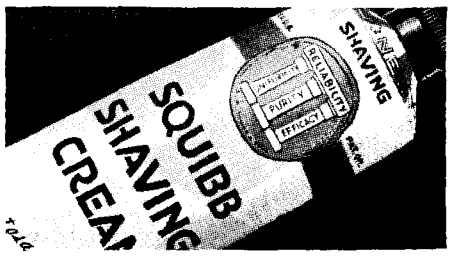

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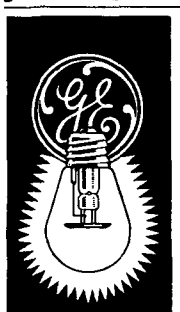

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ment was installed—the first genuinely and freely elected constitutional president and congress in a generation. Some say the first in four hundred years. No one could envy Cerro his job.

Nevertheless here is about the most interesting individual in South American politics today. He is forty-two, a bachelor, light brown in color, with deep, dreamy eyes; weighs not more than a hundred and twenty-five and has been a soldier all his life, the kind of soldier who takes his fighting where he finds it.

But if you think Sanchez Cerro is merely a soldier, say one typical of the Richard Harding Davis school, who wears a sombrero and carries a machete in the waistband of his pants, you are mistaken. He is a gentleman, a linguist. His soldiering has been international as well as local. He has been military attaché at Washington, and for five years studied the niceties of military science with the armies of Italy, France and Spain. For a year and two months he helped the Spanish chase Abd el Krim and the Riffians all over the Moroccan wastes. He can fight, converse on world economics, dictate a classic statement for the press while you wait, or harangue a motley multitude into applause.

Cheer for American Bondholders

I talked with him the last time while the ballots of the October election were being counted, but after it was quite certain he would be the winner. Arriving in Lima at eleven o'clock in the morning, I drove with a Peruvian friend directly to his modest cottage in Miraflores to renew acquaintance and pay my respects.

"Would you talk to the American people through the pages of Collier's?" I inquired as I was about to leave.

"I could not very well talk for publication now. You see, I am not definitely elected yet."

But after assurances that nothing would be published until after his official certification and inauguration, he agreed.

At ten o'clock that night, with secretaries, campaign managers, friends and curiosity seekers filling the lower floors, the front yard and flowing out into the street, we went upstairs to his own apartment. It was a warm night and without ceremony he removed his coat, seated himself on a footstool and talked for an hour.

Sanchez Cerro was no longer the soldier, might never have fired a gun; and he certainly didn't act the part of one about to become the first citizen of the nation. He was a plain Peruvian citizen ready to talk about the problems of his country.

"I wish to guarantee honest investments of foreign capital," was the very first remark. "But always with the protection of the just rights of Peruvians."

And, sensing that I wanted to know about Peru's loans, he said with perfect frankness, "The Peruvian public made a very bad impression when North American bankers made loans to the old government which were very badly invested by Leguia. In spite of this feeling, when I came to power as provisional president one of the first things I did was to let it be known that it was the fault of Leguia, not the American capitalists, that the money was improperly spent.

"I made every effort to comply with the interest and amortization payments on Peru's foreign indebtedness while I was in power. I want to say I have always been a lover of justice, without discrimination between foreigners and Peruvians, and did everything possible to meet our just obligations."

To keep the record straight, it was not until after his resignation as Provisional President of the Military Junta that payment of foreign obligations ceased.

"The government of Peru recognizes its debts," he went on. "The government is solvent. But due to this period of unusual depression it has been forced to readjust its finances. The government is ready to pay in accordance with its capacity, just as soon as it can do so."

"Rumors have been spread," I suggested, "to the effect that you will be more friendly toward Europe than toward the United States."

"Nationalist as I am, I look with sympathy on the citizens of other countries who, with honest effort, contribute to the progress of my country; and I consider indispensable the coöperation of foreign capital when it is applied, honestly, to the industrial development of the country. Peru needs foreign capital to aid in its development, and that capital, used for honest investments, will be well received whether it comes from the United States or Europe. Because, however, of its existing large interests and from closer location, the United States will be looked upon with particular favor."

Just what the future holds in store for President Sanchez Cerro, his country and the foreign holders of millions of dollars' worth of beautifully engraved Peruvian paper, is problematical.

The presidential hurdles will be high. Cerro must parry a representative but painfully inexperienced legislature, thickly sprinkled with wild men who will talk and orate day in and day out. Momentarily subdued and haughty Caucasian die-hards will secretly resent the dark complexion of the chief executive.

"Don't forget the navy is composed of white men," one proud officer remarked to me.

Until the passing of the depression, keeping order will require the patience and firmness of a giant, and the oiling up of economic machinery will be a slow process. Particularly unpromising is the fact that there is little work for thousands of unemployed; many closed businesses, including a large portion of the great copper industry.

And there are the irreconcilable followers of de la Torre—the mob—not to mention the enormous illiterate population, potential fuel for the extremist and the Red.

A Bullet for the President

Already the pot simmers; the crimson ingredients may not be sufficiently potent to cause it to boil over. Yet on several occasions there have been sporadic bubblings. Unemployed groups have rioted a bit here and there, and they may be expected to repeat the process from time to time.

Unfortunately, there are numerous individuals, among this element of the population, who think the best way to produce harmony and sweet music out of a confused and jaded society is to shoot the pianist. A few weeks ago a misguided fellow approached the presidential party, as it proceeded down the aisle of a church in the beautiful suburb of Miraflores, and opened fire. But fate was again on the side of the Colonel, and he escaped, coolly and calmly, with his life and an extra bullet. Just another incident in the exciting career of this little man.

As one impartial observer put it, "Under the circumstances the good Lord Himself wouldn't find it easy to keep the ship afloat, but I believe you will find Sanchez Cerro a devout and brave pilot, who will grip the wheel as long as there's life in him."

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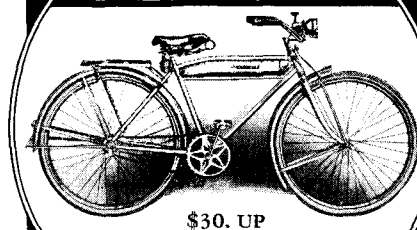

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A Tip on the Market

Continued from page 15

Horace's. "What do you recommend?" he whispered.

Horace smiled. This was getting to be fun. "Buy," he whispered back, his finger to his lips, and then he mentioned the name that seemed to intrigue him.

The elderly gentleman said, "Thanks awfully," got up and struck a slanting course for the telephone booths. The major hovered a moment, then followed him. Horace, left alone, rubbed his chin in a sort of mild bewilderment. "It's those drinks," he decided aloud. Presently he thrust his right hand into his trousers pocket and brought forth some change. He counted it slowly. "Plenty for a haircut," he told himself. "Successful men always get a haircut at times like this. Well, I'll just get a haircut and then I'll take the subway downtown and grab hold of that money before Cooper, McNerney and Harris change their legal minds."

THE barber shop was in the basement of the club. You paid cash if you wanted to, which was lucky, for since he was posted Mr. Beeble had lost the privilege of signing checks. Sitting quietly in the barber chair he began to feel impish again. To the barber, who had known him from long ago, he remarked softly: "Don't tell anybody I told you, but the depression's over. I'm not saying anything else, but I can tell you what to buy." And he did.

Twenty minutes later, leaving the club, he confided the same information to the doorman.

Stepping a little high, Horace Beeble then walked to the subway. At the office of his late uncle's attorneys he pocketed his check for $893.46.

Mr. Cooper, who handed the check to Horace, eyed his visitor with that expression of solemnity which lawyers and undertakers seem able to apply to their features at will. "I hope," said Mr. Cooper, "I hope you're going to invest this money wisely."

"You bet I am," said Horace with cheer. "I'm going to invest it in two months' back rent and in some silk stockings and a decent coat for my wife—couple of dresses too—and in a decent suit of clothes for myself. I think I'll buy some shirts and about three neckties while I'm at it. And I might pay the grocer and the electric light company."

But the lawyer shook his head dismally. "You should take advice," he advised.

"I took advice," said Horace, "in nineteen-twenty-nine. It made me what I am today and I hope I'm satisfied."

At his former bank Horace cashed his check. His watch told him it was still too early to call up Matilda, so he said to himself, "I might as well get that suit."

He bought the suit of clothes and, though it would have been better for a few minor alterations, Horace said, "The dickens with alterations." And he said, "Throw my old suit away or give it to the Salvation Army." And he marched out feeling well-groomed and wealthy, and when he had bought his new shoes and a new gray hat he felt even better groomed and even wealthier.

"It's just too bad," he said to himself without any particular regret as he strolled pleasantly along in a world of his own, "it's just too bad; I'm all dressed up and no place to go. I feel like a million—"

He caught himself erect and automatically gasped, "Pardon me," as he collided squarely with a large and hurrying human bulk. The bulk also mumbled, "Pardon me," and then the bulk exclaimed: "Why, if it isn't Peebles!"

It was the major. He caught Horace's arm. "Come with me," he commanded, and swept Horace along with him willy-nilly. "I don't know how to thank you," said the major.

"For what?" asked Horace, puzzled.

"For your tip, of course. It's gone up a point and a quarter since the opening. Looks strong, too. That's why I'm down here. On my way to my broker's now. Want to be right on the spot."

Horace Beeble was sobering. He caught at the major's arm. "That wasn't a real tip," he tried to explain. "I mean—"

"You told me it wasn't a secret any longer," the major declaimed, "so I passed it along judiciously. Oh, here we are!" And he yanked Horace bodily up three marble steps and through a wide and sleek plate-glass door.

The steps and the door looked familiar to Horace. So did the crowded interior into which they marched. So did the perfectly accoutered and suavely smiling young man who came forward with outstretched hands to meet them. This was the board-room of Ginsberg and Inchtaker, stockbrokers and dispensers of hope. This was the room—yes, there was the very leather chair in which Horace Beeble had sat to watch his money vanish to nothing during those notorious autumnal days of 1929.

"Inchtaker," said the major to the smiling young man, "meet my friend Peebles. He's interested—"

Horace Beeble straightened and said coolly, "I've met Mr. Inchtaker before."

"Oh, of course, of course!" agreed the young man, who now just possibly recollected Horace. In the halcyon days there had been so many customers, so many faces to remember.

"Well, well, well!" The major was undeniably pleased. "Mr. Peebles," he explained to the broker, "was kind enough to let me in on this Consolidated Parts and Accessories movement. By the way, what's the latest—oh, yes," and the major eyed the board, "up another eighth."

"I really don't understand it," murmured Mr. Inchtaker, shaking his head.

HORACE beamed. He was still aware of a faint and quite satisfactory stirring within him, as of forbidden spirits genially exploring his arteries and veins. He said: "I can tell you what's behind the movement. It's the residuary estate of my late uncle, Horace Twitchwither."

"The Twitchwither estate? Really?"

"In essence, yes," said Horace.

"Well, well, well!" boomed the major. "Put me down for another five hundred shares."

"I wouldn't," said Horace hastily.

"Now, now, now," reproved the major.

"I don't want to see anybody get stuck on my say-so," said Horace uneasily. He recollected then that he had told at least four persons to buy this stock. He had told the major, he had told that old dodo at the club, and he had told the barber and the doorman. And they of course had passed the word along to innumerable others. It was a pretty bad thing to be morally responsible for a situation like this. But suddenly, considering it, Horace brightened. If enough people bought the stock

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it would naturally go up; it would go up, at least, until the unloading began, and then people ought to have sense enough to bail out fast. Well, if the stock was going up . . .

Mosquito-like, a thought in the form of a definite idea swooped into Horace's head.

He turned to Mr. Inchtaker. Very steadily he said: "You can buy me a hundred shares of that Parts and Accessories." So presently, feeling a little giddy, Horace was the owner, on a twenty-per-cent margin, of a theoretical two thousand dollars' worth of the paper he had been so glib about all morning.

HE CAUGHT it at 20½, and sitting there in his familiar leather chair, his eyes glued upon the glorified blackboard that formed the far side of the room, he watched a miracle happen. The stock went to 21 and by stages to 22; it went to 23 and to 24. Hours went by and still Horace sat there. Occasionally, as in a dream, he heard the approving boom of the major's voice from somewhere beside him, but he paid no attention to it. A hypnotism was upon him and he was its slave.

There was a buzz in the room when Con P & A reached 26, but still Horace sat motionless, staring. And steadily, though more slowly now, the stock went up. It went to the quarter, to the half, to the three-quarters.

Something snapped inside Horace. His body twitched; he unkinked with a jerk, and found himself wobbling to his feet. "Sell," he croaked, and waved a futile hand toward Mr. Inchtaker. "For heaven's sake, sell that P & A. At the market—any price—only sell it, quick."

And Horace plumped back into his chair. From beside him he heard a boomed echo of his own command. And then the major was standing over him, pumping his hand.

"That's what I like to hear," said the major with enthusiasm. "Pleasure to be associated with a man who knows his own mind. I tell you what, Peebles. I've been watching you. I've been thinking about you. There's a company I'm interested in. Sound proposition but having hard going. Need a man like you—man with nerve and power of decision. Sales manager. Don't know whether you'd be interested, but I'm sure we could meet your terms. If you want to discuss it—"

An hour later Horace Beeble was in a taxicab, heading home. It was a long ride, but for once, he told himself, he deserved this luxury. On the seat beside him reposed two neatly wrapped boxes. One of them contained three pairs of the sheerest silk stockings. The other contained a crêpe de Chine affair trimmed with a lot of lace. Probably Matilda would want to exchange it, as she generally used to in the old days when he bought things for her, but just the same she would sort of gurgle over it, and it would be fun to watch the eager happiness flood the first astonishment out of her face. And she would hug him.

It was funny, thought Horace Beeble, the way that stock had begun to skid after he had let go. The unloading had come like an avalanche. But he had not had sense. No use calling it sense. It was luck, dumb luck. He would remember that for a long, long time.

Matilda met him at the door. She looked tired.

He handed her the parcels and then, very solemnly, he produced from his pocket a bank book. "Look at this first," he said. But he could not remain solemn. He was too excited. Look, honey—from Uncle Horace. I found it today at the club. I mean the letter from the lawyers. Look—we have it in the bank." And his finger reverently touched the carefully penned figures: $1,421.12.

"All that from Uncle Horace?" gasped Matilda. And then: "Let's see the letter."

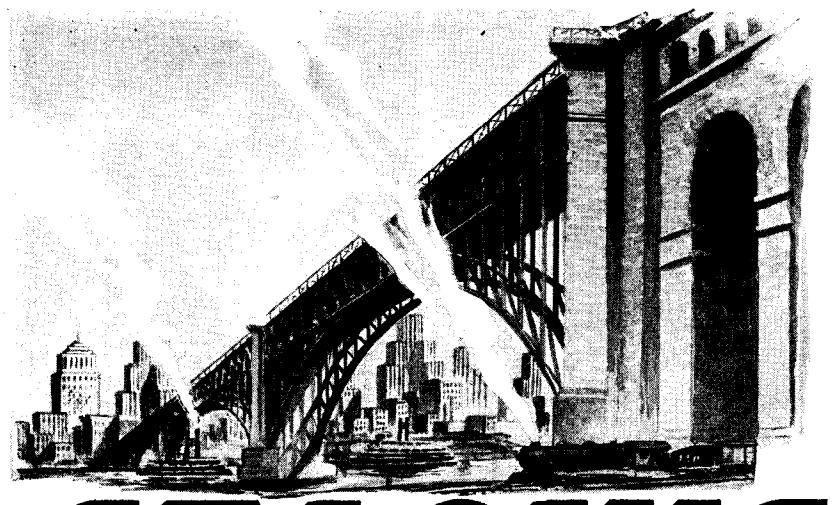
HORACE BEEBLE, who had torn the letter into small bits, said very deliberately: "I must have left the letter somewhere. I can't find it."

"We could have framed it," said his wife. "There's one thing, dear—we won't risk any of this fifteen hundred in the stock market, will we?"

"Absolutely not," said Horace Beeble. He eyed her fondly. It was fun having two surprises at once. He would wait a little to let this one sink in, and then he would tell her about his new job.

"I've gotta get out by Wednesday —I've been picked for jury duty!"

Courtney Dunkel



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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Where Your Money Goes

AS DR. COUÉ might have said, every day in every way we are going to pay more taxes.

Your Uncle Sam is increasing his rates. During the next fiscal year he expects to spend nearly four billion dollars. We provide those dollars and, like the woman of the old saying, we pay and pay and pay.

We grouch or lament or swear according to personal disposition as we pay, but pay we must. Uncle Sam needs the money.

Of course we can't escape paying. The Federal government must be solvent at all costs. Government insolvency would be a disaster too great to contemplate. We'll provide the money all right, to preserve our national credit. We shall do this because we have no other choice as long as we retain our sanity.

We shall be resentful and angry as we face the taxgatherers, however, and we shall be looking for a scapegoat on which to vent our fury. Some of us will pick the President, others Congress, still others Wall Street and the bankers, international and parochial, as the authors of our woes.

There won't be much logic or justice in our anger but this can't be helped. As a people we are reasonable only in our better moods and we have to be taken as we are. Nevertheless, as we stew in resentment at the high cost of government, it does no harm to give at least a hasty look at the expenditures made for us by our national government. What we see may not allay our anger but it will certainly give us something definite to talk about.

Here, in brief, is the story of how our almost four billions will be spent:

Civil Government	$ 886,946,307.22
Road Building	80,000,000.00
Reduction of Public Debt	496,803,478.00
Interest on Public Debt	640,000,000.00
Navy Department	343,000,000.00
War Department	423,940,302.00
Veterans' Administration	1,072,064,527.00
Total	$3,942,754,614.22

Those grim figures tell the story. We shall pay more than eleven hundred million dollars, including interest, on the public debt —$1,136,803,478 to be exact. There is no way of avoiding that except by the bankruptcy route. We won't travel that road. So charge off these huge payments to war.

Now look at the next biggest item, more than a billion dollars for veterans' administration—$1,072,064,527 precisely.

It is possible that this stupendous sum might be revised downward if politics could be ignored. Yet talk runs the other way. Instead of reducing payments to veterans Representative Patman, of Texas, is advocating an additional immediate payment of more than $2,000,000,000 on the bonus. Obviously no such sum can be added to the tax burden at this time, but the fact that such a plan is being considered shows how the tide is running.

Naturally this expenditure for veterans' relief is chargeable to war. So already we discover that nearly half of next year's tax burden will be spent because we took part in the World War.

That unpleasantness may not be the last. We hope that war won't ever come again but we have to be protected. Thus we shall spend $766,940,302 on the Army and Navy next year. That can't be reduced much. We can't be defenseless.

So we find that war, past and future, consumes three out of every four dollars we are budgeted to spend next year. More than that, it is not within the realm of practical politics to reduce these sums in any important way. A silly Congress might increase these expenditures but the wisest will have great difficulty in lowering any of them.

Actually we are driven back in any search for a lower cost of government to the last quarter of each dollar to be spent. The civil administration unquestionably needs reorganization. Important savings can be made. It is scarcely conceivable, however, that many hundred millions of dollars can be sweated out of the cost of civil government. Altogether it requires less than nine hundred million dollars. This is a vast sum but ours is a large country and we demand widespread governmental service.

What then is the answer? Is any effort to lower Federal expenditures doomed to failure? By no means. Any attempt to lower expenditures without considering the essential facts is, however, traveling down a dead-end street.

We are going to pay our debts. We are going to keep up an efficient Army and Navy. We will continue to demand a highly complicated government. We shall also provide generously for those veterans who were actually injured by their war service.

We can't, however, go on making endless appropriations for farmers, bankers, veterans or any other special group which demands tax money. Neither can we afford the extravagance of poor organization.

Representative Crisp said, the other day, "It is my philosophy to believe that I serve my district best when I serve my country best." Exact that test of all our representatives in Congress and great savings can be effected in the bills we are called upon to pay.

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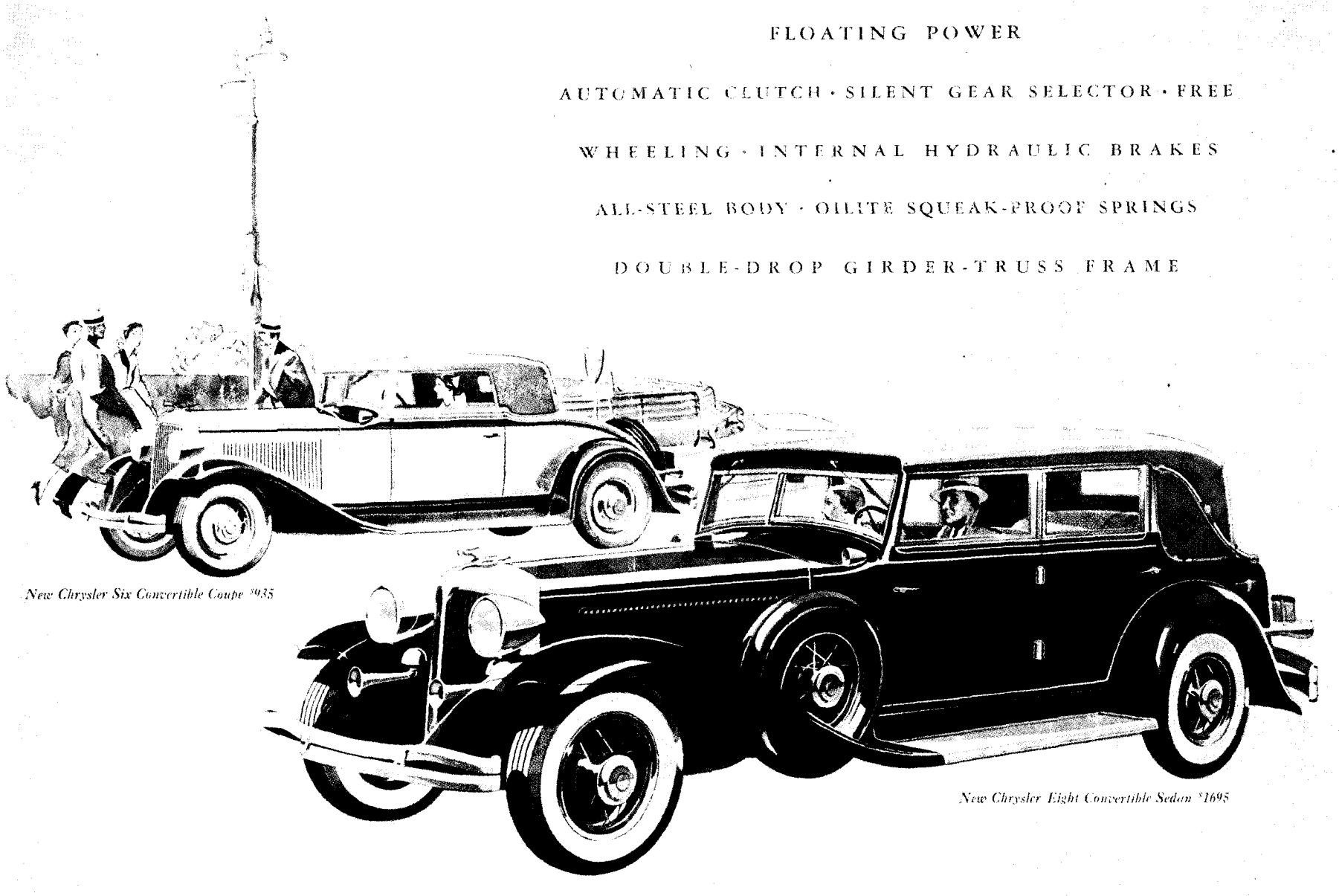
ALL-STEEL BODY · OILITE SQUEAK-PROOF SPRINGS

DOUBLE-DROP GIRDER-TRUSS FRAME



New Chrysler Six Convertible Coupe $935

New Chrysler Eight Convertible Sedan $1695

Great Things Have Happened

GREAT developments have taken place in motor car engineering. Chrysler has inaugurated an entirely new sensation in performance. As a result of Floating Power—a patented new type of engine mounting—Chrysler has vitally changed the whole spirit, pace and *feel* of modern motor car performance.

Take a half-hour drive in a new Chrysler with Floating Power and we promise you the most interesting, the most refreshing half-hour you have had in a long time.

The contrast between Chrysler performance and all other performance is literally startling, almost unbelievable. At no time—starting, accelerating, speeding—is there any power tremor in frame or body. Power flow is indescribably soft, smooth, silent.

There is likewise no match for Chrysler in many other respects. Other great basic engineering developments make Chrysler driving much easier, simpler, more restful. Fifty percent less foot-work. With Chrysler's Automatic Clutch, Silent Gear Selector and Free Wheeling, you need not use your left foot at all—*and you cannot clash the gears.*

Easiest steering you have ever known. *Easiest* gear-changing. *Easiest* brake control. *Distortion-proof* frame. *Safety* of All-Steel Bodies. Springs that *never* need lubrication and *never* squeak.

Arresting smartness. Low-swung design. Spacious interiors. Luxurious appointments. Appealing prices. BIG VALUE. Drive a Chrysler—you will thoroughly enjoy the experience.

You'll be happier with a Chrysler

CHRYSLER SIX 5 body types . . . . . $885 to $935
116-inch wheelbase; 82 horsepower
(Automatic Clutch and Oilite Squeak-Proof Springs at slight extra cost)

CHRYSLER EIGHT 5 body types . . . $1435 to $1695
125-inch wheelbase; 100 horsepower

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT 3 body types $1925 to $2195
135-inch wheelbase; 125 horsepower

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL CUSTOM EIGHT
6 body types . . . . . $2895 to $3595
146-inch wheelbase; 125 horsepower

All prices f. o. b. factory

DUPLATE SAFETY PLATE GLASS *standard on Custom Eights. Obtainable on Six and Eight Sedans, $17.50; on Imperial Sedans, $20; all 2-passenger Coupes, $9.50.*

All closed models wired for PHILCO-TRANSITONE RADIO

Tune in on CHRYSLER MOTORS RADIO PROGRAM ***"Ziegfeld Follies of the Air"*** *personally conducted by Flo Ziegfeld—Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network, every Sunday evening.*

CHRYSLER

WITH PATENTED *FLOATING POWER*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brings you MORE ICE SAFER FOODS GREATER SAVINGS

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And prices are now the lowest in Frigidaire history

Comparison will show you that the Super-Powered Frigidaire represents an outstanding achievement in healthful, dependable, economical refrigeration. You will find that it is notable for the rapid freezing of large quantities of ice—for the perfect preservation of foods—for the freezing of delicious desserts—for keeping vegetables crisp and fresh—for economies that soon amount to more than its entire cost.

The Super-Powered Frigidaire is permanently beautiful in a gleaming cabinet of Porcelain-on-steel inside and out. New improvements contribute to its convenience. New features add to its usefulness. Its excess capacity assures unimpaired performance on the warmest of days and in the hottest of kitchens.

Back of the Super-Powered Frigidaire are the name and guarantee of the world's largest maker of electric refrigerators—a fact that cannot be over-emphasized. For only a manufacturer of thorough reliability can assure permanent satisfaction and the future worth of your investment.

And today first cost is no longer a reason for accepting less than Frigidaire. For as a result of economies in manufacturing costs due to increased demand and large volume Frigidaire prices have been reduced. All household models are now priced at the lowest figures in Frigidaire history.

16,000 POUNDS OF ICE CUBES A YEAR

A medium-sized, Super-Powered Frigidaire has the capacity to freeze more than 16,000 pounds of ice cubes in a year's operation, and at the same time supply the necessary refrigeration to keep food healthful and delicious. The Super-Powered Frigidaire sets a new standard of efficient, economical refrigeration.

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A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

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